

# When The Clock Strikes Twelve - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

When the Clock Strikes Twelve.  
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Words by Sol. Kussel. Music by Phil Kussel.

A family was seated one cold winter's night  
Around the old fireside so cheerful and bright.  
Each told a story, which brought to a close  
The evening's enjoyment, while dear papa dozed.  
The baby was pleading for one story more,  
When the father awoke, with a glance at the door.  
Said, "Listen, my children, and soon you shall hear  
How my hair it turned white, why I oft shed a tear."

Chorus.  
When the clock strikes twelve, when the clock strikes twelve,  
I look up with a shudder as it stands there on the shelf.  
To some it rings out joy, to others grief and pain,  
And many a heart is broken, when the clock strikes twelve again.

I once had a brother who was very wild,  
He, being the youngest, was petted and spoiled.  
One day in anger he left friends and home,  
He left those who loved him and went forth to roam.  
We waited and watched for him day after day,  
But father and mother ere long passed away,  
The chimes in the church rang in many a year,  
Yet I waited in hopes that some day he'd appear.-Chorus.

One night when I thought I would see him no more,  
I heard some one tapping at the old hall door.  
A voice that I knew for help I heard call,  
I hastened away then through the old hall,  
I quickly unfastened the latch on the door,  
And there lay my brother who left years before,  
"Back to the old home:" was all that he said.  
As the clock it struck twelve his dear soul it had fled.-Chorus.