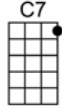
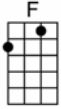
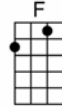
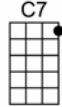
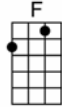


CLEMENTINE –THE *WHOLE* STORY in F

3/4 123 12

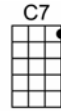
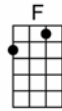


In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine

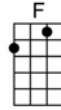
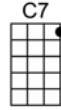
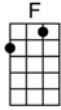


Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter, Clemen-tine.

CHORUS:



Oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh, my darling, Clemen-tine



You are lost and gone for-ever, dreadful sorry, Clemen-tine.

F

C7

Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine.

F

C7

F

Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

CHORUS

F

C7

Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at nine

F

C7

F

Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

CHORUS

F

C7

Ruby lips above the water blowing bubbles soft and fine

F

C7

F

As for me, I was no swimmer and I lost my Clementine

CHORUS

F

C7

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine.

F

C7

F

Then I kissed her little sister and forgot dear Clementine

CHORUS