

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 penny weight more
It was bought on 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

In watching it's 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 in his grief and his joy
For it stuck 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

Chorus

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

It rang an alarm in the dead of night
An alarm that for years had been dumb
We knew that his spirit was winging its 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 his side
But it stopped short never to go again
When the old man died

Chorus