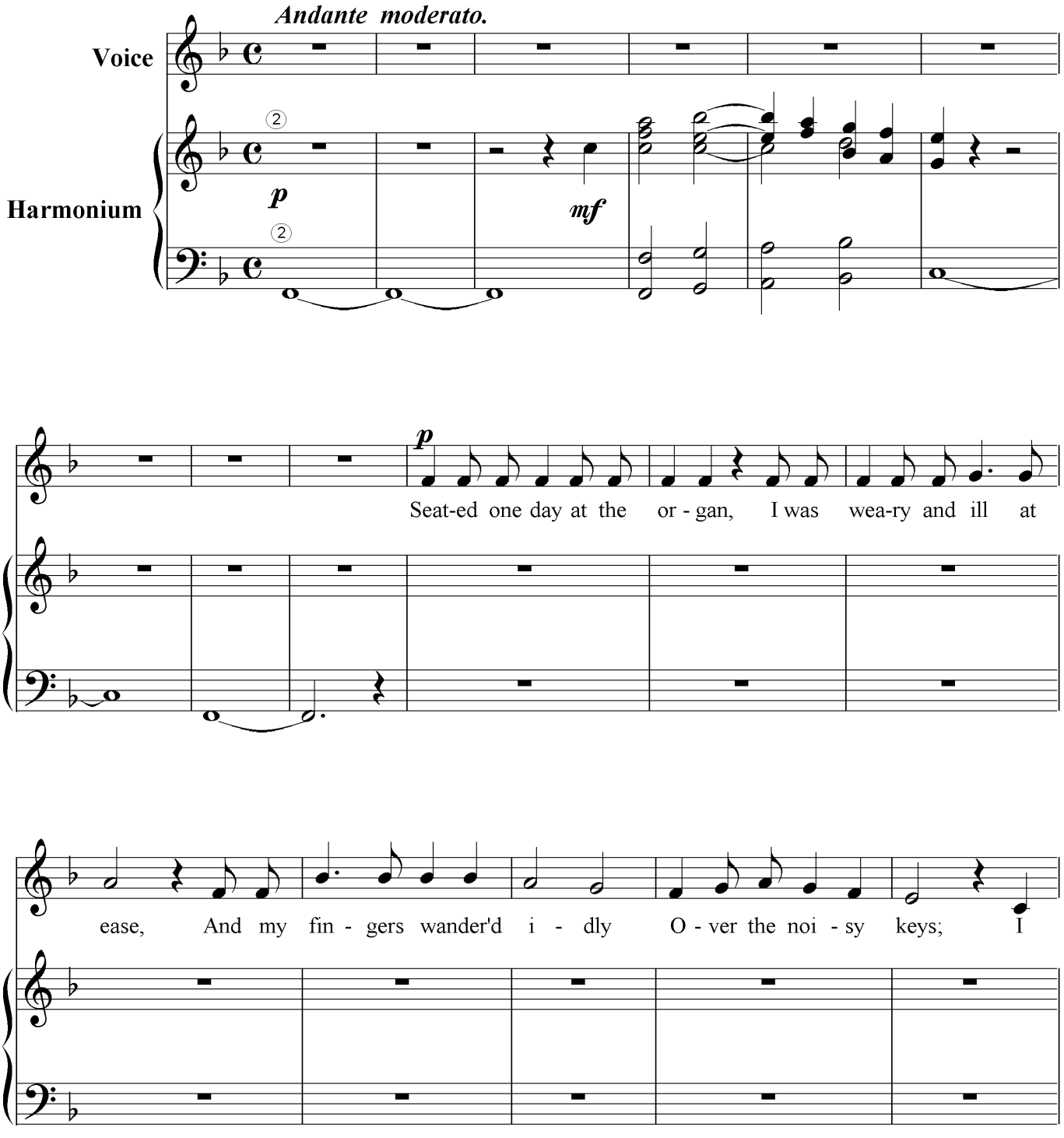
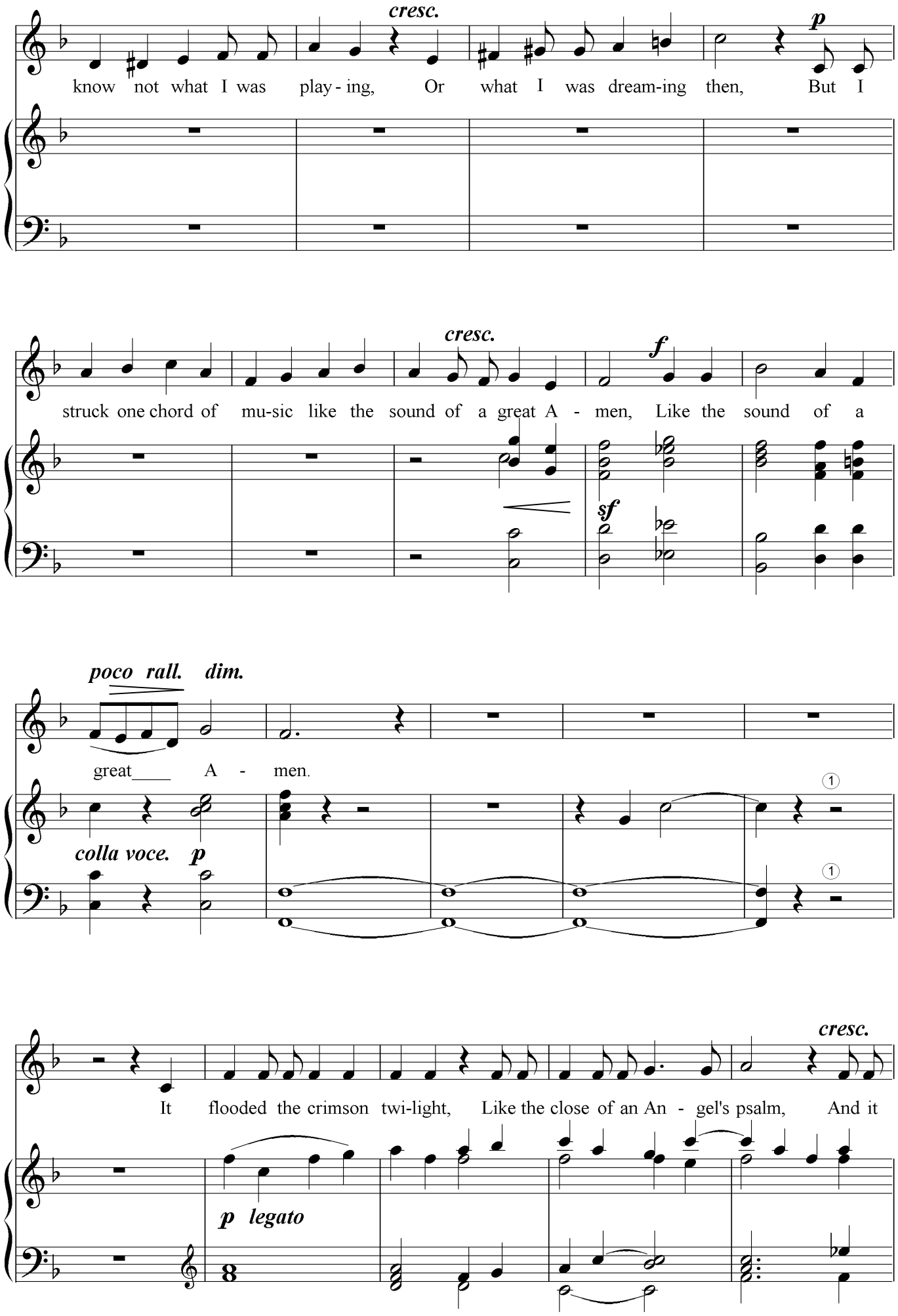
The Lost Chord

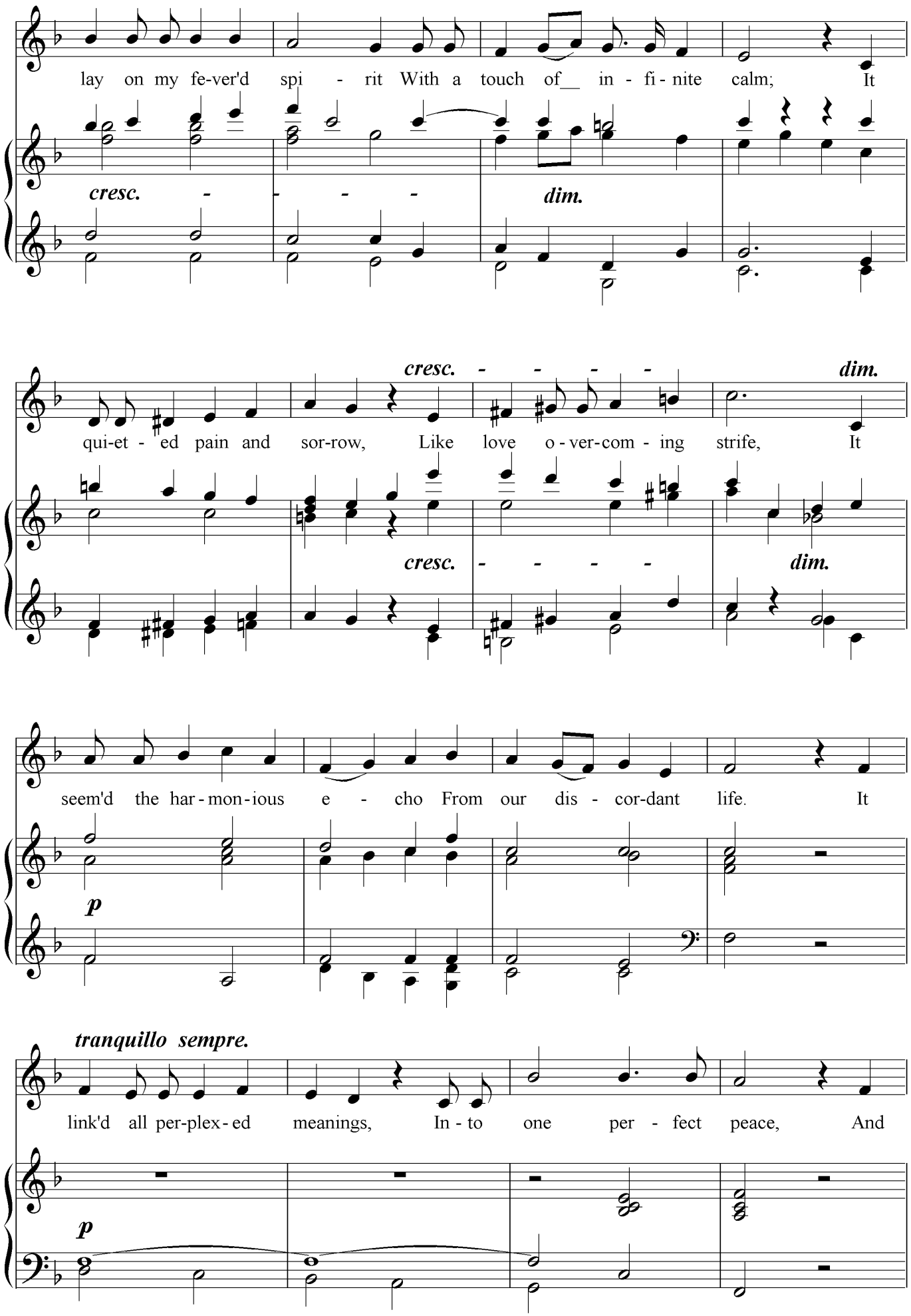
(Harmonium ad lib.)

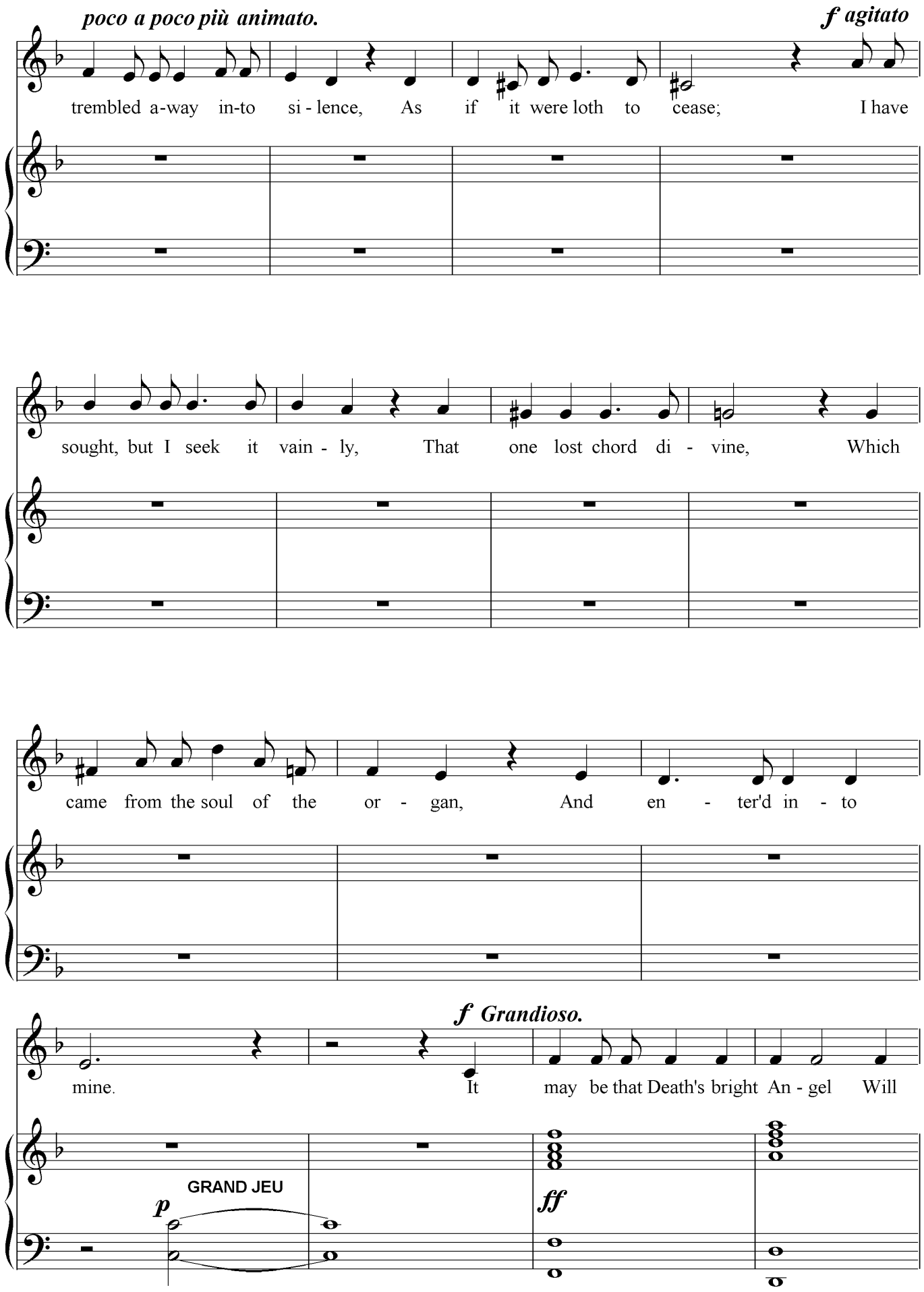
16ft 8ft 8ft 16ft
② ① • ① ②

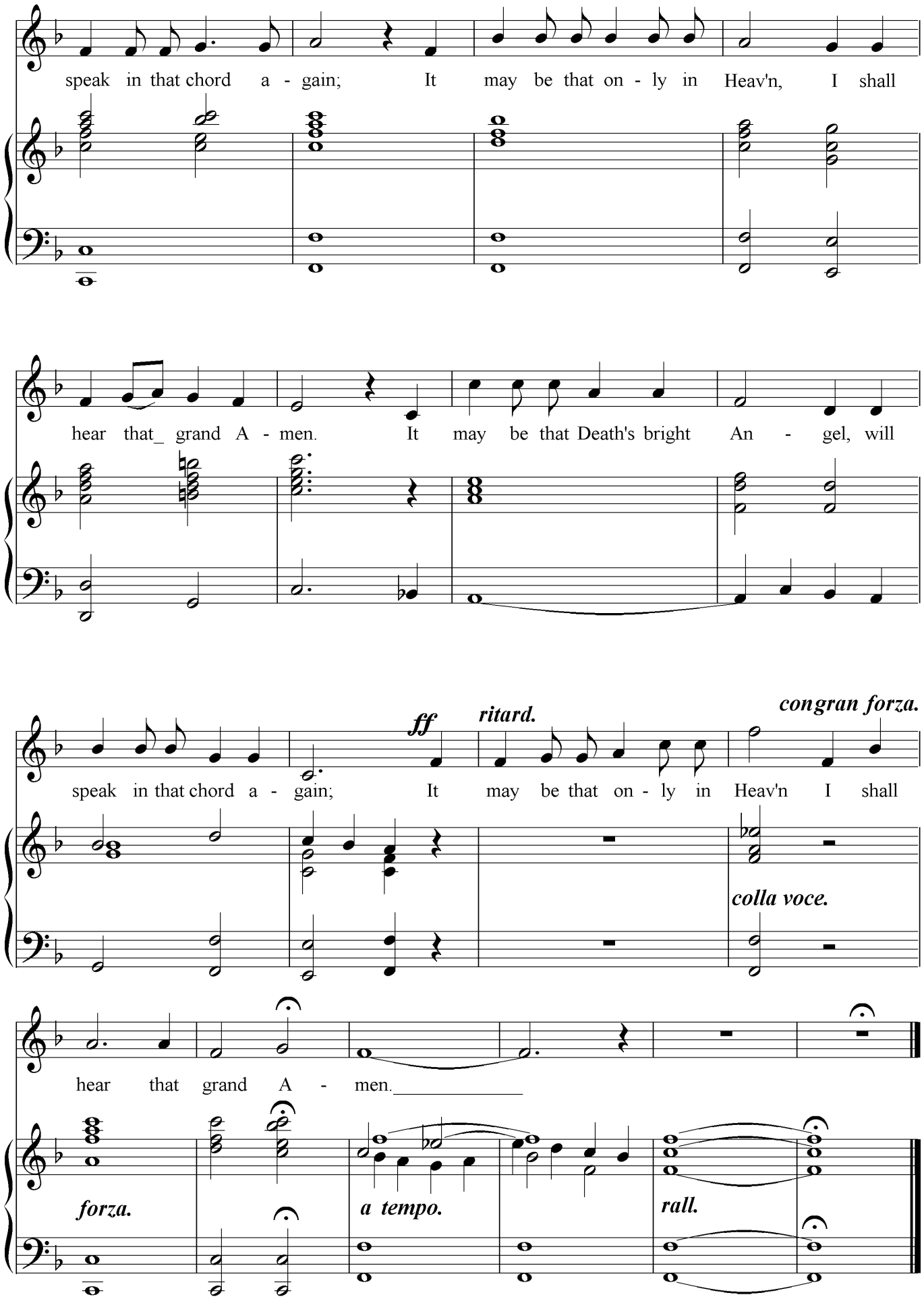
Adelaide A. Procter **Arthur Sullivan**




cresc.
p
know not what I was play - ing, Or what I was dream-ing then, But I
cresc.
f
struck one chord of mu-sic like the sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a
sf
poco rall. dim.
great A - men.
colla voce. p
1
1
cresc.
It flooded the crimson twi-light, Like the close of an An - gel's psalm, And it
p legato
8


lay on my fe-ver'd spi - rit With a touch of in - fi - nite calm; It
cresc. - - - -
dim.
qui-et - ed pain and sor-row, Like love o - ver-com - ing strife, It
cresc. - - - -
dim.
seem'd the har - mon - ious e - cho From our dis - cor-dant life. It
p
tranquillo sempre.
link'd all per-plex - ed meanings, In - to one per - fect peace, And
p


poco a poco più animato.
f agitato
trembled a-way in-to 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 en - ter'd in - to
f Grandioso.
mine. It may be that Death's bright An - gel Will
GRAND JEU
p
ff


speak in that chord a - gain; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n, I shall
hear that_ grand A - men. It may be that Death's bright An - gel, will
ff
ritard.
congran forza.
speak in that chord a - gain; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall
colla voce.
hear that grand A - men.
forza.
a tempo.
rall.