

THRONED UPON THE AWE-FULL TREE

GETHSEMANE
JOHN ELLERTON - ORIGINAL LYRIC RESTORED

1 Throned up - on the awe - full tree, King of grief, I
2 Si - lent through those three dread hours, Wrest - ling with the
3 Hark the 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 powers. Left a - lone with hu - man sin,
whelm - ing cloud! Thou, the Fath - er's on - ly Son,
sin - ful soul, Thou, who once wast thus be - reft

None its lines of woe can trace, None can tell what
Gloom a - round Thee and with - in, Till the ap - pointed
Thou, His own A - noin - ted 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 - sa - ken Me?"
bit - ter cry In the gloom to know Thee nigh.