

Throned upon the awful tree Lamb of God

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 Fathers 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.

---Alternative verses---

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.