

17

OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE.

In a cabin, in a canon, an excavation for a
mine
Dwelt a miner a forty niner, and his daughter
Clementine.

She drove her ducklets to the river, every
morning just at nine.
Stubbed her toe against a sliver, fell into the
foaming brine.

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

CHORUS.

Oh my Darling, Oh, my Darling, Oh my Dar-
ling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever, Drefful sorry
Clementine.