THE LOST CHORD.

Words by
ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Andante moderato.

Music by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Seat-ed one day at the

or-gan, I was wea-ry and ill at ease, And my fin-gers wand-ered i-dly

O-ver the noi-sy keys; I know not what I was play-ing, Or
what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of music, Like the

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

flooded the crimson twilight, Like the close of an Angel's Psalm, And it

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lay on my fe-ver'd spi-rit, With a touch of in-finite calm, It
qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like love ov-er-com-ing strife, It
seem'd the har-mo-nious e-cho, From our dis-cord-ant life, It
link'd all per-plex-ed mean-ings, In-to one per-fect peace, And
trembled away into silence, As if it were loth to cease; I have
sought, 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

forza.

forza.

a tempo.

rallentando.