

The Lost Chord - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE LOST CHORD

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

It 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 united pain and sorrow.
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked perplexing meanings
Into one perfect 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 heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen; -
It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.