

# CLEMENTINE

P. M.

PERCY MONTROSS

1. In a cav-ern, in a can-yon Ex-ca-vat-ing for a  
 2. Light she was and like a fair-y And her shoes were num-ber

mine, Dwelt a min-er, for-ty nin-er, And his daugh-ter Clem-en-  
 nine, Her-ring box-es with-out top-ses San-dals were for Clem-en-

time.) O my dar-ling, O my dar-ling, O my dar-ling Clem-en-

tine, You are lost and gone for-ev-er, Dread-ful sor-ry, Clem-en-tine.

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

4. Ruby lips above the water,  
 Blowing bubbles soft and fine,  
 Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,  
 So I lost my Clementine.