GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK (BAR)

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)
4/4 1...2...1234 (with intro)

Intro:

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf, so it stood ninety years on the floor. In watching its pendulum swing to and fro, many hours had he spent while a boy. My grandfather said that of those he could hire, not a servant so faithful he found. It rang an alarm in the dead of the night, an alarm that for years had been dumb.

It was taller by half than the old man himself, though it weighed not a penny-weight more. And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know, and to share both his grief and his joy. For it wasted no time, and had but one desire, at the close of each week to be wound. And we knew that his spirit was pluming its flight, that his hour of departure had come.

It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, and was always his treasure and pride. For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door, with a blooming and beautiful bride. And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face, and its hands never hung by its side. 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, tick, tock, tick, tock.

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

It stopped short, never to go again when the old man died.
GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

Intro: F C7 F
4        4        8 (sing after 7 count)

F        C7        F        Bb        F        C7        F
My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf, so it stood ninety years on the floor
In watching its pendulum swing to and fro, many hours had he spent while a boy
My grandfather said that of those he could hire, not a servant so faithful he found
It rang an alarm in the dead of the night, an alarm that for years had been dumb

F        C7        F        Bb        F        C7        F
It was taller by half than the old man him-self, though it weighed not a penny-weight more
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know, and to share both his grief and his joy
For it wasted no time, and had but one de-sire, at the close of each week to be wound
And we knew that his spirit was pluming its flight, that his hour of de-parture had come

F        Dm        G7        C7        F        Dm        G7        C7
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, and was always his treasure and pride
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door, with a blooming and beautiful bride
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face, and its hands never hung by its side
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime, as we silently stood by his side

F        C7        F        Bb        F        C7        F
But it stopped short, never to go again when the old man died

F
Ninety years without slumbering, tick, tock, tick, tock

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

F        C7        F        Bb        F        C7        F
It stopped short, never to go again when the old man died