

N. S. W.

Geo. F. Root.

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant chair;
 2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bos - om swell
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his brow,

D. C.—We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant chair;

We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, When we breathe our eve - ning prayer.
 At re - mem - brance of the sto - ry How our no - ble Wil - lie fell;
 But this soothes the an - guish on - ly Sweep - ing o'er our heart - strings now.

We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, When we breathe our eve - ning prayer.

When a year a - go we gath - ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye,
 How he strove to bear our ban - ner Thro' the thick - est of the fight.
 Sleep to - day, O ear - ly fall - en, In thy green and nar - row bed,

But a gold - en cord is sev - ered, And our hopes in ru - in lie.
 And up - hold our coun - try's hon - or, In the strength of man - hood's might.
 Dir - ges from the pine and cy - press Min - gle with the tears we shed.

"Half the diseases are imaginary, so are most of the cures."—*The Christian Herald Almanac.*