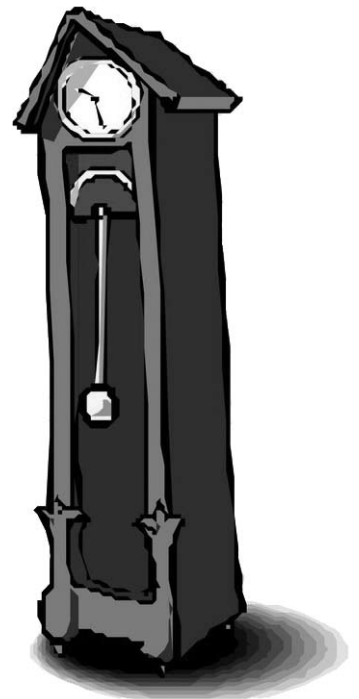


My grandfather's clock  
Was too large for the shelf,  
So it stood ninety years on the floor;  
It was taller by half  
Than the old man himself,  
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.  
It was bought on the morn  
Of the day that he was born,  
It was always his treasure and pride;

But it stopped short  
Never to go again,  
When the old man died.  
Ninety years without slumbering,  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
His life seconds numbering,  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
It stopped short  
Never to go again,  
When the old man died.

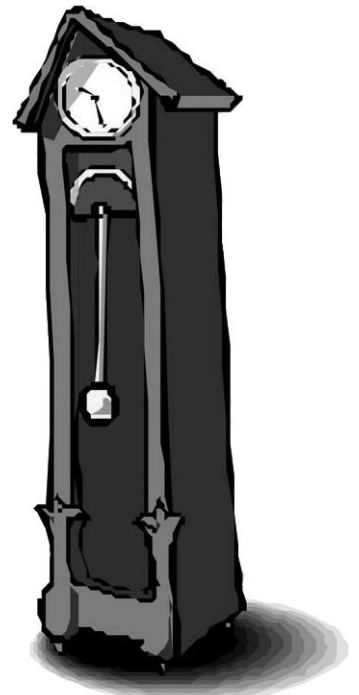


.....

In watching its pendulum  
Swing to and fro,  
Many hours had he spent while a boy;  
And in childhood and manhood  
The clock seemed to know,  
And share both his grief and his joy.  
And it struck twenty-four  
When he entered at the door,  
With a blooming and beautiful bride;

But it stopped short  
Never to go again,  
When the old man died.  
Ninety years without slumbering,  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
His life seconds numbering,  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
It stopped short  
Never to go again,  
When the old man died.

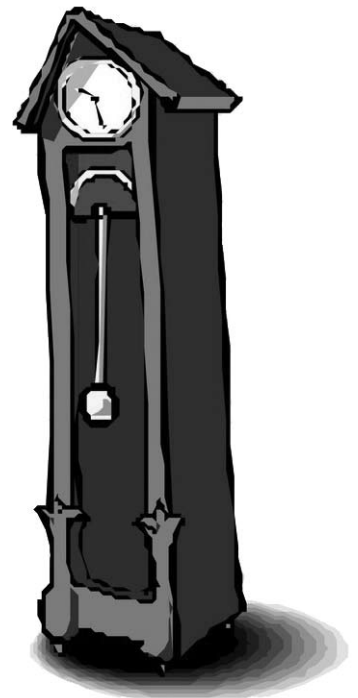
Ninety years without slumbering,  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
His life seconds numbering,  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
It stopped short  
Never to go again,  
When the old man died.



.....

My grandfather said  
That of those he could hire,  
Not a servant so faithful he found;  
For it wasted no time,  
And had but one desire,  
At the close of each week to be wound.  
And it kept in its place,  
Not a frown upon its face,  
And its hand never hung by its side.

But it stopped short  
Never to go again,  
When the old man died.  
Ninety years without slumbering,  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
His life seconds numbering,  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
It stopped short  
Never to go again,  
When the old man died.



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It rang an alarm  
In the dead of the night,  
An alarm that for years had been dumb;  
And we knew that his spirit  
Was pluming his flight,  
That his hour of departure had come.  
Still the clock kept the time,  
With a soft and muffled chime,  
As we silently stood by his side.  
But it stopped short  
Never to go again,  
When the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering,  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
His life seconds numbering,  
Tick, tock, tick, tock,  
It stopped short  
Never to go again,  
When the old man died.

