The Lost Chord

Written by ADELAIDE A. PROCTER
Composed by SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Andante moderato

1. Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered idly Over the noisy keys; I
The Lost Chord

know not what I was playing, 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 lay on my fever'd spirit, With a
touch of infinite calm, It quieted pain and sorrow, Like
love overcoming strife, It seemed the harmonious echo From
our discordant life, It linked all perplexed meanings, Into
one perfect peace, And tumbled away into silence, As
The Lost Chord

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 in to mine.

3. It may be that Death's bright Angel, Will speak in that chord again; It may be that only in

Grandioso

f
Heav'n I shall hear that grand Amen.

It may be that Death's bright Angel, will speak in that chord a-

ff ritard. con gran forza

again It may be that only in Heav'n I shall hear that

fff ritard. colla voce con gran forza

grand Amen.