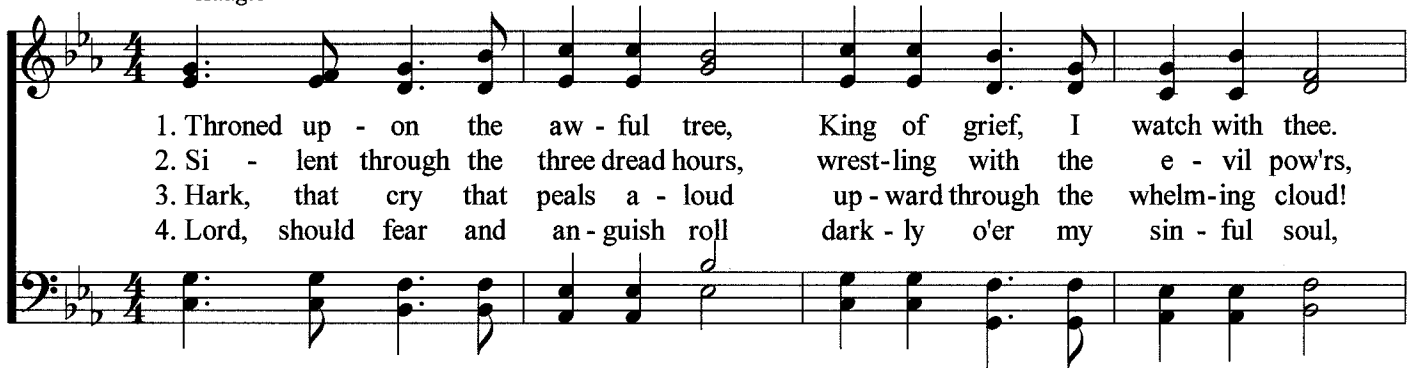


Throned Upon the Awful Tree

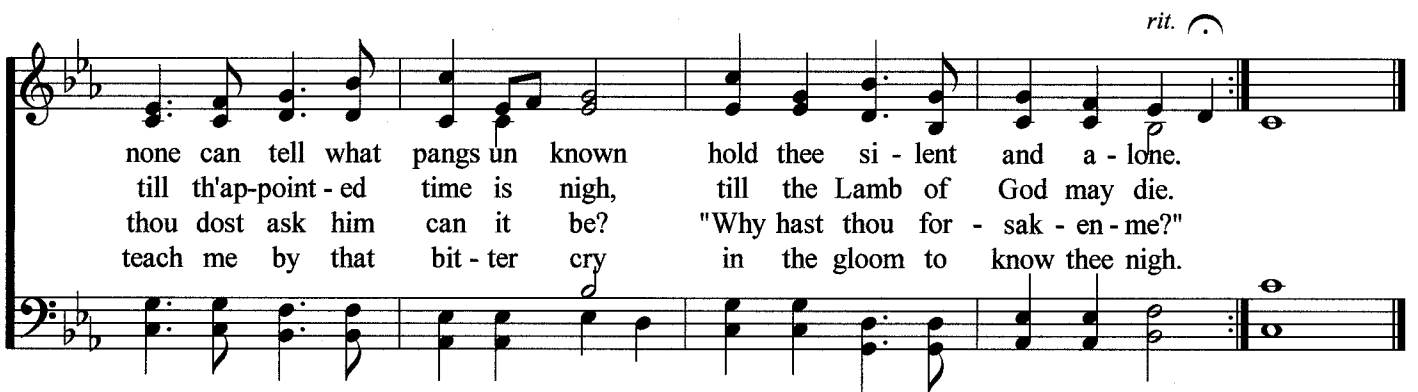
Adagio



1. Throned up - on the aw - ful tree, King of grief, I watch with thee.
2. Si - lent through the three dread hours, wrest-ling with the e - vil pow'rs,
3. Hark, that cry that peals a - loud up - ward through the whelm-ing cloud!
4. Lord, should fear and an - guish roll dark - ly o'er my sin - ful soul,



Dark - ness veils thine an - gushed face: none its lines of woes can trace:
left a - lone with hu - man sin, gloom a - round thee and with - in,
Thou, the Fat - her's on - ly Son, thou, his own A - noint - ed - One,
thou, who once wast thus be - reft that thine own might ne'er be left,



rit. ☺
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.

TEXT: John Ellerton, 1875

MUSIC: Davide C. Marney, 2000

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