

My Grandfather's Clock

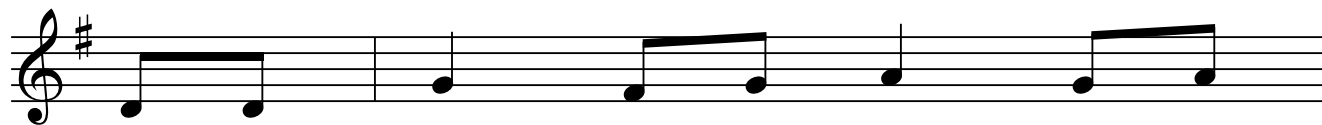
Henry Clay Work, 1876



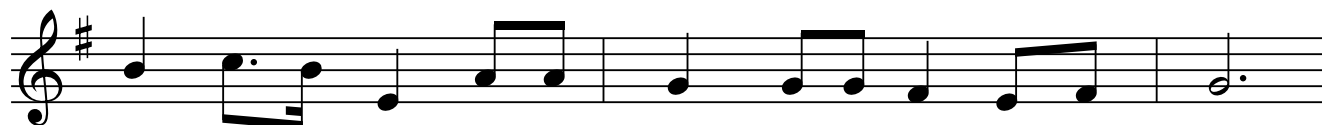
My grand - - fa - ther's clock was too



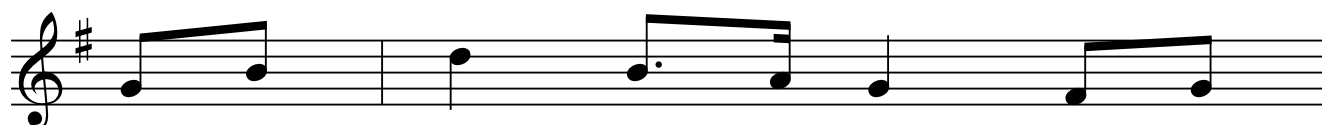
large for the shelf, So it stood nine-ty years on the floor;



It was tall - - er by half than the



old man him-self, Tho' it weighed not a pen - ny weight more.



It was bought of the morn of the



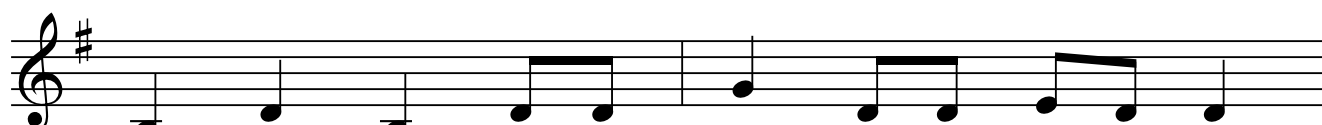
day that he was born, And was al - ways his trea - sure and pride;



But it stopped short, ne-ver to go a-gain, When the old man died.



Nine - ty years with - out slum - ber - - ing:



Tick, tock, tick tock, his life's se - conds num-ber - ing:

Tick, tock, tick, tock, It stopped short,
 3
 ne-ver to go a-gain, When the old man died.

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,
 Tho' it weighed not a pen-ny weight more.
 It was bought of the morn of the day that he was born,
 And was always his treasure and pride;
 But it stopped short, never to go again,
 When the old man died.

(Chorus)

Ninety years without slumbering: Tick, tock, tick tock,
 His life's seconds numbering: Tick, tock, tick, tock,
 It stopped short, never to go again,
 When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
 Many hours he had spent as 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;
 But it stopped, short, never to go again,
 When the old man died.

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 its hands never hung by its side;
 But it stopped, short, never to go again,
 When the old man died.