

Grandfather's Clock In G

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

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

It was bought on the morn that my [C]grandpa was [G]born
and was always his treasure and [D]pride

But it [G]stopped [D]short [G]never to go [C]again
when the [G]old [D]man [G]died.

CHORUS:

Ninety [G]years without [C]slumber[G]ing, (chimes)

His life seconds [C]number[G]ing, (chimes)

But it [G]stopped [D]short, [G]never to go [C]again
when the [G]old [D]man [G]died.

BREAK:

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro

many hours he had spent as a boy;

And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know

and to share every sorrow and joy.

For it struck twenty-four when he entered the door

with his blushing and beautiful bride

But it stopped short never to go again when the old man died.

CHORUS:

BREAK:

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 end of each week to be wound.

And it kept in its place not a frown upon its face

and its hand never hung by its side.

But it stopped short never to go again when the old man died.

CHORUS:

BREAK:

Well, it rang an alarm in the dead of the night,

an alarm that for years had been dumb.

And we knew that his spirit was pluming his flight,

that his hour of 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. But it stopped short never to go again when the old man died.