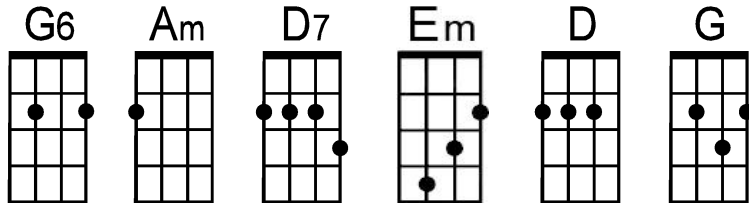


Oh My Darling Clementine - (Mack ver)

by Percy Montrose (1884) - (sung to melody of Mack the Knife - Kurt Weill – 1928)



Intro: . | **G6** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .

A ————

E — 0 — 0 ————— 0 — 0 ————— 0 3 — 2 ————— 3 2 — 0 ————

C — 2 ————— 2 —————

G — 4 ————— 4 ————— 4 —————

. | **Em** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .

A — 0 ————

E — 3 ——— 3 ——— 3 0 3 ————— 0 3 — 2 ————— 3 2 — 0 ————

C — 2 ————— 0 ————— 0 —————

G —————

(sing b)

. | **G6** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .

In a cav—ern— in a can—yon— exca—va—ting— for a mine—

. | **Em** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .

Dwelt a min—er— forty—niner— and his daugh—ter— Clemen—tine—

. | **G6** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .

Light she was— like a feath—er— and her shoes were— number nine—

. | **Em** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .

Herring box—es without tops—es— sandals were for— Clemen—tine—

. | **G6** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .

Drove her duck—lings— to the wa—ter— every morn—ing— right at nine—

. | **Em** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .

Hit her foot a——pon a splin—ter— fell in—to the— foaming brine—

. | **G6** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .

Oh my dar—ling— oh my dar—ling— Oh my dar—ling— Clemen—tine—

. | **Em** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .

You are lost and— gone for—ev—er— dreadful sor—ry— Clemen—tine—

. | **G6** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .

Ruby lips— a—bove the wa—ter— blowing bub—bles— soft and fine—

. | **Em** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .

But a—las I—— was no swim—mer— neither was my— Clemen—tine—

. | **G6** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .
I'm so lone—ly— lost with-out her— wish I'd had a— fishing line—

. | **Em** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .
Which I might have— cast a-bout her— could have saved my— Clemen-tine—

. | **G6** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .
Now in my dreams— she does haunt me— robed in gar-ments soaked with brine—

. | **Em** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .
Then she ris—es— from the wa-ters— and I kiss my— Clemen-tine—

. | **G6** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .
Oh my dar—ling— oh my dar—ling— Oh my dar—ling— Clemen-tine—

. | **Em** . . . | **Am** . . . | **D7** . . . | **G6** . . .
You are lost and— gone for-ev—er— dreadful sor—ry— Clemen-tine—

(slower)

. | **Em** . . . | **Am** . . . **Am** *(hold)*
You are lost and— gone for—ev—er—

--- | **D** . . . | **G** . . . **G6**
Dreadful sor—ry— Clemen-tine—

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v1b - 8/21/25)