Grandfather’s Clock

G

Henry Clay Work 1876

Agogo | tik-tak | tik-tak | tik-tak | tik-tak |

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor,
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
But it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the mourn on 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's seconds numbering Tick tock tick
But 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 to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four when he entered the door,
With a blooming and beautiful bride.
But it stopp'd short, Never to go again,
When the old man died.

Solo w/o refrain

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 stopp'd short, Never to go again,
When the old man died.

Refrain w Bass & Fiddle

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
And alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we know that his spirit was pluming its flight,
That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side;
But it stopp'd short, Never to go again,
When the old man died.

Fast solo w/o Refrain

video: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=50aZvm7yT44

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