The Vacant Chair
Voice and Piano
Geo. F. Root (1820-1895)

With feeling

\[
\begin{array}{c}
1. \text{We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vac-cant}
\end{array}
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\begin{array}{c}
2. \text{At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bo-som}
\end{array}
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\begin{array}{c}
3. \text{True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry, Ev-er more will deck his}
\end{array}
\]

chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning
swell At re-mem-brance of the stor-ry How our no-ble Wil-lie
brow, But this soothes the an-guish on-ly, Sweep-ing o’er our heart-strings

pray’r. When a year a-go we gath-ered, Joy was in his mild blue
fell, How he strove to bear our ban-ner Thro’ the thick-est of the
now. Sleep to-day, oh, ear-ly fal-len, In thy green and nar-row

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\begin{array}{c}
\text{Mutopia Project} \quad \text{Typeset using LilyPond by Stan Sanderson — Mutopia-2014/09/07-426}
\end{array}
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eyes, But a golden chord is severed, And our hopes in ruin fight, And uphold our country's honor, In the strength of manhood's bed, Dirges from the pine and cy-pryess, Min-gle with the tears we might. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant shed.

chair; We shall linger to ca-ress him, While we breathe our evening pray'r.