My grand-father's clock was too big for the shelf. So it stood ninety years on the
watching its pendulum swing to and fro, Man-y 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 child-hood 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 treasure and
joy. For it struck twenty four when he entered at the door, With a blooming and beau-ti-ful
pride. But it stopped, short nev-er to go a-gain When the old man
began. Nine-ty years without slumbering, (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