

my grandfather's Clock

My Grandfather's Clock.

①
The grand old clock was too large for
the stairs.

So it stood quietly, years on the floor;
It was taller by half than the old man
himself.

Though it stood so firm and so true,
It was long to on the morning of the day
that he was to die.

And now, when he is gone and
pride.

But it stopped - short - and long again,
When the old man was dead.

Answer.

Tick, tick, tick, without a pause - tick,
tick, tick, tick.

When the clock was running - tick, tick,
tick, tick.

But it stopped - short - and long again,
When the old man was - dead.

② In watching its pendulum swinging
to and fro,
Many hours had he spent while
a boy.

And in childhood and manhood
The clock, seemed to know
And to share both his grief and
his joy.

But it struck twenty-four when he
entered at the door,
With a flowing and beautiful
bride.

But it stopped - short - never to go
again.

When the old man died. Chorus.

③ They grandfather said that of this
he could hear,

Not a sound - so with his hand
For it wasted no time, and had but
one desire.

At the close of each week to be wound.
It was kept in its place, not a foot
upon its face.

And its hands never hung by its side;
But it stopped - short - never to go again
When the old man died. Chorus.

④ 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
planning for flight;

That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a
soft and untroubled chime,

As we silently stood by his side;
But it stopped - short - never to go
again.

When the old man died.
Chorus.

Hardly you without clanking - tick,
tick - tick tick.

Its life counts numbering - tick, tick - tick.

It stopped - short - never to go again;
When the old man died.

Trus.

To my dear friend

Gertrude L. Gattadillo
Laow

Victoria, B.C. Whaley.

Present