

53. The Lost Chord

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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

15

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

cres. *dim.*

22

struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a

cres. *f* *poco rall.* *dim.*
great A - men.

29

It flooded the crimson twilight, Like the close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it

37

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

dim. *cres.*

43

love overcoming strife; It seemed the harmonious ech - o From our discordant life;

dim. *tranquillo sempre.*

49

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

poco a poco piu animato.

55

if it were loath to

f agitato. I sought but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord divine, Which

61

came from the soul of the organ, And entered into mine. *f grandioso.* It may be that Death's bright Angel Will

68

speak in that chord again, It may be that only in Heav'n I shall hear that grand Amen; It may

74

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

79

con grand forza. Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men.