

Throned upon the awful Tree

Throned upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with thee;
darkness veils thine anguished face,
none its lines of woe can trace.
none can tell what pangs unknown
hold thee silent and alone.

Silent through those three dread hours,
wrestling with the evil powers,
left alone with human sin,
gloom around thee and within,
till the appointed time is nigh,
till the Lamb of God may die.

Hark, that cry that peals aloud
upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
thou, his own anointed One,
thou dost ask him (can it be?)
"Why hast thou forsaken me?"

Lord, should fear and anguish roll,
darkly o'er my sinful soul,
thou, who once were thus bereft
that thine own might ne'er be left,
teach me by that bitter cry
in the gloom to know thee nigh.

Words: John Ellerton, 1875

Music: Arfon, Cassel, Redhead no. 76

Meter: 77 77 77