

The Lost Chord

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wander'd idly over the noisy keys;
I knew 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.

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 quieted pain and sorrow like love overcoming strife,
It seem'd the harmonious echo from our discordant life.

It link'd all perplexed 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 enter'd 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!