



*The*  
**Vacant  
Chair**

*BY*  
**GEO. F. ROOT.**

Published by Root & Cady,  
93 Clark Street,  
CHICAGO.

WITHIN SOUND OF THE  
ENEMY'S GUNS

SILENT  
LUTE

THE VACANT CHAIR

BATTLE OF FREEDOM

WHICH WILL SAVE THE  
LEFT

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**C**ONGRATULATE you on the introduction of a new musical instrument, long wanted, and sure to find its way into every household of taste and refinement.

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VERY efficient church organ, brought within a small compass, not easy to get out of order, and sold at a low price.

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**B**EST of their class of which we have any knowledge. MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED EMINENT ORGANISTS.

**I**N every respect far superior to everything of the kind I have seen, whether in Europe or America.

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**N**EVER have seen anything of the kind which interested me so much.

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**E**XCEEDS in my estimation every other instrument of this general class.

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**T**HE favorable testimony of nearly every organist or pianist of note in this country, together with that of certain distinguished foreign authorities, has forestalled our appreciative comments upon the excellence and value of these carefully made instruments. NEW YORK WORLD.

**O**NCE hearing them will satisfy the most skeptical that they are just what the church has been waiting for.

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**R**EALLY very effective and beautiful instruments.

LOWELL MASON.

**G**RAND accompaniment when the congregation sing.

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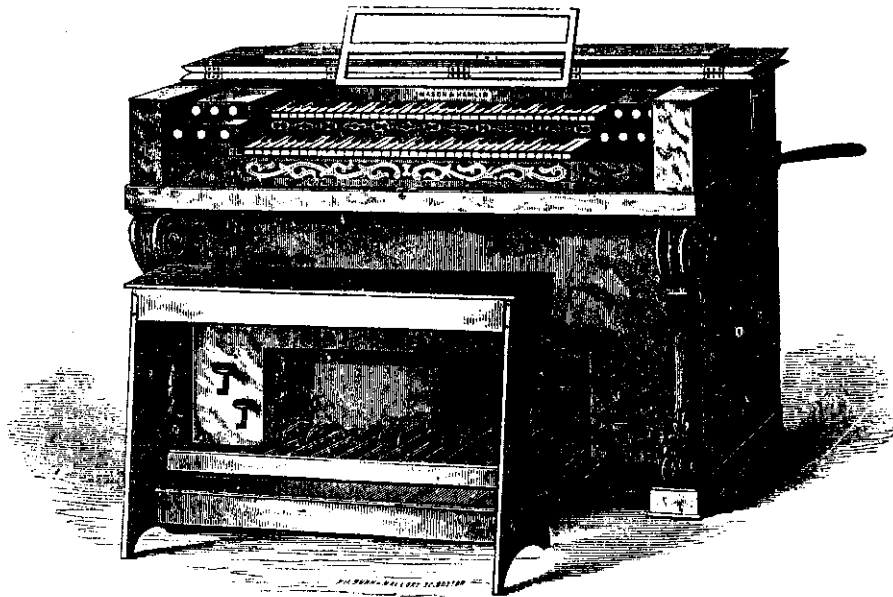
**N**EXT to a church organ, and that a good sized one, the best instrument with which we are acquainted to accompany church song.

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**S**URPASSES everything in this line I have seen, whether French or American.

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# THE VACANT CHAIR;

OR,

## WE SHALL MEET BUT WE SHALL MISS HIM.

(THANKSGIVING, 1864.)

Words by H. S. W.

Music by G. F. ROOT.

With expression.

PIANO.

1. We shall  
2. At our  
3. True they

meet, but we shall miss him There will be one vacant chair: We shall  
fire - side, sad and lone-ly, Oft - en will the bosom swell At re-  
tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er more will deck his brow, But this

lin - ger to ca - res him      While we breathe      our evening prayer.      When a  
 mem - brance of the sto - ry      How our no - ble Wil - lie fell;      How he  
 soothes      the anguish on - ly      Sweeping o'er      our heartstrings now.      Sleep to

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

gold - en cord is sev - ered,      And our hopes      in ru - in lie.  
 hold      our country's hon - or,      In the strength'      of manhood's might.  
 from      the pine and cypress      Min - gle with      the tears we shed.

CHORUS.

AIR.



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

ALTO.

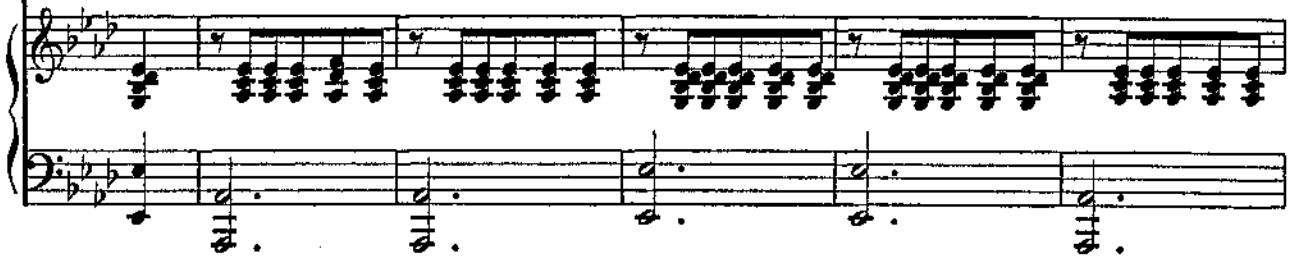


TENOR.

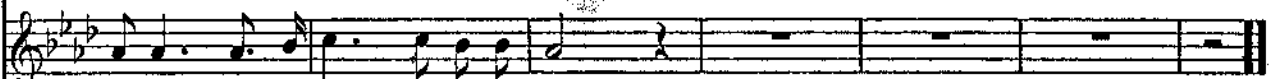


We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall lin - ger to ca-

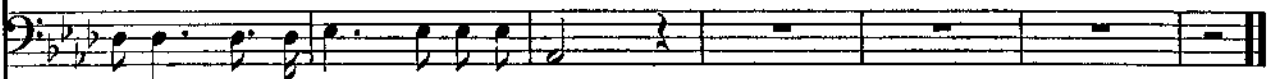
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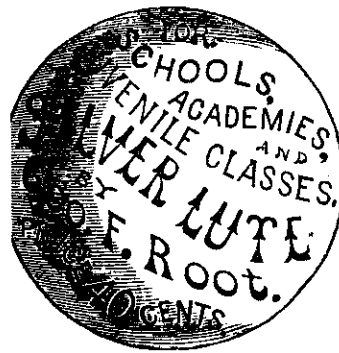
ress him When we breathe our evening prayer.



ress him When we breathe our evening prayer.



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 95 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.



**Uncle Sam's Funeral.**  
 Song and chorus, by SILEX; price 25 cents. Key of A minor. Ranges to E above; sterling loyalty under a heroic guise. We can give the first rise, but can give no idea of the ludicrous effects produced by the whistling high follows each. Was but little while ago, that the copperheads were found, with their great Vallaudghammer, a hammering around, and they tried to scare us with their doleful sound, H'm, Ha, &c.

**I'm Dying far from those I Love.**  
 Song and chorus, by J. R. Thomas; price 25 cents. Key of E flat. Goes as high as F. Not difficult, but requiring good taste and pure sympathetic voices. I'm dying far from those I love! No gentle voice my way to cheer; How calmly would my breath depart, If loving ones were only near. No Mother's lips are on my brow, But strangers watch my lonely bed; And no one here will shed a tear, When I am lying cold and dead.

**Just After the Battle.**  
 Song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root; price 25 cents. Key of F. Ranges to E above. This song is a continuation of 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' by the same author, and is of somewhat similar character. I upon the field of battle I am lying Mother dear, Th my wounded comrades waiting for the morning to appear; The first great charge was fearful, and a thousand brave men fell, I amid the dreadful carnage, I was safe from shot and shell; The glorious cheer of triumph, when the foe-men turned and fled, Ringing us the field of battle, strewn with dying and with dead.

**I've on De Way.**  
 Choruses with solo intermediate, by Israel; price 25 cents. Key of G minor. Goes up to F in chorus, but only B flat in the solo, which may be taken a low or alto voice. We would mention all pro-slavery people against giving this song, for we don't think you would like it. All! all hail! I've a'goin' to de Union army; Hail! all hail! I've on de way.



**Brother Tell Me of the Battle.**  
 Song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root; price 30 cents. Key of D. Goes up to E.

Brother, tell me of the battle,  
 How the soldiers fought and fell;  
 Tell me of the weary marches,  
 She who loves will listen well.  
 Brother, draw thee close beside me,  
 Lay your head upon my breast;  
 While you're telling of the battle,  
 Let your favored forehead rest.

**Columbia's Guardian Angels.**  
 Song, refrain and chorus, and full chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 25 cents. Some one says "you may always be sure of something new when you get a song by Mr. Work." This will be found no exception to that rule. Key of G; Very effective and interesting. Goes to G above, and requires five voices in one place to produce its full effects. The glorious trio, behold they are coming! Their heralds are standing 'e'en now at your door; Go tell the lone watchers of earth, they are coming To bless us—he with us—forsake us no more.

**I stand on Memory's golden shore.**  
 Song and quartette, by J. P. Webster; price 30 cents. Key of A flat. Ranges to E flat above. Requires pure and sympathetic tones.

**Now in the Ascendant!**  
 Wm. B. Bradbury, with a world-wide reputation, abundance of capital, years of experience in the business, and commanding the most skillful workmen, commenced about two years ago the manufacture of pianos by himself. Such facilities, united with his well known ambition to excel, gave promise of success, which his lately perfected New Scale Piano has already more than realized. The numerous

**FIRST PREMIUMS**  
 he has taken over all competitors, the testimony of the best pianists, and our own judgment, after carefully comparing them with the best of other makers, compel us to announce the

**BRADBURY PIANOS**

NOW IN THE ASCENDANT! For years to come we believe they will be the favorites with those who want THE BEST. If any doubt this let them examine and satisfy themselves.

**We are Exclusive Agents for Chicago and vicinity,** and retail them at New York prices, thus saving the purchaser freight and risk of transportation.

**We are Wholesale Agents for the Northwest,** and furnish them to Dealers at Factory Wholesale Prices, adding only the freight from New York to Chicago. Price Lists sent to any Address Free of Charge. Both Mr. Bradbury and ourselves warrant these pianos for five years, and guarantee satisfaction. (GEO. F. ROOT, E. F. HOPE, C. M. CADY.)

**"Come Home, Father."**

Words and music by Henry C. Work. Price 25 cents. A plaintive song, complete and effective for one voice, altho' there is an unusually fine chorus accompanying it, to please those who prefer it in that shape.

Father, dear father, come home with me now!  
 The clock in the steeple strikes one;  
 You said you were coming right home from the shop,  
 As soon as your day's work was done.  
 Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—  
 And mother's been watching since tea,  
 With your brother Benny so sick in her arms,  
 And no one to help her but me.

**Bury the Brave where They Fall.**  
 Song and quartette, by Lieut. H. L. FRISBIE; price 30 cents. Key of A flat (four flats). Ranges to E<sup>b</sup> above, and, in the chorus, to A flat below, and requires impressive tones and enunciation. Then sleep on, soft be thy repose,  
 And green be the turf on thy breast;  
 The glorious stars of our banner shall watch  
 O'er the graves where our heroes rest.

**She Sleeps beneath the Elms.**  
 Song and chorus, by J. P. WEBSTER; price 30 cents. Key of A (three sharps). Ranges to E above; movement *andante sostenuto*, and requires pure and sympathetic tones. The accompaniment occasionally touches the relative minor. My darling sleeps beneath the lofty elms,  
 Where song-birds warble in their leafy homes.

**Washington and Lincoln.**  
 Song and chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 25 cents. Key of E<sup>b</sup>. Medium range. An excellent piece of for the coming campaign, as well as for concert room or parlor.

"Come all ye people, O come let us tell  
 The story of Washington and Lincoln!  
 History's pages can never excel,  
 The story of Washington and Lincoln."

**Vicksburg is Taken, Boys.**  
 Song and chorus, by E. W. Hicks; price 25 cents. Key of C. Song goes to E above; chorus to G. Very spirited—a first rate song for all patriotic occasions. It was printed in the "Song Messenger" soon after the capture of Vicksburg, and has been so much called for that we have been obliged to issue it in sheet form.

Hurray! boys, hurrah! shout glory and sing,  
 For the traitors look sadly forsaken;  
 Our glorious old Eagle is yet on the wing,  
 And Vicksburg is taken, boys, taken.

**Little Alice.**  
 A ballad, by J. M. Hubbard; price 25 cents. Key of F. Going only to D above. Sweet and elegant.

Happy loving little Alice,  
 With her soft and sunny curls,  
 In the cottage or the palace,  
 She is still the queen of girls.

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**Corporal Schnapps.**  
 Song and chorus, by HENRY C. WORK; price 30 cents. Key of D (two sharps). Ranges to E above. Serio-comic, and requires good descriptive powers, in voice, pronunciation, and manner.

Mine heart fish broken into little pits,  
 I tells you, friend, what for:  
 Mine sweet-heart, von coot patriotic kirt,  
 She strives me off mit der war.  
 I fights for her der patties of te flag--  
 I schtrikes so prave as I can;  
 Put now long time she nix remempers me,  
 And coes mit another man.  
 Chorus.—Ah! mine franklein!  
 You ish so ferry, unkind!  
 You coes mit Hans to Zhermany to live,  
 And leaves poor Schnapps behind.

**All Hail to Ulysses.**  
 Song and chorus in honor of General Grant, by Chas. Haynes; price 30 cents. With lithograph portrait title, 50 cents. Key of B flat. Ranges to F above. Bold movement, and requires trumpet tones.

All hail to Ulysses, the patriot's friend—  
 The hero of battles renowned;  
 He has won the bright laurel,  
 Its garland he wears;  
 And his name thro' the world we will sound.

**Just before the Battle, Mother.**  
 Song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root; price 30 cents. Key of B<sup>b</sup>. Tender and beautiful.

Just before the battle, mother,  
 I am thinking most of you,  
 While upon the field we're watching,  
 With the enemy in view;  
 Comrades brave are round me lying,  
 Fill'd with thoughts of home and God,  
 For well they know that on the morrow  
 Some will sleep beneath the sod.

**Sleeping for the Flag.**  
 Song and chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 25 cents. Touching and tender, of deep interest to those whose brothers are resting on the battle field.

When our boys come home in triumph, brother,  
 With the laurels they shall gain;  
 When we go to give them welcome, brother,  
 We shall look for you in vain.  
 We shall wait for your returning, brother,  
 Though we know it cannot be;  
 For your comrades left you sleeping, brother,  
 Underneath a southern tree.

Music sent to any address, post-paid, upon receipt of the marked price.

