

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 - ref't 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

ARFON
 77.77.77.