

Clementine

Tom Paxton

In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine

Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling Clementine
Thou art lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Light she was and like a feather
And her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine

Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling Clementine
Thou art lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine
Stubbed her toe upon a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine

Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling Clementine
Thou art lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine
But alas, I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine

Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling Clementine
Thou art lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

There's a church yard on the hillside
Where the flowers grow entwined
There grow roses amongst the posies
Fertilised by Clementine

Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling Clementine
Thou art lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling Clementine
Thou art lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine