

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

Old-Time Breakdown and Song. Words and Music by Henry Clay Work, Dedicated to his Sister Lizzie; **DATE:** 1876; **CATEGORY:** Fiddle and Instrumental Tunes; **RECORDING INFO:** Country Gentlemen; Homer and the Barnstormers; Sons of the Pioneers; Doc Watson; **NOTES:** Famous bluegrass instrumental and song tune by Henry Clay Work, usually in the key of G.

My Grand - fath - er's clock was too large for the shelf. So it
 stood nine - ty years on the floor. It was tall - er by half than the
 old man him - self, tho' it weighed not a pen - ny weight more. It was
 bought on the morn of the day that he was born, and was al - ways his trea - sure and
 pride. But it stopp'd short nev - er to go a - gain, when the
Chorus
 old man died. Nine - ty years with - out slum - ber - ing. (tick tock tick tock) His
 life sec - onds num - ber - ing. (tick tock tick tock) It stopp'd short
 nev - er to go a - gain when old man died.

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C G C F C G C
 My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood ninety years on the floor;
 G C F C C G C
 It was taller by half than the old man himself, Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
 C E7 Am F G C D7 G
 It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, And was always his treasure and pride.
 C G C F C G C
 But it stopp'd short, never to go again, When the old man died.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK (ADDITIONAL VERSES)

Chorus:

 C F C
Ninety years without slumbering
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
 F C
His life seconds numbering,
Tick, tock, tick, tock
 C G C F
It stopp'd short, never to go again
 C G C
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent while a boy;
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,
And to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four when he entered the door,
With a blooming and beautiful bride.
But it stopp'd short, never to go again,
When the old man died. *Chorus*

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 stopp'd short, never to go again,
When the old man died. *Chorus*

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
And alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we know that his spirit was pluming its flight,
That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side;
But it stopp'd short, never to go again,
When the old man died. *Chorus*