

Burl Ives

"Grandfather's Clock"

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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.
It was always his treasure and pride.

But it stopped. Short.
Never to go again,
When the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering,
(Tick, tock, tick, tock x2)
His life seconds numbering,
(Tick, tock, tick, tock x2)

It stopped. Short.
Never to go again,
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum
Swing to and fro,
Many hours had I 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 at the door.
With a blooming and beautiful bride.

But it stopped. Short.
Never to go again,
When the old man died.

It rang an alarm,

In the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had never been rung.

And we knew that his spirit,
Was pluming his flight.
That his hour of 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,
(Tick, tock, tick, tock x2)
His life seconds numbering,
(Tick, tock, tick, tock x2)

It stopped. Short.
Never to go again,
When the old man died.

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