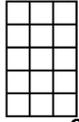
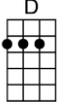
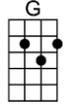
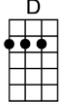
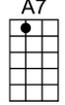
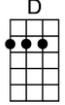


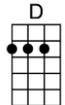
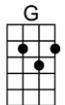
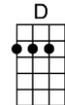
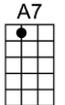
SING A



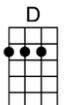
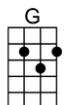
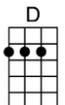
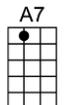
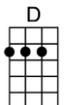
THE VACANT CHAIR - H.S. Washburn/George Root

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

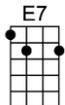
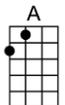
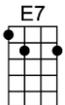
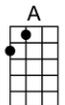
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |

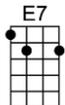
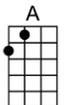
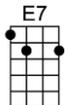
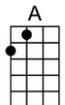
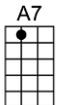
We shall meet, but we shall miss him, there will be one vacant chair

We shall linger, to ca-ress him, when we breathe our evening prayer

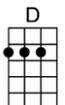
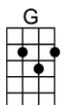
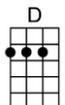
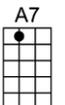
   

When a year ago we gathered, joy was in his mild blue eye

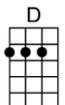
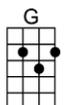
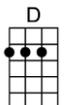
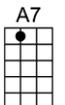
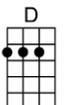
    

But a golden cord is severed, and our hopes in ruin lie

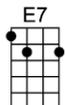
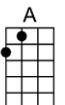
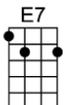
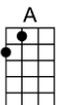
Refrain

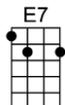
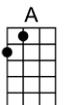
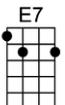
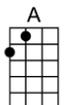
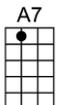
At our fireside, sad and lonely, often will the bosom swell

At re-membrance of the story, how our noble Willie fell

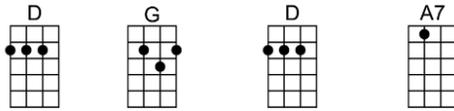
How he strove to bear our banner, through the thickest of the fight

And up-hold our country's honor in the strength of manhood's night

p.2. The Vacant Chair

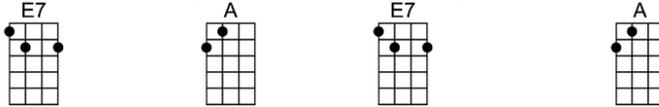
Refrain



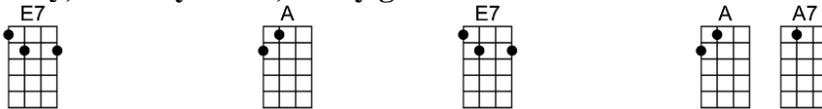
True, they tell us wreaths of glory ever more will deck his brow



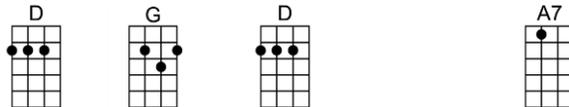
But this soothes the anguish only, sweeping o'er our heartstrings now



Sleep to-day, oh early fallen, in thy green and narrow bed



Dirges from the pine and cypress mingle with the tears we shed



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



We shall linger, to ca-ress him, when we breathe our evening prayer

THE VACANT CHAIR-H.S. Washburn/George Root

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

Intro: | D | G | D A7 | D |

D G D A7
We shall meet, but we shall miss him, there will be one vacant chair

D G D A7 D
We shall linger, to ca-ress him, when we breathe our evening prayer

E7 A E7 A
When a year ago we gathered, joy was in his mild blue eye
E7 A E7 A A7
But a golden cord is severed, and our hopes in ruin lie

Refrain

D G D A7
At our fireside, sad and lonely, often will the bosom swell
D G D A7 D
At re-membrance of the story, how our noble Willie fell

E7 A E7 A
How he strove to bear our banner, through the thickest of the fight
E7 A E7 A A7
And up-hold our country's honor in the strength of manhood's night

Refrain

D G D A7
True, they tell us wreaths of glory ever more will deck his brow
D G D A7 D
But this soothes the anguish only, sweeping o'er our heartstrings now

E7 A E7 A
Sleep to-day, oh early fallen, in thy green and narrow bed
E7 A E7 A A7
Dirges from the pine and cypress mingle with the tears we shed

D G D A7
We shall meet, but we shall miss him, there will be one vacant chair

D G D A7 D
We shall linger, to ca-ress him, when we breathe our evening prayer

D G D A7 D
We shall linger, to ca-ress him, when we breathe our evening prayer