

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

T. 2. But in that most dis - tres - sing hour When all my soul was torn with grief, Je -

B. 3. Ten thou - sand tongues can ne'er ex - press The great-ness of his love to me; He

Tr. but a flut-tering breath be - tween My soul in ev - er - las - ting night. My was-ting

T. sus with his al - migh - ty power Ap - peared in love to my re - lief. O what a

B. brought my soul from deep dis - tress, And bid me drink of plea-sures free. O Je - sus,

Tr. bo - dy racked with pain, And lin-gering on the verge of death; All helps to save my soul were

T. friend did he ap - pear To my des - pai - ring guilt-y soul! His good-ness ba-nished all my

B. let me ne'er for - get The scenes of that im - por-tant hour; I love re - demp-tion from the

Tr. vain, Or yet to leng-then out my breath.

T. fear, And made my woun-ded con - science whole.

B. pit, But O! I love thy good - ness 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*.