The Vacant Chair
or
We shall meet but,
we shall miss him
(Thanksgiving 1861.)
Song with Chorus

Music by Geo. F. Root.

Published by Root & Cady, 35 Clark St.

Chicago.

S. Brainard & Co.

Cleveland.

Russell & Tulman

Boston.
THE VACANT CHAIR.

or,

WE SHALL MEET, BUT WE SHALL MISS HIM.

(THANKSGIVING 1861.)

Words by H. S. W.

Music by C. F. ROOT.

1. We shall meet,
2. At our fireside sad and lonely,
3. True they may be

but we shall miss him,
Oft will they tell us wreaths of glory

There will be one vacant chair;
Often will the bosom swell
Ever more will deck his brow,

We shall
At rest
But this
linger to caress him While we breathe our evening prayer. When a
mem'brance of the story How our noble Wil-lie fell; How he
soothes the anguish only Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now. Sleep to

year a go we gathered. Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a
strive to bear our banner Thro' the thick est of the fight, And up-
day O ear ly fall en In thy green and narrow bed, Dirges

gold en cord is severed. And our hopes in ru in lie.
hold our country's honor, In the strength of manhood's might.
from the pine and cy press, Mingle with the tears we shed.
CHORUS.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to ca-

ress him When we breathe our evening prayer.
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