

# Doc Watson, Grandfather's Clock

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 weight not a penny's weight more  
It 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 died

Ninety years without slumbering (tic tac tic tac)  
His life's seconds numbering (tic tac tic tac)  
But it stopped short never to go again  
When the old man died.

(break)

At watching its pendulum swing to and fro  
Many hours he had spent as a boy  
As he grew into manhood the clock seemed to know  
For it sharaed everyu sorrow and joy  
And it struck tewntyfour as he entered the door  
With his beautiful and blushing bride  
But it stopped short never to go again  
When the old man died

(break)

My 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 wound  
Yes 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 died

(break)

Then 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 for flight  
That his hour for departure had come  
Yes 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 died