



Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half, than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride.

CHORUS:

*But it stopped short, never to go again
When the old man died.
Ninety years without slumbering, tick, tick, tick, tick,
His life seconds numbering, tick, tick, tick, tick,
It stopped short never to go again,
When the old man died.*

2

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent while a boy;
And in childhood and manhood, the clock seemed to know,
And to share both his grief and his joy,
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door,
With a blooming and beautiful bride.

CHORUS:

3

My grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he found
For it wasted no time and had but one desire
At the close of each week to be wound
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face
And it's hands never hung by its side.

CHORUS:

4

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night
An alarm that for years had been dumb
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight
That his hour of departure has come
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side.

CHORUS:

