

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

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

*creuser*

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

*horrible*

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

*Oh my Darling ...*

*féé*

*couvercles*

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

*Oh my Darling ...*

*canetons*

*épine*

*Mer bouillonnante*

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

*Oh my Darling ...*

*lèvres rouges*

*bulles*

*hélas*

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

*Oh my Darling ...*

*flotta*

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

Never uses herring boxes,  
 Golden nuggets in her hair.

*Oh my Darling ...*

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

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 ...*

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

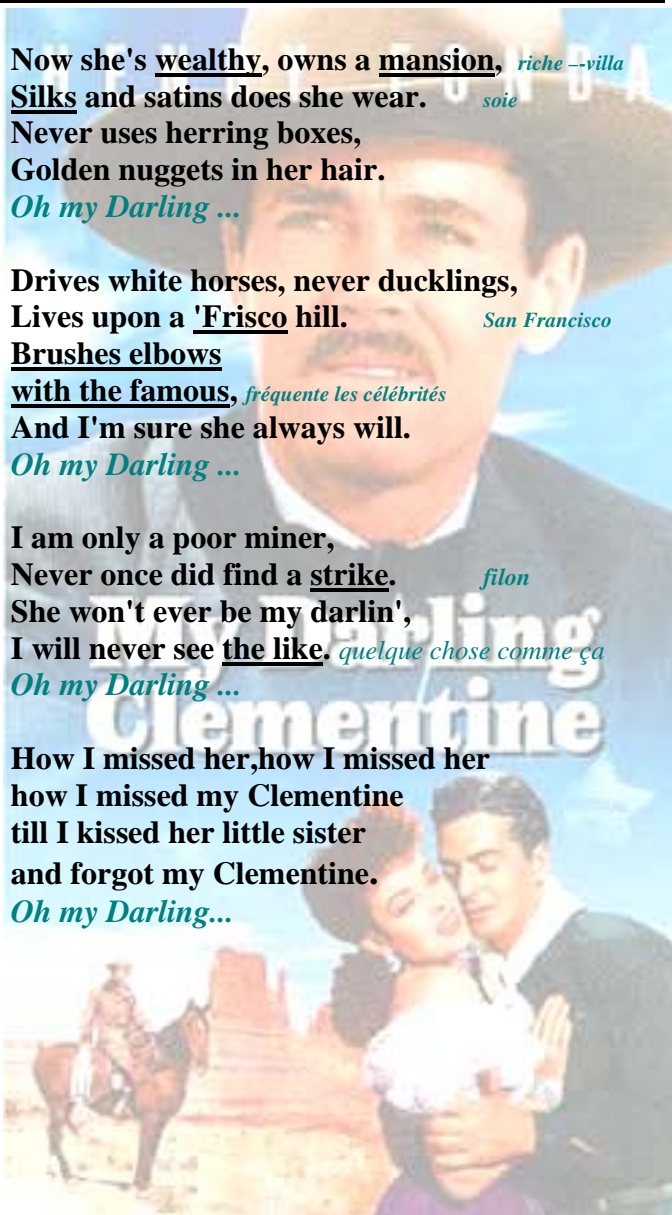
*Oh my Darling...*

*San Francisco*

*fréquente les célébrités*

*filon*

*quelque chose comme ça*



## What does not go with the Far West:

*Trace les mots qui ne font pas partie du Far West:*

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.**

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

*murky: obscur*

*concoctor: „concocteur“*