

Words by CAROLYN BAILEY

The Clock

Music by I. ALFONSO



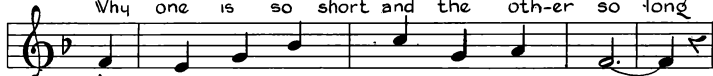
1. He stands in a cor-ner from morn-ing till night.
 2. hands are quite ti-dy and grow on his face.



A pa-tient old thing with no feet
 Der-haps when we're big we shall know



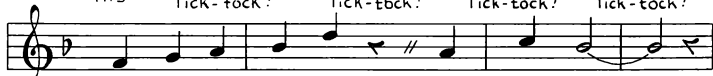
His face is so so-lemn and round as a moon
 Why one is so short and the oth-er so long



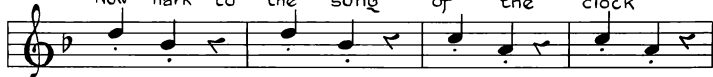
And, Oh, so ex-ceeding-ly neat
 And one he moves fast and one slow



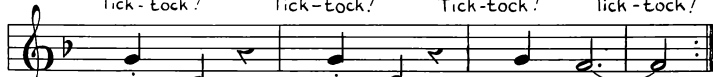
His Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock!



Now hark to the song of the clock



Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock!



Tick-tock Tick-tock he'll say.