My Grandfather's Clock

Henry C. Work

4 / 4 Time. Intro: **[G] [D7] [G]**

My **[G]** Grandfather's **[D]** clock was too **[G]** tall for the **[C]** shelf,
So it **[G]** stood ninety **[D7]** years on the **[G]** floor.
It was taller by **[D]** half than the **[G]** old man him **[C]** self,
Though it **[G]** weighed not a **[D7]** pennyweight **[G]** more.
It was bought on the morn of the **[D]** day that he was **[D7]** born,
And was **[G]**always his **[A7]** treasure and **[D7]** pride
But it **[G]!** stopped, **[D7]!** short, **[G]** never to go a-**[C]**-gain,
When the **[G]** old **[D7]** man **[G]** died

Chorus: Ninety years without slumbering, tick, tock, tick, tock,
His life's seconds numbering, tick, tock, tick, tock.
*It **[G]!** stopped, **[D7]!** short, **[G]** never to go a-**[C]**-gain,*
*When the **[G]** old **[D7]** man **[G]**died.*

In **[G]** watching its **[D]** pendulum **[G]** swing to and **[C]** fro,
Many **[G]** hours he **[D7]** spent while a **[G]** boy.
And in childhood and **[D]** manhood the **[G]** clock seemed to **[C]** know
And to **[G]** share both his **[D7]** grief and his **[G]** joy.
For it struck twenty-four when he **[D7]** entered at the door
With a **[G]** blooming and **[A7]** beautiful **[D7]** bride
But it **[G]!** stopped, **[D7]!** short, **[G]** never to go a-**[C]**-gain,
when the **[G]** old **[D7]** man **[G]** died. ----------------------------Chorus

My **[G]** Grandfather **[D]** said, that of **[G]** those he could **[C]** hire,
Not a **[G]** servant so **[D7]** faithful he **[G]** found:
For it **[G]** wasted no **[D]** time, and had **[G]** but one de-**[C]**-sire,
At the **[G]** close of each **[G7]** week to be **[G]** wound.
And it kept in it's place, not a frown upon it's face,
And its hand never hung by its side
But it **[G]!** stopped, **[D7]!** short, **[G]** never to go a-**[C]**-gain,
when the **[G]** old **[D7]** man **[G]** died. ----------------------------Chorus

It **[G]** rang an al**[D]**arm in the **[G]** dead of the **[C]** night
An al-**[G]**-arm that for **[D7]** years had been **[G]** dumb;
And we knew that his **[D]** spirit was **[G]** pluming for **[C]** flight,
That his **[G]** hour of de-**[D7]**-parture had **[G]** come.
Still the clock kept the time with a **[D7]** soft and muffled chime,
As we **[G]** silently **[A7]** stood by its **[D7]** side
But it **[G]!** stopped, **[D7]!** short, **[G]** never to go a-**[C]**-gain,
when the **[G]** old **[D7]** man **[G]** died. ----------------------------Chorus

<u>Outro:</u> Yes it [G]! stopped, [D7]! short, [G] never to go a-[C]-gain,
When the [G]! old [D7] man [G]! died.

This is my own interpretation of this song and is to be used for educational purposes only.
joe@ukulele-joe.co.uk