

Northern Kentucky
Views Presents:

The Old Town Click

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From

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The Old Town Clock

High up in its tower, square and tall
O'er the temple of courts and the city hall,
Dwells the old Town Clock, now worn and gray,
Still ticking the minutes and hours away.

'Gainst the heat and the cold, the drouth and the flood
Defying the storms through the years it has stood
While the winds and the frosts, the sunshine and rain,
Have caressed or have beaten it, all in vain.

Through four generations of life it has stood
Marking time alike for the wicked and good
Now, its works antique and its visage quaint,
But its hands still circle the faces faint.

And the same old bell with its iron tongue
For public calls, and the courts is rung,
And has counted the hours both day and night
Through the weeks and the months and the years aright.

Immortals in history who have since crossed the bar
Presidents, statesmen, and heroes of war
Who helped change the maps of the world for our race
Have stood in its shadows, or looked on its face.

In the chambers beneath and its ~~shadows~~ ^{Plaza} below
Varied widely the scenes and the tales of woe
Ah, the stories of sadness and gladness that fell,
If its tongue could talk, and its tongue would tell

Of the scenes, of the tears, and the smiles inside
While judges sat dozing, though dignified;
While lawyers pleaded, and witnesses lied,
Where men paled with anguish, and women cried.

When ~~the~~ juries decided and verdict was heard
Through the judge, who proclaimed in solemnest word
Pronouncing the sentence of death, or "pen",
Or fine, or freedom for fellowmen

Through each fleeting year its deep toned bell
Has sounded the ~~hours~~ ^{chime} for the sick and the well,
For the great and ~~humble~~ ^{humble}, the rich and the poor,
For the young and the old it has kept time's score.

Through many a still and ~~and~~ stormy night
During wakeful hours in fancy's flight
From illness or worry, till morning's dawn
I have harked to its voice as time rolled on.

When out of the darkness it clearly spoke
I have listened and counted each measured stroke
As it came through the night and fell on my ear
And told me the light in the East was near.

It has rung for the dying and ~~the~~ new born year;
Through the lives of men from birth to bier,
For the throngs now asleep under sacred grounds
In the silent cities of stones and mounds.

As it ticked for the generations gone
It is ticking through lives that are not yet done
Will the unborn folks that must come this way
Yet see it and hear what it has to say?