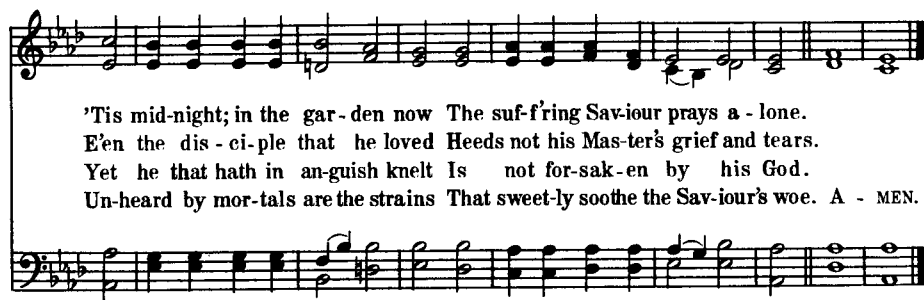


HIS SUFFERING



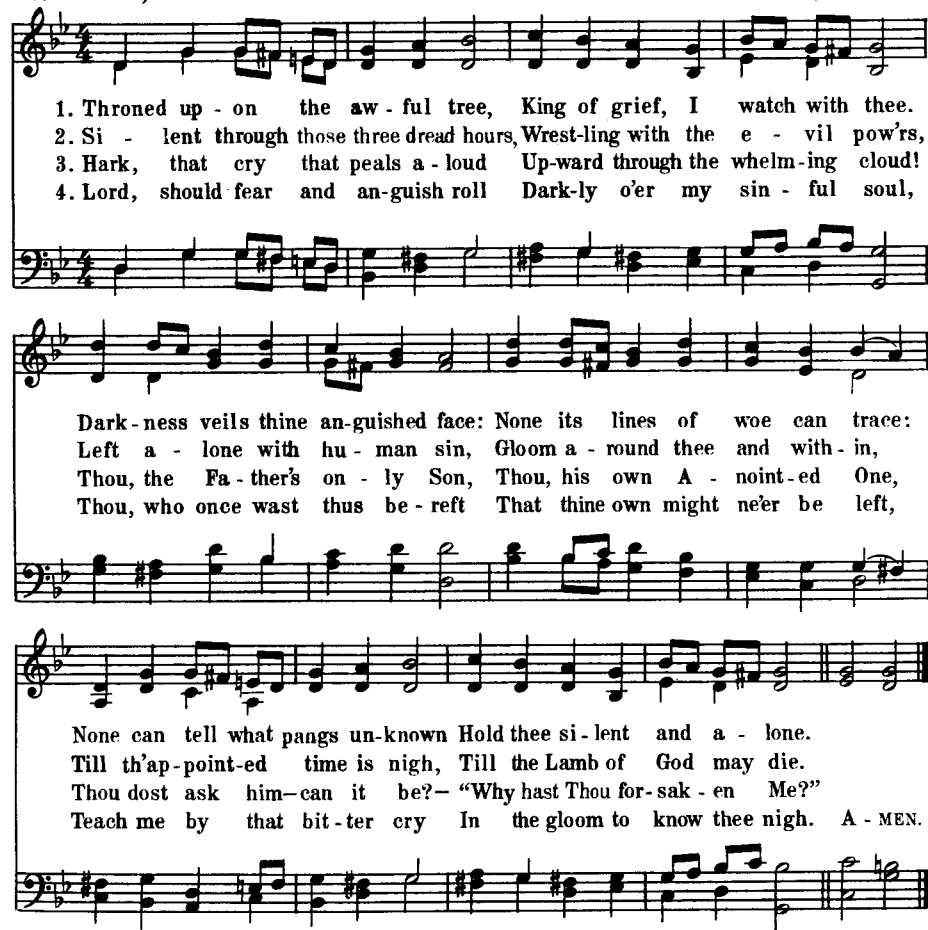
'Tis mid-night; in the gar-den now The suf-f'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.
 E'en the dis - ci-ple that he loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.
 Yet he that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by his God.
 Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sav-iour's woe. A - MEN.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Mark 15:34

183

John Ellerton, 1875

ARFON 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.
 Welsh hymn melody



1. Throned up - on the aw - ful tree, King of grief, I watch with thee.
 2. Si - lent through those three dread hours, Wrest-ling with the e - vil pow'rs,
 3. Hark, that 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 wast thus be - rept 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. A - MEN.