

Grandfather's Clock

Piano and Voice

Henry C. Work (1832-1884)

No. 52 (1876)

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features two systems of piano accompaniment and two systems of vocal melody. The piano part consists of a treble and bass clef staff. The vocal part is a single treble clef staff. The music is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score includes two verses of lyrics. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'p' (piano). The vocal part includes lyrics such as 'My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf, so it stood ninety years on the floor; It was tall - er by half than the old man himself, Though it boy; And in child - hood and man - hood the clock seemed to know And to weighed not a penn-y-weight more. It was bought on the morn of the share both his grief and his joy. For it struck twenty four when he day that he was born, And was al - ways his trea - sure and pride. But it en - ter'd at the door, With a blooming and beau - ti - ful bride.

1. My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf, so it stood ninety years on the floor; It was tall - er by half than the old man himself, Though it boy; And in child - hood and man - hood the clock seemed to know And to weighed not a penn-y-weight more. It was bought on the morn of the share both his grief and his joy. For it struck twenty four when he day that he was born, And was al - ways his trea - sure and pride. But it en - ter'd at the door, With a blooming and beau - ti - ful bride.

Piano and Voice

13 CHORUS

stopp'd short never to go again When the old man died. *mf* Ninety

17

years, without slumbering tick, tock, tick, tock, His life seconds numbering

20

tick, tock, tick, tock, It stopp'd short never to go again When the old man died.

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.
 And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
 And its hand never hung by its side.
 But it... (&c.)

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.
 Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled
 chime,
 As we silently stood by his side.
 But it... (&c.)