

# My Grandfather's Clock

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.

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.

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.



