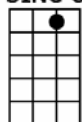
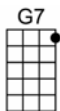
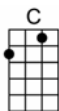


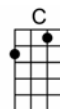
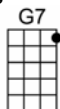
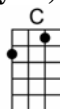
SING C



# CLEMENTINE (BAR)

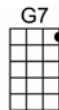
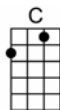


In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine

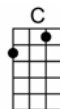
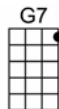
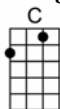


Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter, Clemen-tine.

## CHORUS:



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



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

**C** Light she was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine. **G7**

**C** Herring boxes without topses, **G7** sandals were for **C** Clementine.

## CHORUS

**C** Drove she ducklings to the water every morning just at nine **G7**

**C** Hit her foot against a splinter, **G7** fell into the foaming brine. **C**

## CHORUS

**C** Ruby lips above the water blowing bubbles soft and fine **G7**

**C** As for me, I was no swimmer and I lost my **G7** Clementine **C**

## CHORUS

**C** How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my **G7** Clementine.

**C** Then I kissed her little sister and forgot dear **G7** Clementine **C**

## CHORUS