

Title: my Grandfather's Clock (simple Version)

Version: Traditional ©1876 Henry Clay Work (1.2)

~ means strum and let ring out

Key: G (or A w/Capo 2nd) **Type:** OT/Bluegrass **Speed:** ~90

Intro: Banjo (Chimes) **Outro/Ending:** Banjo (Chimes)

	2/4	2/4	2/4	2/4	2/4	2/4	2/4	2/4
Verse	G	D	G	C	G	D	G	G
	G	D	G	C	G	D	G	G
Bridge	G	G	C	G	G	A7	D	D
	G	D	G	C	G	D	G	G
Chorus	G~	C G~	-	-	G~	C G~	-	-
	G~	D~	G~	C	G	D	G	G

- Verse 1 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, though it weighed not a Pennyweight more
- Bridge 1 it was bought on the Morn' of the Day that he was born, and was always his Treasure and Pride
but it stopp'd, short, never to go again, when the old Man died
- Chorus** ninety Years without slumbering, his Life Seconds Numbering
It stopp'd, short, never to go again, when the old Man died
- Verse 2 in watching it's Pendulum swing to and fro, many Hours he had spent when a Boy
through Childhood and Manhood the Clock seem'd to know, and to share both his Grief and his Joy
- Bridge 2 for it struck 24 when he entered the Door, with a blooming and beautiful Bride
But it stopp'd, short, never to go again, when the old Man died
- Verse 3 my Grandfather said that of those he could hire, not a Servant so faithful he found
for it wasted no Time and had but one Desire, at the Close of each Week to be wound
- Bridge 3 and it kept in it's Place, not a Frown upon it's Face, and it's Hands never hung by it's Side
but it stopp'd, short, never to go again, when the old Man died
- Verse 4 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 of Departure had come
- Bridge 4 still the Clock kept the Time with a soft and muffled Chime, as we silently stood by his Side
but it stopp'd, short, never to go again, when the old Man died