My Grandfather's Socks

a parody of "My Grandfather's Clock"

lyrics by

Wellington A. Harwood

This song is based on "My Grandfather's Clock" written in 1876 by Henry Clay Work, the author of "Marching Through Georgia".

arranged by Duncan Cameron for Voice Piano

transcribed by Duncan Cameron for Ontario Traditional Music Library updated March 16, 2022

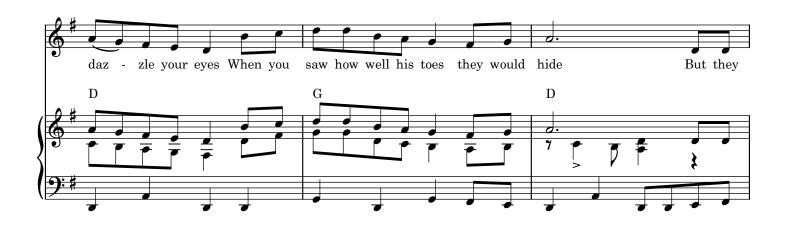
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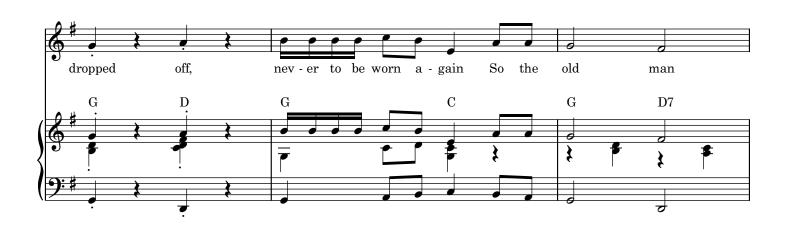
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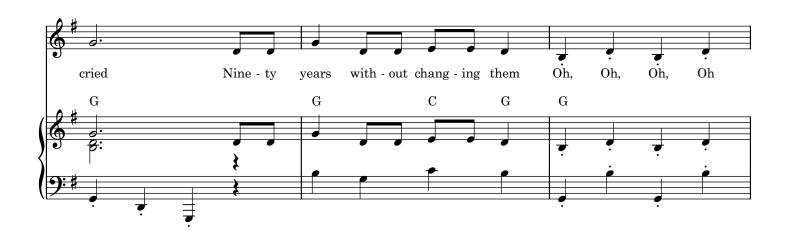
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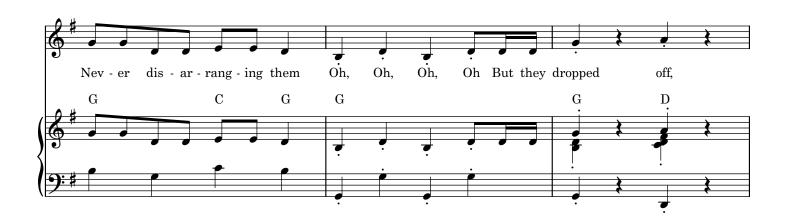
Music by Henry Clay Work Arranged by Duncan Cameron

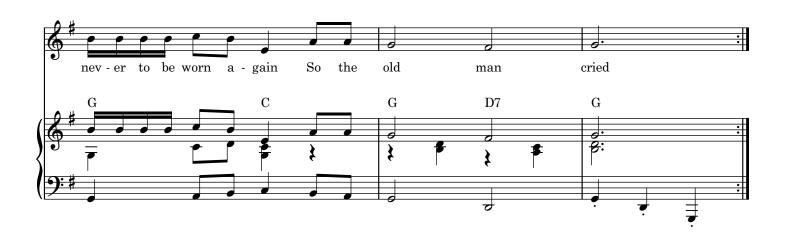












Verse 1 My grandfather's socks were a pleasure to his feet
So he wore them for ninety years or more
When once on his feet they looked so great – complete
When shoeless he used to walk the floor
When you'd look upon the size it would dazzle your eyes
When you saw how well his toes they would hide
But they dropped off, never to be worn again
So the old man cried

Chorus Ninety years without changing them - Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh
Never disarranging them - Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh
But they dropped off, never to be worn again - So the old man cried

Verse 2 His feet were as large when but a year old
As they were when a man he had grown
So socks he must have to keep out the cold
And a graceful pair, his feet soon did own
And so well they fit that they wouldn't budge
When to get them off so hard his mother tried
But they dropped off, never to be worn again
So the old man cried

Verse 3 My grandfather said that of socks he could buy
He would like to see a pair to equal those
For they kept his feet so warm, comfortable and dry
Since first the day they did his feet enclose
He was in a blissful haze when upon them he did gaze
For they always filled his soul with joy and pride
But they dropped off, never to be worn again
So the old man cried

Verse 4 One night sound asleep and in a pleasant snore
My grandfather woke with a start
For his socks they had parted and dropped to the floor
Which sent a dreadful chill through his heart
Then all through the house, which was quiet as a mouse
Weeping was still heard on every side
But they dropped off, never to be worn again
So the old man cried