My grandfather's clock was too tall 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 penny weight more
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his treasure and pride
But it stopped short never to go again When the old man died

CHORUS

Ninety years without slumbering (tick tock tick tock)
His life's seconds numbering (tick tock tick tock)
It stopped short never to go again When the old man died

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours he had 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 as he entered in the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride
But it stopped short never to go again When the old man died

CHORUS