The Vacant Chair

Words by H.S.W./Music by G.F. Root

VERSES

1 We shall meet, but we shall miss him. There will be one vacant chair; We shall
2 At our fireside sad and lonely, Often will the bosom swell. At re-
3 True they tell me wreaths of glory, Ever more will deck his brow; But this
DUL

lin - ger to ca - ress him. While we breathe our ev - en - ing prayer, When a year ago we
mem - brance of the story, How our no - ble Wil - lie fell; How he strove to bear our
soothes the an - guish - on - ly, Sweep - ing o'cr our heart - strings now. Sleep to - day, Oh! ear - ly

DUL

ga - thered, Joy was in - his mild blue eyes; But a gold - en cord is se - ver'd, And our
ban - ner, Thro' the thick - est of the fight, And up - hold our coun - try's hon - or, In the
fal - len, In thy green and nar - row bed; Dir - ges from the pine and cy - press, Min - gle

DUL

hopes in ru - in lie. We shall meet, but we shall miss him. There will be one va - cant chair; We will
strength of man - hood'nigh - t
with the tears we shed.

DUL

lin - ger to ca - ress him, when we breathe our ev - en - ing prayer.

DUL