

Ride On, Ride On in Majesty!

Henry Milman, 1820.

Lowell Mason, 1830.

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!

The winged squadrons 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.