THE VACANT CHAIR-H.S. Washburn/George Root

3/4  123  12 (without intro)

Intro:

We shall meet, but we shall miss him, there will be one vacant chair

We shall linger, to ca-ress him, when we breathe our evening prayer

When a year ago we gathered, joy was in his mild blue eye

But a golden cord is severed, and our hopes in ruin lie

Refrain

At our fireside, sad and lonely, often will the bosom swell

At re-membrance of the story, how our noble Willie fell

How he strove to bear our banner, through the thickest of the fight

And up-hold our country’s honor in the strength of manhood’s night
Refrain

True, they tell us wreaths of glory ever more will deck his brow

But this soothes the anguish only, sweeping o’er our heartstrings now

Sleep to-day, oh early fallen, in thy green and narrow bed

Dirges from the pine and cypress mingle with the tears we shed

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