Grandfather's Clock

The Doc Watson Family

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
And it weighed not a penny's weight moreIt was bought on the morn that my grandpa was born
And was always his treasure and pride
But it stopped short, never to go again
When the old man diedNinety years without slumbering
His life's seconds numbering
But it stopped short, never to go again
When the old man diedMy grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he'd found
For it wasted no time and it had but one desire
At the close of each week to be woundYes, it kept in its place but not a frown upon its face
And its hands never hung by its side
But it stopped short, never to go again
When the old man diedIt 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 for flight
That his hour for departure had comeYes, the clock kept the time with a soft and muffled chime
As we stood there and watched by his side
But it stopped short, never to go again
When the old man diedNinety years without slumbering
His life's seconds numbering
But it stopped short, never to go again
When the old man died

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