

Grandfather's Clock

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Bb F7 Bb Cm Bb F7 Bb

My grand-fa-ther's clock was too large for the shelf So it stood nin-ty years on the floor It was

5 F7 Bb Cm Bb F7 Bb

tal - ler by half than the old man him-self Though itweighed not a pen-ny-weight more It was

9 Gm C7 F7 Bb Gm F7

bought on the morn of the day that he was bornAnd was al-ways his trea-sure and pride But it

13 Bb F7 Bb Cm Bb F7 Bb

stopped, short ne-ver to go a-gain When the old man died Nin-ty years with-out slum-be-ring

18 F7

His life se-conds num-be-ring It stopped, short

22 Bb Cm Bb F7 Bb

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