The Lost Chord

Adelaide A. Procter (1825-1864)  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 noi-sy keys; I

know not what I was play-ing, Or what I was dream-ing then, But I

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

gre - a - t A - men.

And it

lay on my fe - vered spi - rit, With a touch of in - fi - nite calm, It
qui et - ed - pain and sor - row,  Like love o - ver - comi - ng - strife, It

seemed the har - mon - ious - e - cho From our d - is - cord - ant life, It

linked all the per - plexed - mean - ings In - to one per - fect - peace, And

trem- bled - a - way in - to si - lence, 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 great Amen. It

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may be that only in Heav’n I shall hear that great Amen.