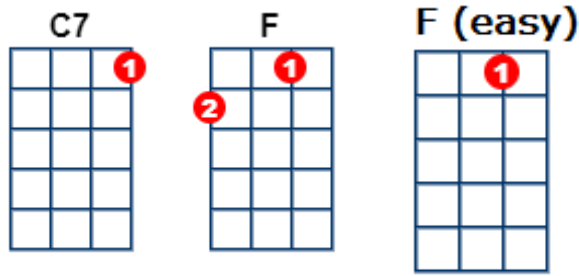


Clementine – Percy Montrose (1884)



In a [F] cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a [C7] mine,
Lived a [C7] miner, forty-[F]niner, and his [C7] daughter Clemen[F]tine.

*Oh! My [F] darling, Oh! My darling, Oh! My darling Clemen[C7]tine
Thou art lost and gone for [F] ever. Dreadful [C7] sorry, Clemen[F]tine.*

Light she [F] was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number [C7] nine,
Herring [C7] boxes without [F] topses, sandals [C7] were for Clemen[F]tine.

*Oh! My [F] darling, Oh! My darling, Oh! My darling Clemen[C7]tine
Thou art lost and gone for [F] ever. Dreadful [C7] sorry, Clemen[F]tine.*

Walking [F] lightly as a fairy, though her shoes were number [C7] nine,
Sometimes [C7] tripping, lightly [F] skipping, lovely [C7] girl, my Clemen[F]tine

*Oh! My [F] darling, Oh! My darling, Oh! My darling Clemen[C7]tine
Thou art lost and gone for [F] ever. Dreadful [C7] sorry, Clemen[F]tine.*

Drove she [F] ducklings to the water every morning just at [C7] nine,
Hit her [C7] foot against a [F] splinter, fell in [C7] to the foaming [F] brine.

*Oh! My [F] darling, Oh! My darling, Oh! My darling Clemen[C7]tine
Thou art lost and gone for [F] ever. Dreadful [C7] sorry, Clemen[F]tine.*

Ruby [F] lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and [C7] fine,
But a-[C7]las, I was no [F] swimmer, so I [C7] lost Clemen[F]tine.

*Oh! My [F] darling, Oh! My darling, Oh! My darling Clemen[C7]tine
Thou art lost and gone for [F] ever. Dreadful [C7] sorry, Clemen[F]tine.*

In my [F] dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in [C7] brine,
Though in [C7] life I used to [F] hug her, now she's [C7] dead I draw the [F] line!

*Oh! My [F] darling, Oh! My darling, Oh! My darling Clemen[C7]tine
Thou art lost and gone for [F] ever. Dreadful [C7] sorry, Clemen[F]tine.*