My grand-father's clock was too big for the shelf. So it stood nine-ty years on the
watch-ing its pen-du-lum swing to and fro. Man-ny hours had he spent while a

floor; It was tall-er by half, than the old man him-self, Tho' it weighed not a pen-ny weight
boy; And in childhood and man-hood, the clock seemed to know, And to share both his grief and his

more. It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born; And was al-ways his trea-sure and
joy. For it struck twen-ty four when he en-tered at the door, With a bloom-ing and beau-ti-ful

pride. But it stopped, short nev-er to go a-gain When the old man

bride. 
died. Nine-ty years with-out slum-ber-ing, (tick tock tick tock) His life sec-onds num-ber-ing

(tick tock tick tock) it stopped short, nev-er to go a-gain, When the old man

died. In died (tick tock tick tock) it stopped short,

nev-er to go a-gain When the old man died