

# Vienna

Henry Alline, 1786

88. 88. (L. M.)

Transcribed from *Harmonia Americana*, 1791.

B minor

Samuel Holyoke, 1791

Tr. 1. O how dis - tres - sing was the scene, When soon I thought to take my flight, With but a fluttering breath between My soul in ev - er - las - ting night.

T. 2. But in that most dis - tres - sing hour When all my soul was torn with grief, Je - sus with his al - migh - ty power Ap - peared in love to my re - lief.

B. 3. Ten thousand tongues can ne'er ex - press The greatness of his love to me; He brought my soul from deep distress, And bid me drink of pleasures free.

Tr. 10 15 1. My wasting body racked with pain, And lingering on the verge of death; All helps to save my soul were vain, Or yet to leng - then out my breath.

T. 2. O what a friend did he ap - pear To my des - pai - ring gui - lty soul! His goodness banished all my fear, And made my wounded conscience whole.

B. 3. O Je - sus, let me ne'er for - get The scenes of that important hour; I love re - demp - tion from the pit, But O! I love thy goodness more.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2016

1. Top and middle staves exchanged.

2. Measure 5, *Tenor*: last note changed from B to A#, as in *Treble*.