1. My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf, so it
watching its pendulum swing to and fro, many
grandfather said that, of those he could hire, not a

stood ninety years on the floor; It was taller by half than the
hours had he spent while a boy; And in childhood and manhood the
servant so faithful he found; For, it was tided no time and had

old man himself, though it weighed not a penny-weight more. It was
clock seemed to know, and share both his grief and his joy. And it
but one desire, at the close of each week to be wound. And it

bought on the morn of the day that he was born, it was always his treasure and
struck twenty-four when he entered at the door, with a blooming and beautiful
kept in its place, not a frown upon its face, and its hand never hung by its

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My Grandfather's Clock

But it stopped short, never to go again when the old man died. Nine-ty years without slum-ber-ing, tick-tock-tick-tock, his life se-conds num-ber-ing, tick-tock-tick-tock, it stopped short, never to go again when the old man died. 2. In My died.