# Mansfield Ukulele Group

**My Grandfather's Clock**    - Henry Clay Work

My [**C**] grandfather's [**G7**] clock was too [**C**] tall for the [**F**] shelf,
So it [**C**] stood 90 [**G7**] years on the [**C**] floor
It was [**C**] taller by [**G7**] half than the [**C**] old man him- [**F**] -self,
Though it [**C**] weighed not a [**G7**] penny-weight [**C**] more.
It was [**Am**] bought on the [**F**] morn of the [**G7**] day that he was [**C**] born;
It was [**Am**] always his [**F**] treasure and his [**G7**] pride
But it [**C**] stopped, [**G7**] short, [**C**] never to go [**F**] again, when [**C**] the old [**G7**] man [**C**] died

**Chorus**:  [**C**] 90 years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock,
His life's seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock.
Yes it stopped, [**G7**] short, [**C**] never to go [**F**] again, when [**C**] the old [**G7**] man [**C**] died

In [**C**] watching its [**G7**] pendulum [**C**] swing to and [**F**] fro,
Many [**C**] hours he had [**G7**] passed as a [**C**] boy.
And in [**C**] childhood and [**G7**] manhood, the [**C**] clock seemed to [**F**] know
And it [**C**] shared both his [**G7**] sorrow and [**C**] joy.
It struck twenty [**Am**] -four as he [**F**] came through the [**G7**] door
With a [C] blushing and [**Am** ] beautiful [F] bride [G7]
But it [**C**] stopped, [**G7**] short, [**C**] never to go [**F**] again, when [**C**] the old [**G7**] man [**C**] died

**Chorus**:

My [**C**] grandfather [**G7**] said that of [**C**] those he could [**F**] hire,
 No [**C**] servant more [**G7**] faithful he [**C**] found,
For it [**C**] wasted no [**G7**] time and it [**C**] had one de- [**F**] -sire-
At the [**C**] end of the [**G7**] week to be [**C**] wound.
Oh it [**Am**] stood in its [**F**] place with no [**G7**] frown upon its [**C**] face,
And its [**Am**] hands never [**F**] hung by its [**G7**] side,
But it [**C**] stopped, [**G7**] short, [**C**] never to go [**F**] again, when [**C**] the old [**G7**] man [**C**] died

**Chorus**:

It [**C**] struck an [**G7**] alarm in the[**C**] midst of the [**F**] night,
An a-[**C**] -larm that for [**G7**] years had been [**C**] dumb.
And we [**C**] knew that his [**G7**] spirit was [**C**] pluming for [**F**] flight,
That his [**C**] hour of de- [**G7**] -parture had [**C**] come.
But the [**Am**] clock kept its [**F**] time with a [**G7**] dull and muffled [**C**] chime
As we [**Am**] silently [**F**] stood by his [**G7**] side,
But it [**C**] stopped, [**G7**] short, [**C**] never to go [**F**] again, when [**C**] the old [**G7**] man [**C**] died

**Chorus**: