

# 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

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Oh my darling Clementine  
Thou art lost and gone forever  
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