

## My Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf  
So it stood ninety years on the floor  
It was taller by half than the old man himself  
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more  
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born  
And was always his treasure and pride  
But it stopped, short never to go again  
When the old man died

Ninety years without slumbering  
His life seconds numbering  
It stopped, short never to go again  
When the old man died

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 close of each week to be wound  
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face  
And its hands never hung by its side  
But it stopped short, never to go again  
When the old man died

It rang and alarmed in the dead of the night  
An alarm that for years had been dumb  
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight  
That his hour for 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

Ninety years without slumbering  
His life seconds numbering  
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