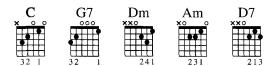
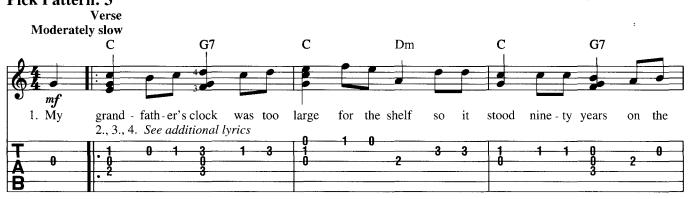
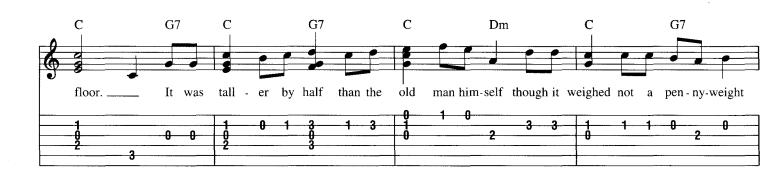
Grandfather's Clock

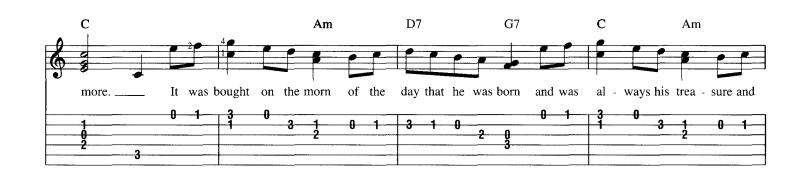
By Henry Clay Work

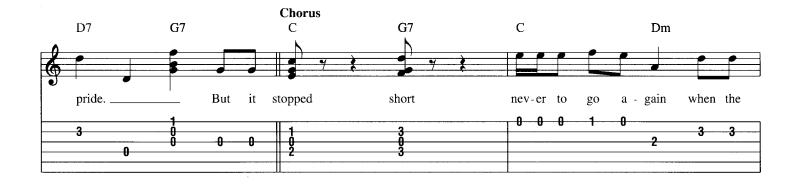


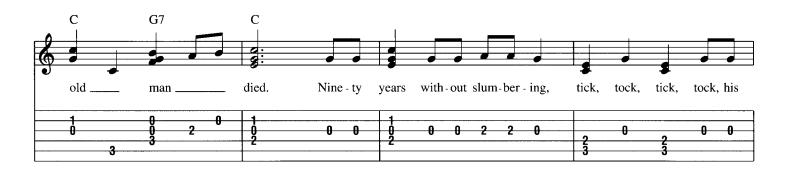


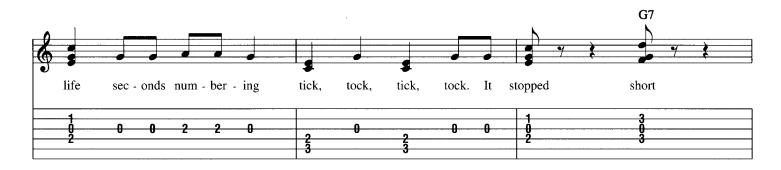


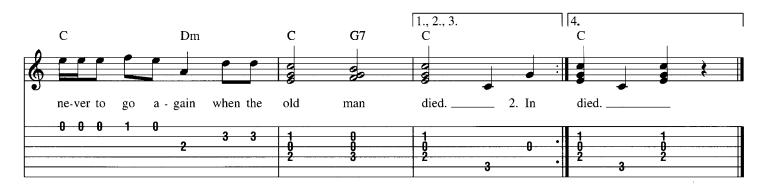












Additional Lyrics

- 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 at the door,
 With a blooming and beautiful bride.
- 3. 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.
- 4. It rang an alarm in the dead of the night, An alarm that for years had been dumb; And we knew that his spirit was pluming its 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.