

## GRANDFATHERS CLOCK

by Henry C. Work

The grandfather 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 his 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-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 had he 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 as he entered the door  
With a blooming and beautiful bride  
But it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

Chorus:

My grandfather said that of these he could hire  
Not a servant as faithful could be found  
For it wasted no time, had but one desire  
At the end of the 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.

Chorus:

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 had come  
Still the clock kept the time with a soft and muffled chime  
As we silently stood by its side  
But it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

Chorus: