

# Lost Chord

## Ramsay

together on radial lines from the [center](#) they appear grouped in various [chords](#) and [combinations](#), dropping out and coming in in such [succession](#) as to constitute what [Ramsay](#), whose [genius](#) was given to set this thus before us, calls "[Nature's Grand Fugue](#)." Beginning at F in the [center](#) at the [top](#), and moving either to the right or to the left, after a run of [7 notes](#) we have 4 consecutive [Octaves](#), and then comes the [Minor fifth](#), A-E, followed by the [Major fifth](#), G-D; and this by another [Major fifth](#), F-C; the [combinations](#) keep changing till at the [quarter of the circle](#) we come to F, A, C, E, G, a [combination](#) of the [subdominant](#) and [tonic Major](#); and after another varied series of [combinations](#) we have at the [half of the circle](#) the [elements](#) of 2 [minor chords](#), D, F, A and A, C, E, and one [Major chord](#), C, E, G; at the [third quarter](#) we have a [repetition](#) of the [first quarter group](#); and the various [chords](#) and [combinations](#) dropping out and coming in, [fugue-like](#); finally we return to where we began, and end with the [three-times-three chord](#), in which the whole [25 notes](#) are struck together, and make that wondrous and restful close of this strange [Fugue](#). No one can hear the [thrice-threefold chord](#) of this close and ever forget it; it is "the **lost chord**" found; and leads the saintly [heart](#) away to the [Three in One](#) who is the [Lord of Hosts](#); [Maker](#) of [Heaven](#) and [Earth](#), and all the [host](#) of them. [[Scientific Basis and Build of Music](#), page 103]

The Lost Chord

[Adelaide Anne Procter](#)

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](#).

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered [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 linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into [silence](#),  
As if it were loath 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](#)!