

Oh my darling Clementine

Volkslied - American western folk ballad

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In a ca-vern, by a can-yon, ex-ca-va-ting for a mine, dwelt a

mi-ror, for-ty-ni-ner, and his daugh-ter Cle-men-tine. Oh, my

dar-ling, oh, my dar-ling, oh, my dar-ling Cle-men-time, thou art

lost and gone for-e-ver, dread-ful sor-ry, Cle-men-time.

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

3. Walking lightly as a fairy,
Though her shoes were number nine,
Sometimes tripping, lightly skipping,
Lovely girl, my Clementine.

4. Drove she ducklings to the water
Ev'ry morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

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Frei zum Gebrauch für private oder gemeinnützige Zwecke (z.B. Chöre, Kindergärten, Schulen etc),
nicht jedoch zur anderweitigen Veröffentlichung.

5. Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
But alas, I was no swimmer,
Neither was my Clementine.
6. In a churchyard near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow rosies and some posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.
7. Then, the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to fret and pine,
Thought he oughter join his daughter,
So he's now with Clementine.
8. I'm so lonely, lost without her,
Wish I'd had a fishing line,
Which I might have cast about her,
Might have saved my Clementine.
9. In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked with brine,
Then she rises from the waters,
And I kiss my Clementine.
10. Listen fellers, heed the warning
Of this tragic tale of mine,
Artificial respiration
Could have saved my Clementine.
11. How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine,
Til I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine.