Vacant Chair

Music: George F Root; Lyrics: H. S. Washburn

\[ \text{\textbf{VERSES}} \]

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him. There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to caress him. While we breath our evening prayer. When one year ago we gathered, Joy was in his mild blue fell; How he strove to bear our banner, Thro’ the thickest of the

2. At our fireside sad and lonely. Often will the bosom swell; At remembrance of the story How our noble Wil...
Now the golden cord is severed, And our hopes in ruin lie.
And up, bed, Dirges from the pine and cyprus mingle with the tears we shed.
fight, And uphold our countries honor In the strength of manhood’s might.

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linger to caress him While we breathe our evening prayer. prayer.