Grandmother's Clock - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCK

Before my old grandmother died
She left, as a keepsake to me,
The old-fashioned clock on the shelf,
Its equal you never can see;
It runs every day, and it never goes astray,
True as the bright shining sun,
Tick, tick, tick it goes, tick, tick, tick,
And its work is never done.

Chorus.
Grandmother's clock is dusty and old,
But it runs every day thro' heat and cold;
Tick, tick, tick it goes, tick, tick, tick.
And its work is never done.

It brings me sweet memories of old.
To me 'tis a treasure most dear.
A life-tale it seems to uphold,
'Tis something to love and revere;
It shows well its age, and it seems a written page.
Faith fid hands creep around,
Tick, tick, tick it goes, tick, tick, tick,
With the same unceasing sound.-Chorus.

The days and the years may roll on,
But true to my charge I will be,
The old clock I'll keep in my care
As long as there's life left "in me.
My grandmother said, as she lay upon her bed.
Take care of the old clock, my son!
Tick, tick, tick it goes, tick, tick, tick,
And its work is never done.-Chorus.