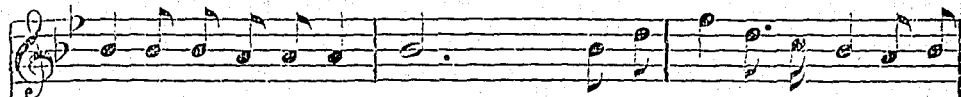


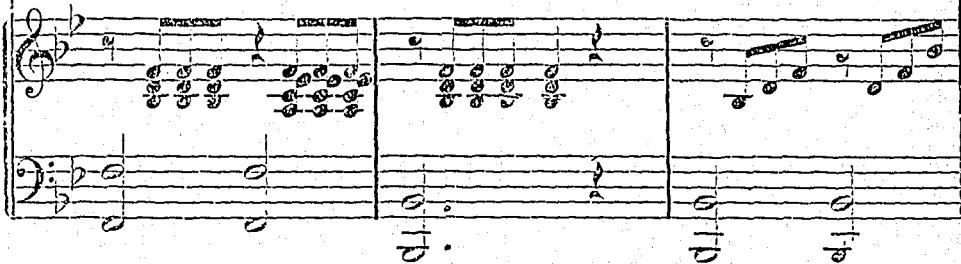
close of each week to be wound.  
hour of de - parture had come.

And it kept in its place not a  
Still the clock kept the time, with a



weighed not a pen-ny-weight more.  
share both his grief and his joy.

It was bought on the morn of the  
For it struck twen-ty-four when he



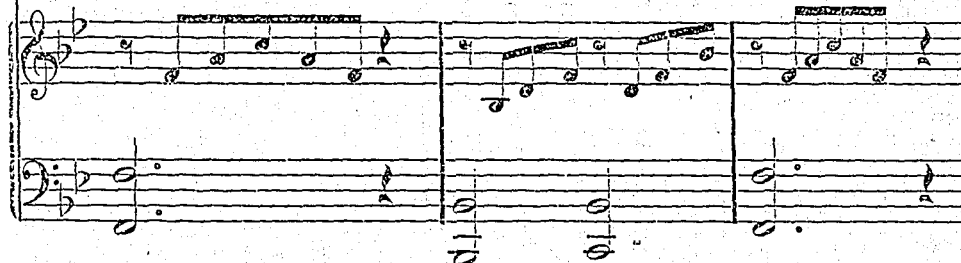
frown up - on its face, And its hands nev-er hung by its side;  
soft and muf-fled chime, As we si - lent - ly stood by his side;

But it  
But it



day that he was born, And was al-ways his trea - sure and pride;  
en-tered at the door, With a blooming and beau - ti - ful bride;

But it  
But it



stopp'd short— never to go again When the old man died.  
stopp'd short— never to go again When the old man died.

