

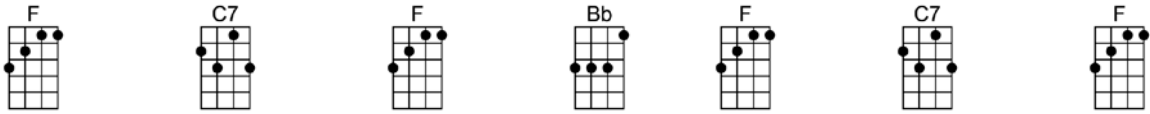
# GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK<sub>(BAR)</sub>

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

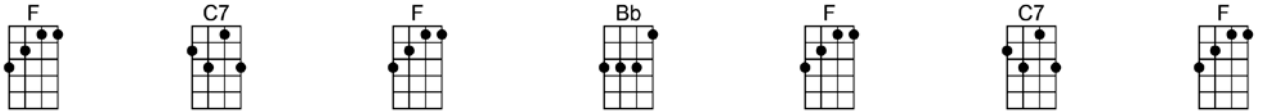
4/4 1...2...1234(with intro)

**Intro:**

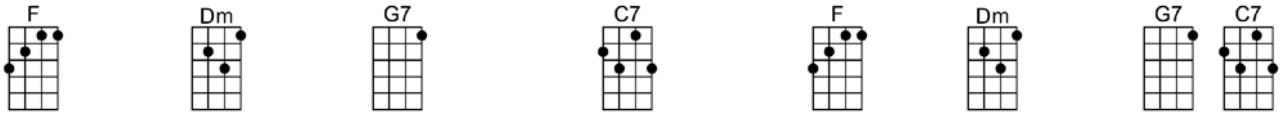
4      4      8 (sing after 7 count)



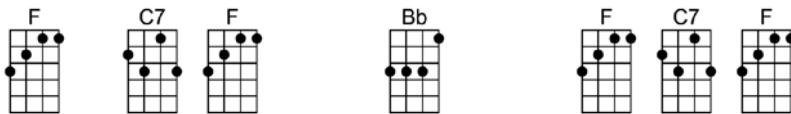
My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf, so it stood ninety years on the floor  
 In watching its pendulum swing to and fro, many hours had he spent while a boy  
 My grandfather said that of those he could hire, not a servant so faithful he found  
 It rang an a-larm in the dead of the night, an a-larm that for years had been dumb



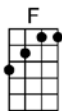
It was taller by half than the old man him-self, though it weighed not a penny-weight more  
 And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know, and to share both his grief and his joy  
 For it wasted no time, and had but one de-sire, at the close of each week to be wound  
 And we knew that his spirit was pluming its flight, that his hour of de-parture had come



It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, and was always his treasure and pride  
 For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door, with a blooming and beautiful bride  
 And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face, and its hands never hung by its side  
 Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime, as we silently stood by his side

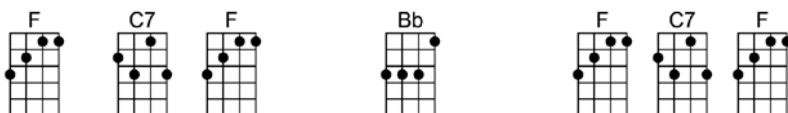


But it stopped short, never to go a-gain when the old man died



Ninety years without slumbering, tick, tock, tick, tock

His life's seconds numbering, tick, tock, tick, tock



It stopped short, never to go a-gain when the old man died

# GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

4/4 1...2...1234(with intro)

**Intro:** F C7 F  
4 4 8 (sing after 7 count)

F C7 F Bb F C7 F  
My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf, so it stood ninety years on the floor  
In watching its pendulum swing to and fro, many hours had he spent while a boy  
My grandfather said that of those he could hire, not a servant so faithful he found  
It rang an a-larm in the dead of the night, an a-larm that for years had been dumb

F C7 F Bb F C7 F  
It was taller by half than the old man him-self, though it weighed not a penny-weight more  
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know, and to share both his grief and his joy  
For it wasted no time, and had but one de-sire, at the close of each week to be wound  
And we knew that his spirit was pluming its flight, that his hour of de-parture had come

F Dm G7 C7 F Dm G7 C7  
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, and was always his treasure and pride  
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door, with a blooming and beautiful bride  
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face, and its hands never hung by its side  
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime, as we silently stood by his side

F C7 F Bb F C7 F  
But it stopped short, never to go a-gain when the old man died

F  
Ninety years without slumbering, tick, tock, tick, tock

His life's seconds numbering, tick, tock, tick, tock

F C7 F Bb F C7 F  
It stopped short, never to go a-gain when the old man died