

My grandfather's clock

(C) My grandfather's (G7) clock was too (C) large for the (F) shelf,

So it (C) stood ninety (G7) years on the (C) floor.

It was taller by (G7) half than the (C) old man him- (F) self,

Though it (C) weighed not a (G7) penny-weight (C) more.

It was bought on the morn of the (G7) day that he was born,

It was (C) always his (D7) treasure and (G7) pride.

But it (C) stopped (G7) short, (C) never to go a- (F) gain

When the (C) old (G7) man (C) died.

Chorus: (C) Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock tick tock

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

It (C) stopped (G7) short, (C) never to go a- (F) gain

When the (C) old (G7) man (C) died.

(C) In watching its (G7) pendulum (C) swing to and (F) fro,

Many (C) hours had he (G7) spent while a (C) boy.

And in childhood and (G7) manhood, the (C) clock seemed to (F) know,

And to (C) share both his (G7) grief and his (C) joy.

For is struck twenty-four when he (G7) entered at the (C) door,

With a blooming and (D7) beautiful (G7) bride,

But it (C) stopped (G7) short, (C) never to go a- (F) gain

When the (C) old (G7) man (C) died.

Chorus:

