

# Clementine

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F C7

1. In a ca-vern, in a can-yon, ex-ca-va-ting for a mine. Lived a  
2. Yes i love her, how i love her, thought her shoes were num-ber nine. Her-ring  
3. Drove the hor-ses to the wa-ter, ev'-ry mor-ning just at nine. Hit her

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mi-ner for-ty-ni-ner, and his daugh-ter Cle-men-tine. Oh my dar-ling, oh my  
box-es with-out top-ses, san-dals were for Cle-men-tine.  
foot a-gainst a splin-ter, fell in-to the foam-ing brine.

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dar-ling. Oh my dar-ling, Cle-men-tine, You were

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lost and gone for-e-ver, dread-ful sor-row, Cle-men-tine.