

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, wrestling with the e - vil pow'rs,
3. Hark, that cry that peals a - loud up - ward through the whelming 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.