

My Grandfather's Clock

Henry C. Work - Uke arr. - DL

My [G] Grandfather's [D7] clock was too [G] large for the [C] shelf,
so it [G] stood ninety [D7] years on the [G] floor.

It was taller by [D7]half than the [G]old man him[C]self,
though it [G]weighed not a [D7]pennyweight [G]more.

It was bought on the morn of the [D7]day that he was born,
and was [G]always his [A7] treasure and [D7]pride -----

Chorus:

but it [G!]stopped, [D7!]short, [G]never to [C]go again,
when the [G]old [D7]man [G]died.

Ninety years without slumbering, tick, tock, tick, tock,
His life's seconds numbering, tick, tock, tick, tock.

It [G!]stopped, [D7!]short, [G]never to [C]go again,
when the [G]old [D7]man [G]died.

In [G]watching its [D7]pendulum [G]swing to and [C]fro,
many [G]hours he [D7]spent while a [G]boy.

And in childhood and [D7]manhood the [G]clock seemed to [C]know
and to [G]share both his [D7]grief and his [G]joy.

For it struck twenty-four when he [D7]entered at the door
with a [G]blooming and [A7] beautiful [D7]bride -----

It [G]rang an al[D7]arm in the [G]dead of the [C]night -
an al[G]arm that for [D7]years had been [G]dumb;
and we knew that his [D7]spirit was [G]pluming for [C]flight,
that his [G]hour of de[D7]parture had [G]come.

Still the clock kept the time with a [D7]soft and muffled chime,
as we [G]silently [A7]stood by its [D7]side -----