

*a tempo.*

Tick, tick, it said, Quick, quick to bed, For ten I've giv'n warn - ing, Up, up and go, or

*a tempo.*

else, you know, you'll nev - er rise soon in the morn - ing.

2. A friend - ly voice had that old, old clock, As it stood in the cor - ner smil - ing, And  
3. Still hour - ly the sound goes round and round, With a tone that ceas - es nev - er, While

*ra'l.*

blest'd the time with a mer - ry chime, The win - t'ry hours be - guil - ing; But a cross old voice was that  
tears are shed for the bright days fled, And the old friends lost for - e - ver: Its . . . heart beats on, though