

Clementine



In a cav-ern, in a can-yon, ex-ca-vat-ing for a mine,



Dwelt a min-er, for-ty-niner, and his daugh-ter Cle-men-tine.

CHORUS



Oh, my dar-ling, oh, my dar-ling, oh, my dar-ling Cle-men-tine,



Thou art lost and gone for ev-er, dread-ful sor-ry, Cle-men-tine

- 2 Light she was and like a fairy ,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses,
Sandals were for 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.
- 4 Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
But alas! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

- 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 the churchyard, near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and some posies,
fertilized by Clementine.
- 7 In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in gaments soaked with brine;
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I draw the line.
- 8 How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine.

Clementine

1

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

Chorus:

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone for ever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine!

2

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

4

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

5

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he oughter (= ought to)
jine (= join) his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

In einer Höhle, in einer Schlucht,
wo er nach Gold grub,
wohnte ein Goldsucher,
(ein) 49er,
und seine Tochter Clementine.

Kehrr reim:

Oh mein Liebling,
oh mein Liebling Clementine!
du bist verloren und für immer dahin,
tut mir schrecklich leid, Clementine!

Sie war leicht [und] wie eine Fee,
und ihre Schuhe hatten Größe neun,
Heringskisten ohne Deckel
dienten Clementine als Sandalen.

Sie trieb die Entenküken zum Wasser,
jeden Morgen Punkt 9,
stieß ihren Fuß an einem Splitter
(und) fiel in die schäumende See.

(Ich) sah ihre Lippen über dem Wasser,
ganz feine Blasen blasend,
aber leider war ich Nichtschwimmer
(und) so verlor ich meine Clementine.

Dann der Goldsucher, der 49er,
begann bald, sich zu grämen;
er dachte, er müsste
seiner Tochter folgen:
nun ist er bei seiner Clementine.

6

In the churchyard, near the canyon, Where the myrtle doth entwine, There grow roses and some posies, Fertilized by Clementine.	Auf dem Friedhof, nahe bei der Schlucht, wo das Immergrün sich windet, wachsen Rosen und einige (andere) Blümchen, gedüngt von Clementine.
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7

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, Robed in gaments soaked with brine; Though in life I used to hug her, Now she's dead I draw the line.	In meinen Träumen spukt sie noch, gehüllt in Kleider, durchtränkt mit Salzwasser; obwohl ich sie im Leben oft umarmt habe, nun, da sie tot ist: Schluss damit.
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8

How I missed her, how I missed her, How I missed my Clementine, But I kissed her little sister, And forgot my Clementine.	Wie vermisste ich sie, wie vermisste ich meine Clementine, aber ich küsste ihre kleine Schwester und vergaß meine Clementine.
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**forty-niner*, Name für Menschen, die in Kalifornien nach Gold suchten. Hier hatte im Jahre 1848 die Entdeckung von Gold auf dem Land des Schweizers August Sutter einen Goldrausch ausgelöst.

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