

CLEMENTINE: Key of C in waltz time (1-2-3)

A traditional American, tragic but sometimes comic, Western folk ballad in trochaic meter usually credited to [Percy Montross](#) (or Montrose) (1884), although it is sometimes credited to [Barker Bradford](#). The lyrics by Percy Montrose were issued as sheet music by Oliver Ditson & Co of Boston in 1884,^[2] based on an earlier song called "Down by the River Liv'd a Maiden", printed in 1863.^[3] The origin of the melody is unknown. In his book "South from Granada, Gerald Brenan claims that the melody was from an old Spanish ballad, made popular by Mexican miners during the California Gold Rush.

It is unclear when, where, and by whom the song was first recorded in English, but the first version to reach the Billboard charts was that by Bing Crosby recorded on June 14, 1941 which briefly reached the No. 20 spot.

Members of the [Western Writers of America](#) chose it as one of the Top 100 Western songs of all time.^[4]

In a [C] cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a [G] mine, Lived a [G7] miner, forty-[C]-niner, and his [G] daughter Clemen-[C]-tine.

Light she [C] was, and like a fairy, and her shoes were number [G] nine, Herring [G7] boxes without [C] topses, sandals [G] were for Clemen-[C]-tine.

Oh my [C] darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clemen-[G]-tine Thou art lost and gone for [C] ever, dreadful [G] sorry, Clemen-[C]-tine.

[G] [C]

Walking [C] lightly as a fairy, though her shoes were number [G] nine, Sometimes [G7] tripping, lightly [C] skipping, lovely [G] girl, my Clemen-[C]-tine.

Drove she [C] ducklings to the water every morning just at [G] nine, Hit her [G7] foot against a [C] splinter, fell in [G] to the foaming [C] brine.

Oh my [C] darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clemen-[G]-tine Thou art lost and gone for [C] ever, dreadful [G] sorry, Clemen-[C]-tine.

[G] [C]

Ruby [C] lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and [G] fine, But a-[G7]-las, I was no [C] swimmer, so I [G] lost my Clemen-[C]-tine.

In my [C] dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in [G] brine, Though in [G7] life I used to [C] hug her, now she's [G] dead I draw the [C] line!

Oh my [C] darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clemen-[G]-tine Thou art [G] lost and gone for [C] ever, dreadful (slow) [G] sorry, Clemen-[C/ slow fan]-tine.