

The Vacant Chair

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Henry Stevenson Washburn,
1813-1903

George Frederick Root,
1820-1895
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

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

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

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year a - go we gath-ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye, But a

13

gold - en cord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru - in lie.

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At our fire - side, sad and lone-ly, Oft - en

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will the bos-om swell At re - mem - brance of the sto - ry How our

25

no - ble Wil - lie fell; How He strove to bear our ban - ner Through the

29

thick - est of the fight. And up - hold our coun - try's hon - or, In the

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strength of man - hood's might. True, they

37

tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his brow, But this

41

soothes the an-guish on - ly Sweep - ing o'er our heart-strings

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now. Sleep to - day, O ear - ly fall - en, In Thy green and nar-row

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bed, Dir - ges from the pine and cy - press Min - gle with the tears we

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shed. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant

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