

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

Henry C. Work 1875

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 he was born,
It was always his treasure and pride,
And it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

REFRAIN

Ninety years without slumbering, tick, tock, tick, tick,
It's life seconds numbering, tick tock, tick, tock,
And it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours he spent as a boy.
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,
And it shared both his sorrow and joy.
And it struck twenty-four when he entered the door,
With a blooming and beautiful bride,
And it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died. REF.

My Grandfather said that of those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found.
It wasted no time and it had one desire,
At the end of the week to be wound.
And it stayed in its place, not a frown upon its face,
And it's hands never hung by it's side,
And it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died. REF.

Now it rang an alarm in the still of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb.
We knew that his spirit was pluming in flight,
That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept its time with a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side,
And it stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died. REF. (Rep. and rit. last line to end)