

In a cavern, in a canyon, ex-ca-vating for a mine, dwelt a
 miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine. 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.
 Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine,
 thou art lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry, Clementine.
3. Drove she ducklings to the water ev'ry morning just at nine,
 struck her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.
 Oh my darling ...
4. Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles mighty fine,
 but, alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.
 Oh my darling ...
5. Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to peak and pine,
 thought the ougther jine his daughter, now he's with his Clementine.
 Oh my darling ...
6. In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments, soaked in brine,
 though in life I used to hug her, now she's dead, I draw the line.
 Oh my darling ...
7. How I missed her! How I missed her! How I missed my Clementine!
 But I kissed her little sister and forgot my Clementine.
 Oh my darling ...

Das Lied entstand während des Goldrauschs 1849 in Kalifornien. Ein 'forty-niner' ist ein Goldgräber von 1849. Die Goldfunde in Kalifornien zogen nicht nur Goldsucher an, sondern auch Musiker und Theaterleute, denn in den Goldgräbercamps war Abwechslung vom harten Alltag gern gesehen. So entstanden viele Theaterstücke und Lieder, mit denen den Goldsuchern schnell ihr schwer erarbeitetes Gold aus den Taschen gezogen wurde.