

Clementine

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D A7

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

6 D A7 D

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.

11 A7

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

14 D A7

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

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine,
but alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to weep and pine;
thought he oughter join his daughter, now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in brine;
thow in life I used to hug her, now she's dead I draw the line.

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