

# Clementine

Neil Young

In a cavern, in a canyon,  
Excavating for a mine  
Dwelt a miner forty niner,  
And his daughter Clementine

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

[Chorus:]  
Clementine! Clementine!  
Oh my darling, Clementine!

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

Ruby lips above the water,  
Blowing bubbles, soft and fine,  
But, alas, I was no swimmer,  
So I lost my Clementine.

[Chorus]

Then the miner forty niner  
Soon began to peak and pine.  
Thought he ought'er join his daughter,  
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still does haunt me,  
Robed in garments soaked in brine.  
Though in life I used to hug her,  
In death I draw the line.

[Chorus]

How I missed her! How I missed her,  
How I missed my Clementine,  
So I kissed her little sister,  
I forgot my Clementine.

[Chorus]