

1. Throned up - on the aw - ful tree, Lamb of God, Your
 2. Si - lent through those three dread hours, Wrest - ling 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 our

4

grief we see. Dark - ness veils Your an - guised face;
 e - vil powers, Left a - lone with hu - man sin,
 whelm - ing cloud! You, the Fa - ther's on - ly Son,
 sin - ful soul, You, who once were thus be - reft

7

None its lines of woe can trace. None can tell what
 Gloom a - round You and with - in, Till th'ap - point - ed
 You, His own a - noint - ed one, You are ask - ing that
 That Your own might ne'er be left, Teach us by that

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pangs un - known Hold You si - lent and a - lone.
 time is nigh, Till the Lamb of God may die.
 can it be? "Why have You for - sak - en Me?"
 bit - ter cry In the gloom to know You nigh.