

# 625 Throned upon the Awful Tree

1. Throned up - on the aw - ful tree, King of grief, I watch with Thee.  
 2. Si - lent through those three dread hours, Wres - tling with the e - vil pow'rs,  
 3. Hark! the cry that peals a - loud Up - ward through the whelm - ing cloud!  
 4. Lord, should fear and an - guish roll Dark - ly o'er my sin - ful soul,

Dark - ness veils Thine an - guished face; None its lines of woe can trace,  
 Left a - lone with hu - man sin, Gloom a - round Thee and with - in,  
 Thou, the Fa - ther's on - ly Son, Thou, His own a - noint - ed One,  
 Thou, who once was thus be - reft That Thine own might ne'er be left,

None can tell what pangs un - known Hold Thee si - lent and a - lone.  
 Till th'ap - point - ed time is nigh, Till the Lamb of God may die.  
 Thou dost ask Him - can it be? - "Why hast Thou for - sak - en Me?"  
 Teach me by that bit - ter cry In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

Music: Welsh hymn melody

Text: John Ellerton, 1875

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