

Clementine

Ikke for hurtigt

Amerika/Sats: Th. Alvad

VERSE

1.-6. Clem - en - tine, Clem - en - tine, oh his
1. In a cav-ern, in a can-yon, ex-ca-vat - ing for a mine, dwelt a min-er, for-ty-

6 REFRAIN
dar - ling Clem - en - tine. Oh my dar - ling, oh my dar - ling, oh my
nin-er, and his daughter Clemen-tine. Oh my dar-ling, oh my dar-ling,

11
dar - ling Clementine! Thou art lost and gone for-ev - er, dreadful sor-ry Clemen-tine!
oh my darling Clementine! Thou art lost and gone for-ev - er, dreadful sor-ry Clemen-tine!

2. Light she was and like a fairy,
and her shoes were number nine,
herring boxes without topses
sandals were for Clementine.

4. Ruby lips above the water
blowing bubbles soft and fine,
but alas, I was no swimmer,
so I lost my Clementine.

3. Drove she ducklings to the water
ev'ry morning just at nine,
hit her foot against a splinter,
fell into the foaming brine.

5. Then the miner, forty-niner,
soon began to peak and pine,
thought he oughter jine his daughter,
now he's with his Clementine.

6. In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
robed in garments soaked in brine;
though in life I used to hug her,
now she's dead I draw the line