Ride on! ride on in majesty!





Ride on, ride on, in majesty! Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry; The humble beast pursues his road With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on, ride on, in majesty! In lowly pomp ride on to die! O Christ! Thy triumph now begin O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

Ride on, ride on, in majesty! The angel armies of the sky Look down with sad and wondering eyes To see the approaching sacrifice. Ride on, ride on, in majesty! Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh; The Father, on His sapphire throne, Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on, in majesty! In lowly pomp ride on to die; Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain, Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Henry H. Milman