Throned Upon The Awful Tree

John Ellerton

French and Welsh Melody

Throned upon the awful tree, Lamb of God, Your
Si - lent through those three dread hours, Wrestling with the
Hark, that cry_ that_ peals a - loud Up - ward through the
Lord, should fear_ and_ an - guish roll, Flooding o'er my

grief_ I_ see. Dark - ness_ veils Your an - guised face;
e - vil_ powers, Left a - lone with hu - man sin,
whelm - ing_ cloud! You, the_ Fa - ther's on - ly Son,
sin - ful_ soul, You, who_ once were thus be - reft

None its_ lines of woe can trace._ None can tell_ what._
Gloom a - round You and with - in,_ Till the ap point - ed,_
You, His_ own a - noint - ed one,_ You are ask - ing,_
That Your_ own might ne'er be left,_ Teach me by_ that_
pangs un - known Hold You si - lent and_ a - lone.
time is nigh, Till the Lamb of God_ may_ die.
can it be "Why have You for - sak - en_ Me?"
bitter cry In the gloom to know_ You_ nigh.