# Ride On! Ride On in Majesty! 343

343 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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