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

With feeling

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to caress him, While we breathe our evening swell. We shall linger to caress him, While we breathe our evening swell.

2. At our fire-side, sad and lonely, Oft-en will the bosom swell At remembrance of the story. How our noble Willie brow, But this soothes the anguish only, Sweeping 'o'er our heart-strings fell, How he strove to bear our banner Thro' the thick-est of the now. Sleep to-day, oh, early fallen, In thy green and nar-row pray'r. When a year ago we gathered, Joy was in his mild blue

3. True, they tell us wreaths of glory, Ever more will deck his brow, But this soothes the anguish only, Sweeping 'o'er our heart-strings
eyes, But a golden chord is severed, And our hopes in ru-in
fight, And up-hold our coun-try's hon-or, In the strength of man-hood's
bed, Dir-ge's from the pine and cy-pryess, Min-gle with the tears we

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