

The Vacant Chair - song lyrics

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THE VACANT CHAIR.

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.
When, a year ago, we gathered, joy was in his mild blue eye,
But a golden chord is severed, And our hopes in ruin lie.

Chorus.

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

At our fireside, sad and lonely, often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story how our noble Willie fell;
Bow he strove to bear our banner through the thickest of the fight,
And upheld our country's honor, in the strength of manhood's might. -Chorus.

True, they tell us wreathes of story evermore will deck his brow;
But this soothes the anguish only sweeping o'er our heart-strings now.
Sleeps to-day, oh, early fallen! in thy green and narrow bed;
Dirge from the pine And cypress mingle with the tears we shed.-Chorus.