

Grandfather's Clock

Henry Clay Work

Mountain Dulcimer in Ionian G

My grand - fa - ther's clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood nine - ty years on the
 In watch - ing its pen - dul - um swing to and fro Man - y hours had he spent when a
 My grand - fa - ther said that of those dead he could hire from Not a ser - vant so faith - ful he
 It rang an a - larm in the dead of the night, An a - larm that for years had been

floor. It was tal - ler by half than the old man him - self Tho' it
 boy. And in child - hood and man - hood the clock seemed to know And to
 found, For it wast - ed no time and had but one de - sire At the
 dumb; And we knew that spir - it was plum - ing its flight, That his

weighed not a pen - ny weight more. It was bought on the morn - ing of the
 share in his grief and his joy. For it struck twen - ty four when he
 close of each week to be wound. And it kept in its place when not a
 hour of de - par - ture had come. Still the clock kept the time with a

day that he was born And was al - ways his - trea - sure and pride. But it
 en - tered at the door With a bloom - ing and beau - ti - ful bride. side.
 frown up - on its face, And its hands - ne - ver hung by its side.
 soft and muf - fled chime, As we si - lent - ly stood by his side.

stopped short ne - ver to go a - gain when the old man died. Nine - ty

years with - out slum - ber - ing (tick, tock, tick, tock) His life's sec - onds num - ber - ing

(tick, tock, tick, tock) It stopped short ne - ver to go a - gain when the old man died.

Arranged by
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* Bar chord on the first fret here.