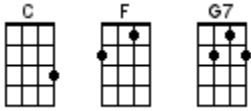


Oh My Darlin', Clementine

American Folk Ballad circa 1860's



INTRO: / 1 2 3 / 1 2 3 / [C] / [C]

In a [C] cavern, in a canyon
Exca-[C]vatin' for a [G7] mine
Lived a [F] miner, forty-[C]niner
And his [G7] daughter, Clemen-[C]tine

Light she [C] was and like a fairy
And her [C] shoes, were number [G7] nine
Herring [F] boxes without [C] topses
Sandals [G7] were for Clemen-[C]tine

CHORUS:

Oh my [C] darlin', oh my darlin'
Oh my [C] darlin' Clemen-[G7]tine
You are [F] lost and gone for-[C]ever
Dreadful [G7] sorry, Clemen-[C]tine [C]

Drove she [C] ducklings to the water
Ev'ry [C] mornin' just at [G7] nine
Hit her [F] foot against a [C] splinter
Fell in-[G7]to the foamin' [C] brine

Ruby [C] lips above the water
Blowin' [C] bubbles soft and [G7] fine
But a-[F]las, I was no [C] swimmer
Neither [G7] was my Clemen-[C]tine

CHORUS:

Oh my [C] darlin', oh my darlin'
Oh my [C] darlin' Clemen-[G7]tine
You are [F] lost and gone for-[C]ever
Dreadful [G7] sorry, Clemen-[C]tine [C]

In a [C] churchyard near the canyon
Where the [C] myrtle boughs en-[G7]twine
Grow the [F] roses in their [C] posies
Ferti-[G7]lized by Clemen-[C]tine

Then, the [C] miner, forty-niner
Soon be-[C]gan to fret and [G7] pine
Thought he [F] oughter join his [C] daughter
So he's [G7] now with Clemen-[C]tine

CHORUS:

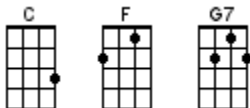
Oh my [C] darlin', oh my darlin'
Oh my [C] darlin' Clemen-[G7]tine
You are [F] lost and gone for-[C]ever
Dreadful [G7] sorry, Clemen-[C]tine [C]

In my [C] dreams she still doth haunt me
Robed in [C] garments soaked with [G7] brine
Then she [F] rises from the [C] waters
And I [G7] kiss my Clemen-[C]tine

How I [C] missed her, how I missed her
How I [C] missed my Clemen-[G7]tine
'Til I [F] kissed her little [C] sister
And for-[G7]got my Clemen-[C]tine

CHORUS:

Oh my [C] darlin', oh my darlin'
Oh my [C] darlin' Clemen-[G7]tine
You are [F] lost and gone for-[C]ever
Dreadful [G7] sorry, Clemen-[C]tine [C]↓



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