Throned upon the awe-full tree, King of grief, I
Silent through those three dread hours, Wrestling with the
Hark the cry that peals aloud Up-ward through the
Lord, should fear and anguish roll Dark-ly o'er my

Watch with Thee. Darkness veils Thine anguish'd face;
Evil powers. Left alone with hu-man sin,
Whelm-ing cloud! Thou, the Father's on-ly Son,
Sinful soul, Thou, who once wast thus bereft

None its lines of woe can trace, None can tell what
Gloom around Thee and within, Till the appointed
Thou, His own Anointed 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-saken Me?"
Bit-ter cry In the gloom to know Thee nigh.