53. The Lost Chord

Adelaide A. Proctor

Sir Arthur Sullivan (Arranged)

Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was wea-ry and ill at ease, And my fin-gers wandered

i-dly O-ver the nois-y keys; I know not what I was playing, Or what I was dream-ing then, But I

cres.

dim.

struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the sound of a great A-men, Like the sound of a poco rall. dim.
cres. f

great A-men.

It flooded the crimson twil-light, Like the close of an An-ge’s Psalm, And it

lay on my fe-vered spir-it, With a touch of in-finite calm; It qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like

dim.
cres.

love overcom-ing strife; It seemed the har-mo-nious ech- o From our discordant tranqui-lo sem-pre. 

poco a poco piu animato.

linked all per-plex-ed meanings into one per-fect peace, And trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As

f agitato.

if it were loath to Isought but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord divine, Which
came from the soul of the organ, And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord again.

It may be that only in Heav'n I shall hear that grand Amen;

It may be that Death's bright Angel, Will speak in that chord again,

It may be that only in Heav'n I shall hear that grand Amen.