HAWK-EYES.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

My grandfather's clock was too high for the shelf,
And it reached forty feet below the floor;
And he used to take a lightning-rod to wind it himself,
While he stood on the top of the door.
It ran like a quarter horse long years ere he was born;
When he died it ran faster than before,
And ev,ery; time-that-he-heard-the tune,
The old—man—swore.

CHORUS, by the entire congregation:

About 459,000 years without slumbering,
Tick, took; tick, tock, tum, tum-tum; tum, tum-tum; oom-pah, oom-pah, bra-a-a-a!
Whistling and roaring and shrieking and thundering!
Tick, tock; tick, tock, toot, doot, toot, de doot, tra la, la ha ha!
Ah! Scree-ee-ee! Whoop! Whoop! Wa-ha-ha-ha-ha-a-a-a!
It went! Faster! than-ever-it-went-before,
When the old—man—died!

The man who lived down at the corner of the block,
With a voice like a broad gauge bassoon;
He made a bass solo of "My Grandfather's Clock,"
And he never sang any other tune.
He sang it every morning and he sang it in the night,
And he sang it while the congregation cried:
But his neck; tie; fitted-his-neck-too tight,
On the day—he—died.

CHORUS, by people who whistle, but can't sing, with a lingering, suspicious inflection on the "neck-tie" as though circumstances indicated that several men had helped the musician to put it on:

Forty-nine hours to-day without slumbering,
Toodle de doo, too de doo, toodle de doo tooty toot!
The multitudinous notes of the crickets outnumbering;
Toot! Doot! Toot! Doot! Toot!!
But his neck; tie; wasn't adjusted-right,
On the day—he—died!

And the handsome young man who sang tenor in the choir,
Was also addicted to the tune;
He used to pitch the air about twenty octaves higher
Then the key-note of the man in the moon.
His cracked notes pierced through the azure fields above,
Till Olympus couldn't sleep if it tried;
But great; Jove; gave-one-of-his-bolts a shove,
And the young—man—died!

CHORUS, for first tenor voices, with a shivering kind of an intonation on the thunder, indicative of the feelings of a young man when he is struck by lightning. Now, then, ALL together.

Up to high C without stumbling,
Squack, squack! squack, squack!
Squack without any quavering or straining or numbling,
Squack, squack! squack, squack!
Squack-but-the-thun; der! got-mighty-close-to-the ground,
On the da-ay—he——died!

There were forty million people in the land of our birth,
With voices from a squeak to a roar,
And they warbled that tune through the ends of the earth,
In the church, in the car, and the store.
Till the old man's ghost re-sought the glimpses of the moon,
And he tore at his silver flowing hair.
And the old; man! whenever-he-heard that tune.
Would cavort—and—swear!

CHORUS, softly, by any person of the company who knows the words, with old man obligato:

"Ninety years without slumbering"—
——! —— !! —— !!! —— !!!! —— !!!!
His life seconds numbering——
——! —— !! —— !!! —— !!!! —— !!!!!
"But it stopped——short" —— ——;
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