

Deep within the old man's heart,  
Where time began of deep and dark;  
Began the trick of days gone by,  
From which the hands of time did try.

His watch a clock of seeing view,  
The clock that sees the time so true;  
And as the chime strike all so mellow,  
It tells the time through coloured gold brass yellow.

The old grandfather clock of time,  
Of which my poem finds reason to rhyme;  
It stands so tall in depth of grandure,  
As if it ages through the times self languages.

The clock strikes regularly on the hour,  
At quarters and halves in resounding power;  
Of those who are sick or weary to find,  
Find comfort in the chimes to soothe their mind.

All the money in the world can't buy your life back,  
Once the clock strikes the hour, down the wrong track;  
But what of the next world and things in heaven,  
When the clock strikes twelve, the next hour past eleven.

So next time you look at the clock in the sky,  
Away from the waters that deceive all and lie;  
That old oak or cedar grandfather clock in the hall,  
Remember the best is yet to come when the clock strikes your all.

Signed,

The swinging pendulum