

Throned upon the Awful Tree

John Ellerton, 1875.

French and Welsh melody.

Throned upon the awful tree,
Lamb of God, Your grief I see.
Darkness veils Your anguished face;
None its lines of woe can trace.
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold You silent and alone.

Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around You and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Til the Lamb of God may die.

Hark, that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
You, the Father's only Son,
You, His own anointed One,
You are asking "can it be"
"Why have You forsaken Me?"

Lord, should fear and anguish roll,
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
You, who once were thus bereft
That Your own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know You nigh.