

# Grandfather's Clock

## Doc Watson

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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