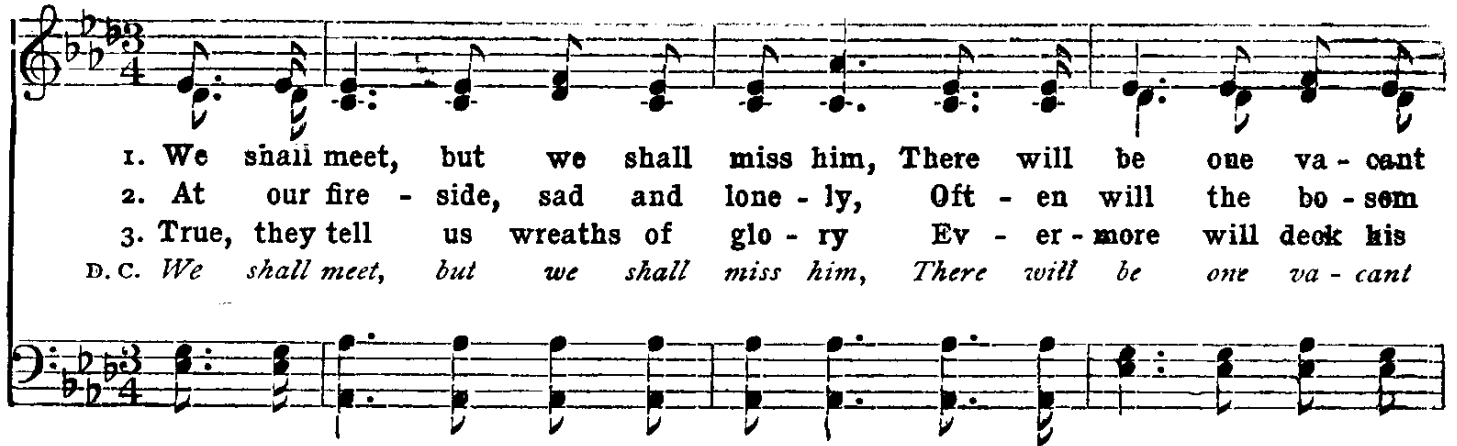
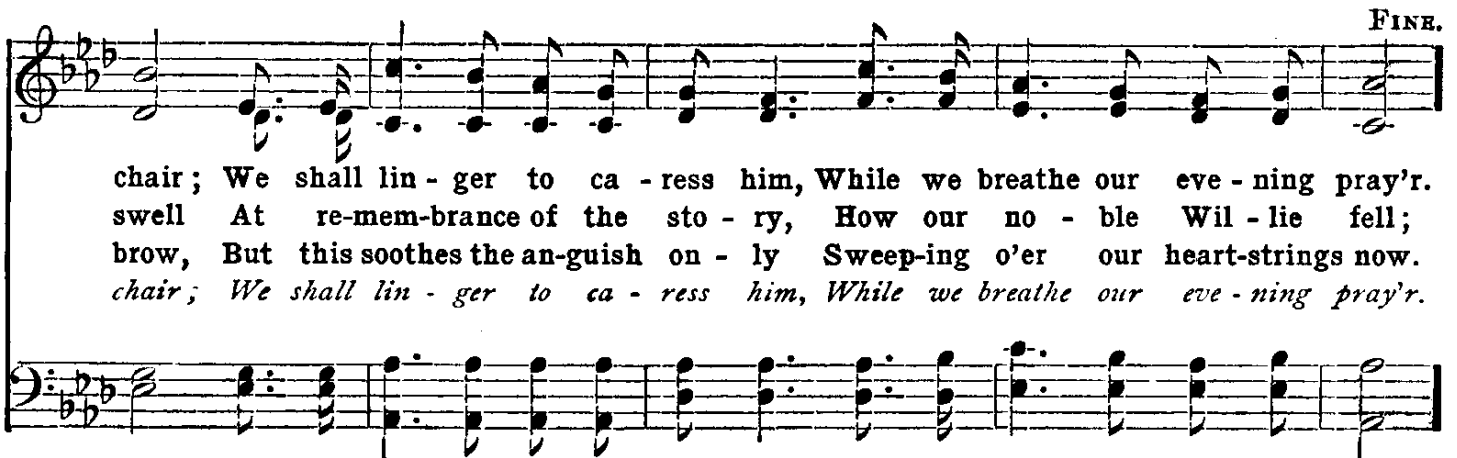


The Vacant Chair

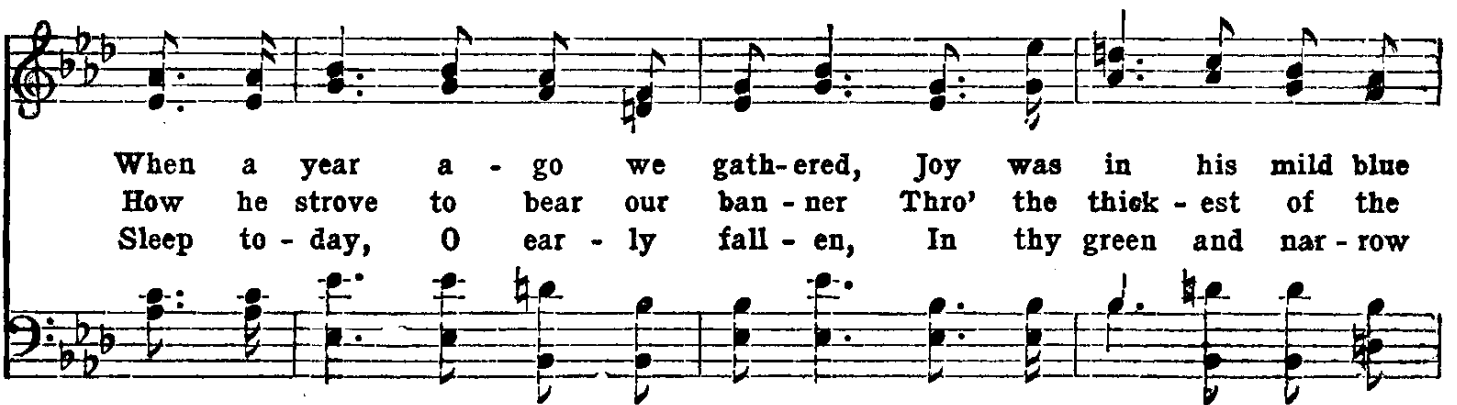
Geo. F. Root



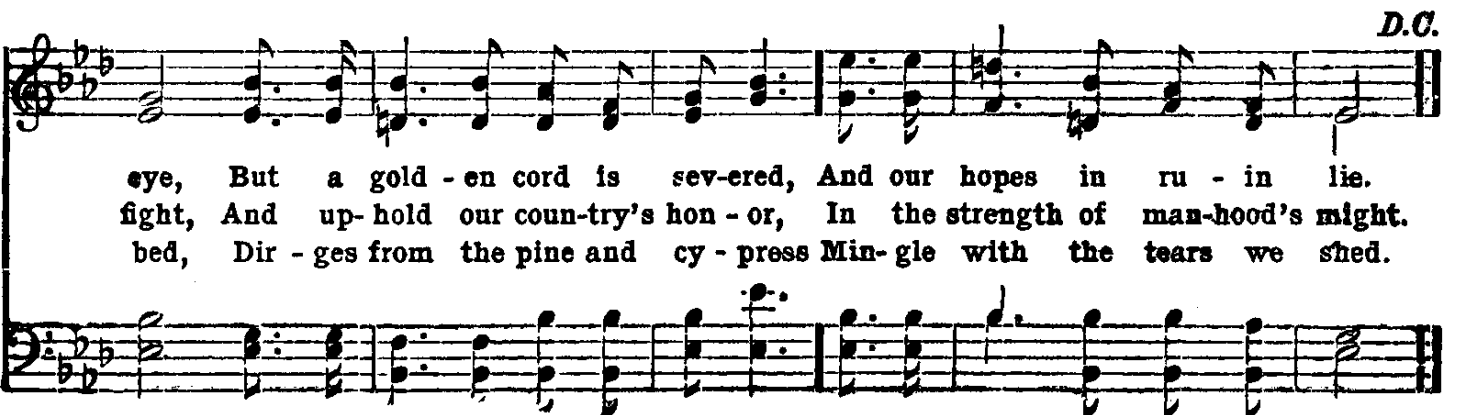
1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant
 2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bo - sem
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his
D.C. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant



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



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



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