# 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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