

# Grandfather's Clock

www.franzdorfer.com

My grand-fa-ther's clock was too large for the shelf So it stood nin-ty years on the floor It was  
5 tal - ler by half than the old man him-self Though it weighed not a pen-ny-weight more It was  
9 bought on the morn of the day that he was born And was al-ways his trea sure and pride But it  
13 stopped, short ne-ver to go a-gain When the old man died Nin-ty years with-out slum-be-ring  
18 His life se-conds num-be-ring It stopped, short  
22 ne - ver to go a - gain 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 hands never hung by its side  
But it stopped short, never to go again  
When the old man died

It rang and alarmed in the dead of the night  
An alarm that for years had been dumb  
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight  
That his hour for 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  
His life seconds numbering  
It stopped short, never to go again  
When the old man died