

# Grandfather's Clock

Sam Cooke

tick tock, tick tock [x4]

now my grandfathers' clock  
was too large for the shelf  
so it stood 90 years on the floor  
it was taller by half than the old man himself  
though it weighed not a pennyweight more

now it was bought on the morn  
of the day that he was born  
and it was always his treasure and pride  
but it stopped short never to go again  
when the old man died

oh now my grandfather said  
that of those he could hire  
not a servant so faithful he found  
for it wasted no time  
and it had but one desire  
atn the close of each week to be wound  
and it kept in its place  
not a frown on his face  
and his hands never hung by its side  
but you know that it stopped short  
never to go again  
when the old man died

now rang an alarm  
in the dead of the night  
an alarm that for years had been dumb  
and we that his spirit  
was 'plumming' for flight  
that his hour for departure had come

still that clock kept the time  
with a soft and muffled chime  
as we solemnly stood by his side  
but you know that it stopped short  
never to go again  
when the old man died

you know that it stopped short  
never to go again  
when the old boy died