The Lost Chord

Adelaide A. Procter, 1858
Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1876

Andante moderato

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

fin-gers wan-dered i-dly O-ver the nois-y keys; I know not what I was play-ing, Or

what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the

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sound of a great Amen, Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight, Like the close of an angel's

psalm, And it lay on my fevered spirit, With a touch of infinite calm, It

quieted pain and sorrow, Like love overcoming strife, It seemed the harmonious
echo From our dis-cord-ant life, It linked all the per-plexed mean-ings Into one per-fect peace, And trem-bled a-way into si-lence, As if it were loth to cease; I have sought but I seek it vain-ly, That one lost chord di-
vine, Which came from the soul of the or-gan, 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 great Amen. It may be that death's bright angel Will speak in that chord a-

again; It may be that only in Heav'n I shall hear that great Amen.