

Clementine

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In a cavern, in a canyon excavating for a mine

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Dwelt a miner *forty niner* and his daughter Clementine

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Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling, Clementine!

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Thou are lost and gone forever dreadful sorry, Clementine

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Light she was and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine

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Herring boxes, without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

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Drove she ducklings to the water ev'ry morning just at nine,

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Hit her foot against a *splinter*, fell into the foaming brine.

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Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles, soft and fine,

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But, alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

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How I missed her! How I missed her! How I missed my Clementine,

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But I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.