

In a cavern, in a canyon
excavating for a mine
 lived a miner, forty-niner
 and his daughter Clementine.

aushöhlen

*Oh my Darling
 oh my Darling
 oh my Darling Clementine
 you are lost and gone forever
 dreadful sorry Clementine.*

A forty-niner is one who took part in the 1849 California gold rush.

furchtbar

Light she was and like a fairy
 and her shoes were number nine.
 Herring boxes without topses
 sandals were for Clementine.

Fee

Absätze

Oh my Darling ...

Drove she ducklings to the water
 every morning just at nine
 hit her foot against a splinter
 fell into the foaming brine.

junge Enten

Holzstück

schäumende Nass

Oh my Darling ...

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

rote Lippen

Blasen

ach

Oh my Darling ...

Then she floated down the river,
 Found a canyon new to all.
 Nuggets waiting for the taking,
 I could hear her joyful call.

trieb

Oh my Darling ...

What does not go with the Far West:

Streiche die Wörter, die nicht zum Wilden Westen gehören:

digger – nugget – gun – **bicycle** – horse – canyon – cell phone –
 saloon – microwave – campfire – tent – submarine – swimming pool –
 piano – skyscraper – airport – canoe – yacht –

A camp fire song: My Monster Frankenstein

In a castle, near a mountain,
 Near the dark and murky Rhine.
 Lived a doctor, the concoctor,
 Of the monster, Frankenstein.
**Oh my monster, oh my monster,
 Oh my monster, Frankenstein.
 You were built to last forever,
 Dreadful scary Frankenstein.**

Now she's wealthy, owns a mansion,
Silks and satins does she wear.

*reich – Villa
 Seide*

Never uses herring boxes,
 Golden nuggets in her hair.
Oh my Darling ...

Drives white horses, never ducklings,
 Lives upon a 'Frisko hill.

San Francisco

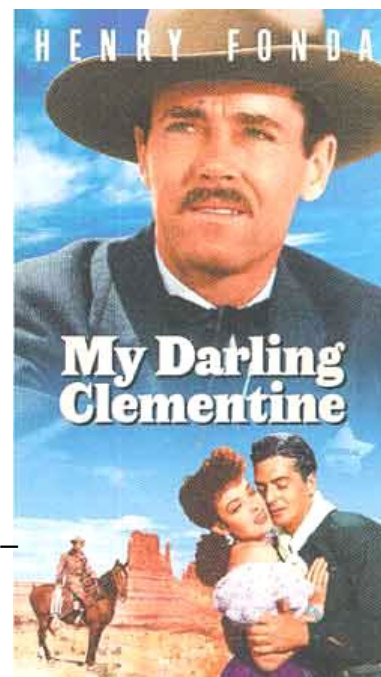
Brushes elbows
with the famous,
 And I'm sure she always will.
Oh my Darling ...

I am only a poor miner,
 Never once did find a strike.
 She won't ever be my darlin',
 I will never see the like.
Oh my Darling ...

Goldader

sowas

How I missed her, how I missed her
 how I missed my Clementine
 till I kissed her little sister
 and forgot my Clementine.
Oh my Darling ...



In a graveyard, near the castle,
 Where the sun refused to shine,
 He found noses and some toeses
 For his monster Frankenstein.

murky: düster

concoctor: „Zusammenbrauer“