

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

HENRY C. WORK

Moderato

Bb

F7

Bb

Cm

Bb

F7

Bb

1. My Grand-fa-ther's Clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood nine-ty years on the floor; It was
 2. In watch-ing its pen-du-lum swing to and fro, Man-y hours had he spent while a boy; And in
 3. It rang an a-larm in the dead of the night An a-larm that for years had been dun-b; And we

tall-er by half than the old man him-self, Though it weighed not a pen-ny weight more. It was
 child-hood and man-hood the clock seem'd to know And to share both his grief and his joy. For it
 knew that his spir-it was plum-ing for flight, That his hour of de-part-ure had come. Still the

bought on the morn of the day that he was born, And was al-ways his treas-ure and pride.
 struck twen-ty-four when he en-ter'd at the door, With a bloom-ing and beau-ti-ful bride. But it
 clock kept the time with a soft and muf-fled chime, As we si-lent-ly stood by his side.

CHORUS

stopp'd short nev-er to go a-gain When the old man died. Nine-ty years with-out slum-ber-ing

(tick, tock, tick, tock,) His life seconds numbering (tick, tock, tick, tock,) It stopp'd short nev-er to go a-gain When the old man died.

cresc.

dim.