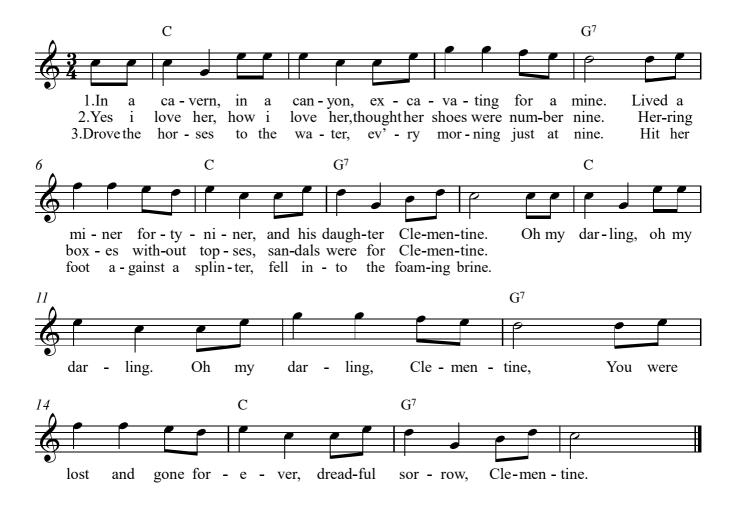
Clementine www.franzdorfer.com



Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine, but alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner, soon began to weep and pine; thougt he oughter join his daughter, now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in brine; thow in life I used to hug her, now she's dead I draw the line.

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine. But I kissed her little sister and forgot my Clementine