

Behold, the Lord to Zion Rides

John Brownlie, 1913.

Early American tune.

Behold, the Lord to Zion rides,  
And crowds hosannas sing;  
They spread their garments in the way,  
And hail Him as a king.

O Zion, blind with earthly pride,  
Why couldst thou not behold  
The Christ of God, whom sage and seer  
From age to age foretold?

A king indeed, but not to reign  
By power of earthly might;  
The glory of whose royal state  
Is hid from carnal sight.

Whose subjects are the souls of men  
From thrall of darkness won;  
Whose kingdom knows no bounds, within  
The dawn and setting sun.

Behold thy king to Zion rides  
Where He the cross shall bear;  
And on that throne with blood bedecked,  
His robe of purple wear;

Where slaves to sin His love shall view,  
And from their bondage rise  
To noble fealty, by the power  
Of loving sacrifice.