



Oh My Darling, Clementine

$\text{♩} = 80$

(ref.) Oh my dar-ling, oh my dar-ling, oh my Dar - ling Clemen-tine, you are

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

1. In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter - Clementine
2. Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine
3. Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine.
4. Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
But alas, I was no swimmer,
Neither was my Clementine,
5. In a churchyard near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and the posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.
6. Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he oughter join his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.
7. In my dreams she still does haunt me,
Robed in garments, soaked in brine;
Then she rises from the water
And I kiss my Clementine.
8. How I missed her! How I missed her!
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine.