

# Clementine



Writers: Uncertain. Percy Montrose (or Montross) and/or Barker Bradford

In a [C] cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a [G7] mine,  
Lived a miner, forty-[C]niner, and his [G7] daughter Clemen[C]tine.

Oh my [C] darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clemen[G7]tine  
Thou art lost and gone for [C] ever, dreadful [G7] sorry,  
Clemen[C]tine.

Light she [C] was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number [G7]  
nine,  
Herring boxes without [C] topses, sandals [G7] meant for  
Clemen[C]tine.

Walking [C] lightly as a fairy, though her shoes were number [G7]  
nine,  
Sometimes tripping, lightly [C] skipping, lovely [G7] girl, my  
Clemen[C]tine

Drove her [C] ducklings to the water every morning just at [G7] nine,  
Hit her foot against a [C] splinter, fell in [G7] to the foaming [C] brine.

Ruby [C] lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and [G7] fine,  
But alas, I was no [C] swimmer, so I [G7] lost my Clemen[C]tine.

Oh my [C] darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clemen[G7]tine  
Thou art lost and gone for [C] ever, dreadful [G7] sorry,  
Clemen[C]tine.