

The Boyfriend Clock

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Young He-len, she loved her hand-some Will. He was her brave sol-dier he worked in the mill. She coun-ted the cash at the store in the town. And they gave her this clock when she wore her fine wed ding gown. This old clock has man y tales to tell. Of boys from heav-en and boys from hell. Of love and bro-ken hearts and tears Of plans and dreams and hopes and fears But all the boys,—the girls all knew Must learn to re-cog - nise the clue When pa-pa wound the clock to show It was time for them to go.

Young Helen, she loved her handsome Will. He was her brave soldier. He worked in the mill.

She counted the cash at the store in the town. And they gave her this clock when she wore her fine wedding gown.

This old clock has many tales to tell. Of boys from heaven and boys from hell.

Of love and broken hearts and tears. Of plans and dreams and hopes and fears.

But all the boys, the girls all knew. Must learn to recognise the clue.

When papa wound the clock to show it was time for them to go.

The years brought forth five beautiful girls. With sparkling eyes and bright shining curls.

The house soon filled up with some fine handsome boys, Who learned to take heed of the clock and its old winding noise.

When they found a new home and she walked through the door. She wanted new carpets, new curtains and more.

She burned all the old, every chair, every bed. But she kept the old clock that they gave her, the day she was wed.

Though William died, the clock it did chime. And grandchildren came to fill poor Nellie's time.

And when Nellie died, the clock it moved on. To Ray and then over to me when she was gone.

The clock is silent, the hands are still. But it sets me to thinking of Helen and Will.

And maybe, someday, it will chime once more. To show some young man that it's time to get out of the door.

For my Gill and Isabel, her mum ... William and Helen's granddaughter and daughter, respectively ... but also for Helen and Will and all the frustrated boys that their clock chased away!