1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him, While we breathe our evening prayer.

2. At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble Willie fell;

3. True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow,
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heart-strings now.

When a year ago we gathered, joy was in his mild blue eye,
How he strove to bear our burden Thro' the thickest of the fight,

Sleep today, Oearly fallen, In thy green and narrow bed,

But a golden cord is severed, And our hopes in ruin lie,
And uphold our country's honor, In the strength of manhood's might.

Dirges from the pine and eypress mingle with the tears we shed.

Chorus.

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We shall linger to caress him, When we breathe our evening prayer.