Vacant Chair
(Life's Railway to Heaven)

Melody: George F Root (1820–1895); Words: Henry Washburn

\[ \text{\Large \text{\textit{D}}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{G}} \]

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

We shall linger to caress him while we breathe our evening swallow,
At remembrance of the story. How our noble Willie's brow,
But this soothes the anguish only sweeping o'er our heartstrings

pray'r; When a year ago we gathered joy was in his mild blue fell;
How he strove to bear our banner through the thickest of the now.
Sleep today, oh early fallen, In thy green and narrow

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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 cypress, mingle with the tears we

lie. We shall meet, but we shall miss him. There will be one vacant
might. shed.

chair. We shall linger to caress him, when we breathe our even'ning pray'r.