

My Grandfather's Clock

Henry Clay Work, 1876

♩ = 180

My Grand - fa - ther'S clock was to tall for the shelf, So it stood nine - ty years on the floor.

It was tal - ler by half than the old man him - self Tho' it weighed not a pen - ny weight more

It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born. And was al - ways his plea - sure and pride

But it G stopped short Never to go a - gain When the old man died

Ninety years without slumber - ing (tick tock, tick tock) His life se - conds num - ber ing (tick tock, tick) But it

stopped short 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,
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 pride;
But it stopp'd short — never to go again —
When the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering
(tick, tick, tick, tick),
His life seconds numbering,
(tick, tick, tick, tick),
It stopp'd short never to go again
when the old man died

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent while 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 stopp'd short — never to go again —
When the old man died.

Ninety years . . .

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 stopp'd short — never to go again —
When the old man died.

Ninety years . . .

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 his side;
But it stopp'd short — never to go again —
When the old man died.

Ninety years . . .