The Vacant Chair

GEO. F. ROOT (1820-1895)

Voice and Piano

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

lin-ger to ca-ress him, While we breathe our evening pray’r. When a year ago we mem-brance of the sto-ry How our no-blle Wil-ly fell, How he strove to bear our soothes the an-guish on-ly, Sweep-ing o’er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-day, oh, ear-ly

gath-ered, Joy was in his mild blue eyes, But a gold-en chord is sev-ered, 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-pryess, Min-gle

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hopes in ruin lie.
strength of man-hood’s might. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant
with the tears we shed.

chair; We shall linger to caress him, While we breathe our evening pray’r.