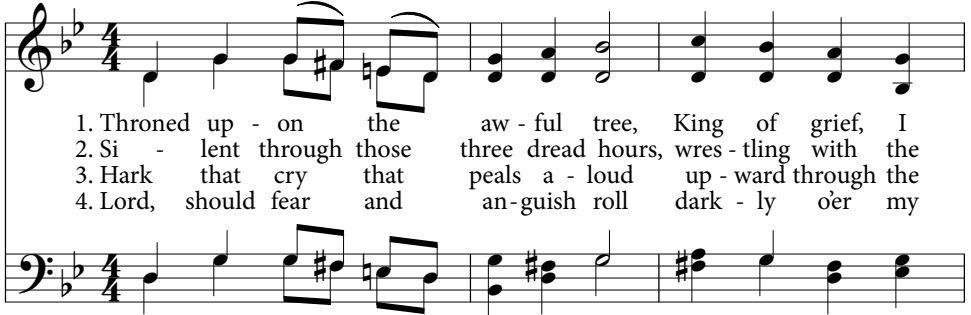


Throned Upon the Awful Tree

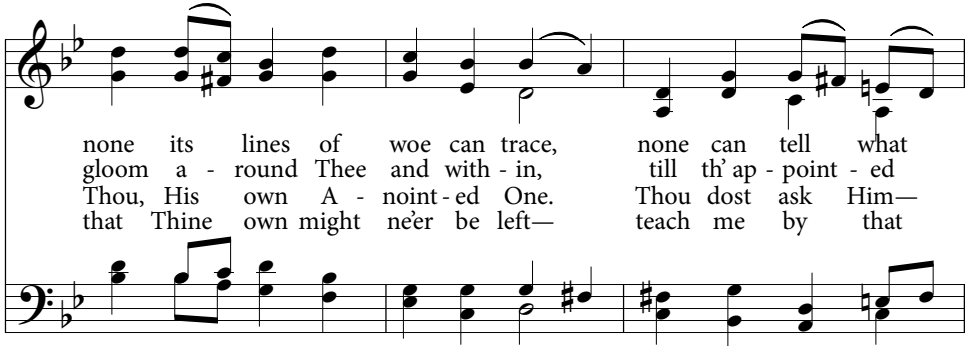
ARFON



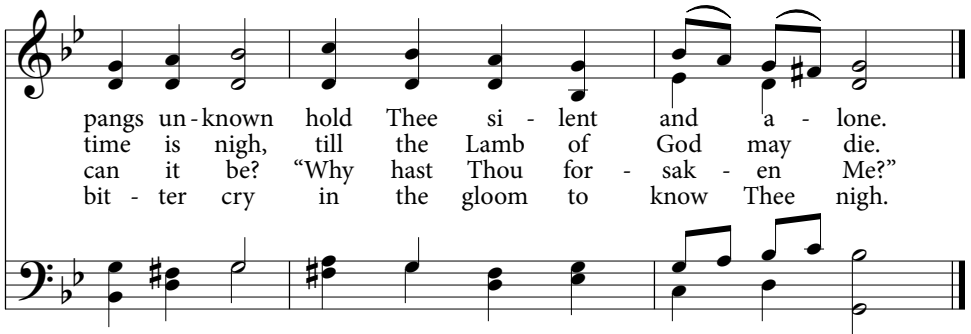
1. Throned up - on the aw - ful tree, King of grief, I
2. Si - lent through those three dread hours, wres - tling with the
3. Hark that cry that peals a - loud up - ward through the
4. Lord, should fear and an - guish roll dark - ly o'er my



watch with Thee; dark - ness veils Thine an - guished face,
e - vil pow'rs, left a - lone with hu - man sin,
whelm - ing cloud! Thou, the Fa - ther's on - ly Son,
sin - ful soul, Thou, who once wast thus be - left



none its lines of woe can trace, none can tell what
gloom a - round Thee and with - in, till th' ap - point - ed
Thou, His own A - noint - ed One. Thou dost ask Him—
that Thine own might ne'er be left— teach me by that



pangs un - known hold Thee si - lent and a - lone.
time is nigh, till the Lamb of God may die.
can it be? "Why hast Thou for - sak - en Me?"
bit - ter cry in the gloom to know Thee nigh.

WORDS: John Ellerton, 1875

MUSIC: Traditional Welsh melody; arr. Hugh Davies, c. 1906

7.7.7.7.7.7