THE BEST SONGS
OF ARTHUR S.
SULLIVAN

Birds in the Night. Lullaby
Let me dream again
My Dearest Heart
O my Charmer
The Choirister
The same, with Organ or Harmonium
Thou art weary
Where is another Sweet
The Lost Chord
The same, with Organ
Will He come?
Looking back
Once Again
What does little Parley say?
The Snow lies white
And God shall wipe away all Tears
Orpheus with his Lute

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THE LOST CHORD.

Words by
ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Music by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Andante moderato.

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.

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

seemed the harmonious echo, from our discordant life, it

tranquillo sempre.

linked all perplexed meanings, into one perfect peace, and
poco a poco più animato,  

敏捷地消失进入沉默，好像它不愿意停止；我有

sought but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord divine, Which

寻求但寻求它徒劳，那一个失落的和弦神圣，哪一个

came from the soul of the organ, And entered into

来自灵魂的管风琴，并进入

mine, It may be that Death's bright Angel, Will

我的，可能是死亡的明亮天使，将

Grandioso.  

壮观。
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

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

hear that grand A-men...