

Throned Upon The Awful Tree

John Ellerton

French and Welsh Melody

Gm D(sus4) D D/C Gm/Bb D Gm D/F# Gm D Eb

Throned up - on the aw - ful 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

4 Cm7 Gm/D D Gm Gm D/F# Gm F#°/A Gm D

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 - left

7 Gm/Bb Gm/F Cm7 Gm/D D D/C Gm/Bb D7

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

10 Gm/Bb D Gm D/F# Gm D Eb Cm7 Gm/D D7 Gm

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?"
bit - ter cry In the gloom to know You nigh.