

My Grandfather's Clock

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.

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.

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.

