

SM3673

There's A Vacant Chair In Every Home Tonight

Words by
ALFRED BRYAN

Music by
ERNEST BREUER

Valse Moderato

Piano *f*

In ev - 'ry man - sion ev - 'ry cot - tage all through - out the land, There's a
She fond - ly gaz - es at his pic - ture hang - ing on the wall, Seems but

moth - er heart that's feel - ing blue, — Her darl - ing boy is miss - ing, he has
yes - ter - day he went a - way, — Her dear lips keep re - peat - ing, he's the

gone with sword in hand, To make our coun - try safe for me and you, — In
brav - est boy of all, I'm lone - ly but I'm proud of him to - day, — And

ev - 'ry moth - er's eye there is a tear, — And on her lips a prayer could you but hear. —
oft she mur - murs to her - self a - lone, — I hope that I'll be here when he comes home. —

Chorus. *Slowly.*

There's a va - cant chair that's wait - ing there, In ev - 'ry home to - night, —

— And a lone - some moth - er's dream - ing, By the fire - side burn - ing bright, —

— She is think - ing of her gal - lant boy, who is fight - ing for the right, — There's a

va - cant chair in ev - 'ry home, in ev - 'ry home to - night. — There's a night. —