# Ride On! Ride On in Majesty! 343

1. Ride on! Ride on in majesty!  
   Hear all the tribes hosanna cry;  
   O Savior meek, your road pursue,  
   with palms and scattered garments strewed.
2. Ride on! Ride on in majesty!  
   In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
   O Christ, your triumphs now begin  
   o'er captive death and conquered sin.
3. Ride on! Ride on in majesty!  
   The winged armies of the sky  
   look down with sad and wond'ring eyes  
   to see the approaching sacrifice.
4. Ride on! Ride on in majesty!  
   Your last and fiercest strife is nigh.  
   The Father on his sapphire throne   
   awaits his own anointed Son.
5. Ride on! Ride on in majesty!  
   In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
   bow your meek head to mortal pain,  
   then take, O God, your power and reign!

TEXT: Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868), alt.

TUNE: John Frederick Wolle (1888)

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