



THE BEST SONGS of ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

Birds in the Night. Lullaby	40
Alto in E ₂	
Let me dream again	40
Soprano in E ₂ . Alto in C	
My Dearest Heart	35
Soprano in A ₂	
O my Charmer	35
Soprano in D ₂	
The Chorister	40
Soprano in G. Alto in E	
The same, with Organ or Harmonium	50
Soprano in G. Alto in E	
Thou art weary	50
Soprano in F ₂ . Alto in D ₂	
Where is another Sweet	50
Soprano in G. Mezzo-Sop. in F. Alto in E	
The Lost Chord	40
Soprano in A ₂ . Alto in F	
The same, with Organ	50
Alto in F	
Will He come?	40
Soprano in D	
Looking back	40
Soprano in F ₂ . Alto in D ₂	
Once Again	35
Soprano in F ₂	
What does little Birdie say?	30
Soprano in E ₂	
The Snow lies white	40
Mezzo-Soprano in F	
And God shall wipe away all Tears	35
Alto in E	
Orpheus with his Lute	50
Soprano in B ₂	

• NEW YORK • G. SCHIRMER

THE LOST CHORD.

Words by
ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Music by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Andante moderato.

The musical score is set in a key with one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante moderato'. The piano accompaniment begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a first ending marked with a double bar line and repeat dots. The vocal line starts with the lyrics 'Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wander'd idly over the noisy keys; I know not what I was playing, Or'. The score includes dynamic markings such as *cresc.*, *f*, *dim.*, and *p*, as well as performance instructions like 'Ped' (pedal) and asterisks indicating specific musical points. The piano part features various chordal textures, including triads and dyads, and uses a variety of note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes.

Seated one day at the

organ, I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wander'd idly

over the noisy keys; I know not what I was playing, Or

what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the

dim. *p*

sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great A -

cresc. *f* *poco rall.* *dim.*

cresc. *f* *poco rall.* *dim.*

- men. It

p cresc. *f* *dim.*

Ped * *Ped* *

flood-ed the crimson twi-light, Like the close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it

p *cresc.*

Ped *

dim.

lay on my fe-ver'd spi-rit, With a touch of in-finite calm, It

dim.

cresc. *dim.*

qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like love ov-er-com-ing strife, It

cresc. *dim.*

seem'd the har-mo-nious e-cho, From our dis-cord-ant life, It

p *P tranquillo.*

tranquillo sempre.

link'd all per-plex-ed meanings, In-to one per-fect peace, And

*poco a poco piu animato.**agitato.*

trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loth to cease; I have

cresc. animato. *f agitato.*

Ped * *Ped* *

sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That one lost chord di-vine, Which

f *Ped* *

came from the soul of the or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to

Grandioso.

mine. *f* It may be that Death's bright An-gel, Will

cresc. molto ritard. f ff *Ped* * *Ped* *

speak in that chord a - gain ; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n, I shall

Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* * *sempre ff* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *

hear that grand A - men, It may be that Death's bright An - gel, Will

Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* * *sf* * *sf* * *sf* * *sf*

speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n, I shall

ff *ritard.* *con gran*

ff *ritard.* *colla voce.* *con gran*

hear that grand A - men. -----

forza.

forza. *a tempo.* *rallentando.*

Ped * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* * *Ped* *