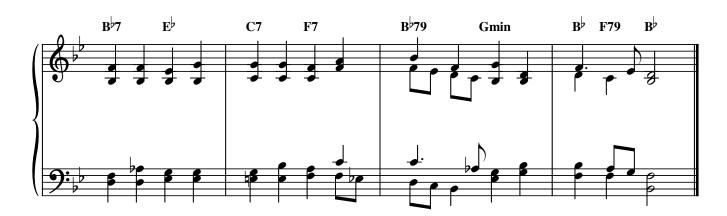
Ride on! Ride on in Majesty





Ride on, ride on, in majesty! Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry; O Savior meek, pursue Thy 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 Over captive death and conquered sin. 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

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