GRAND-
G
FATHER'S
CLOCK.

Song and Chorus.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

HENRY C. WORK.

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To my Sister Lizzie.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

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wast-ed no time, and had but one de-sire— At the close of each week to be wound. And it knew that his spir-it was plum-ing for flight— That his hour of de-parture had come. Stil the tall-er by half than the old man himself, Though it weighed not a pennyweight more. It was childhood and man-hood the clock seemed to know And to share both his grief and his joy. For it kept in its place—not a frown up-on its face, And its hands nev-er hung by its side; But it clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime, As we si-lent-ly stood by his side; But it bought on the morn of the day that he was born, And was al-ways his treasure and pride; But it struck twenty-four when he en-tered at the door, With a bloom-ing and beau-ti-ful bride; But it stopp’d short— nev-er to go a-gain— When the old man died. stopp’d short— nev-er to go a-gain— When the old man died. stopp’d short— nev-er to go a-gain— When the old man died. stopp’d short— nev-er to go a-gain— When the old man died.
In exact time.

Chorus.

Ninety years, without slumbering (tick, tick, tick, tick),
His life-seconds num-ber-ing (tick, tick, tick, tick), It

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His life-seconds num-ber-ing (tick, tick, tick, tick), It

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