

(Cries Of The Heart: Bringing God Near When He Feels So Far by Ravi Zacharias) Nashville, TN.: Thomas Nelson. Copyright – Ravi Zacharias, 1998, 2002.

In rare moments we get a brief glimpse of what that heavenly joy will be. There is a magnificent old song that speaks of this:

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
 like the touch of infinite calm.
 It quieted pain and sorrow,
 like love overcoming strife.
 It seemed a harmonious echo
 from our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
 into one perfect peace,
 And it trembled away into silence
 as if it were loathe 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 heav'n
 I shall hear that grand Amen.
 It may be that Death's bright angel
 will speak in that chord again—
 I may be that only in heav'n
 I shall hear that grand Amen.¹⁰

10. Arthur Sullivan and Adelaide Proctor, "The Lost Chord." pp. 147–48