

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.