

# The Vacant Chair

GEO. F. ROOT (1820-1895)

Voice and Piano

*With feeling*  
*p* *cresc*

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

*With feeling*  
*p* *cresc*

4 *f* *dim* *mf*

lin-ger to ca-ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r. When a year a-go we  
mem-brance of the sto-ry How our no-ble Wil-lie fell, How he strove to bear our  
soothes the an-guish on-ly, Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep-to-day, oh, ear-ly

*f* *dim* *mf*

9 *dim*

gath-ered, Joy was in his mild blue eyes, But a gold-en chord is sev-ered, And our  
ban-ner Thro' the thick-est of the fight, And up-hold our coun-try's hon-or, In the  
fal-len, In thy green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges from the pine and cy-press, Min-gle

14 *p*

hopes in ru - in lie.  
 strength of man-hood's might. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant  
 with the tears we shed.

19 *f* *dim.*

chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve-ning pray'r.