Ride On In Majesty

1. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! Hark! all the tribes "Ho-san-na" cry;
2. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! The an-gel ar-mies of the sky
3. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! The last and fierc-est strife is nigh;
4. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die;

O Sav-i-or meek, pur-sue Thy road with palms and scat-tered gar-ments strowed.
Look down with sad and won-d'ring eyes, To see th'ap-proach-ing sac-ri-fice.
The Fa-ther on His sap-phire throne A-waits His own a-noint-ed Son.
Bow Thy meek head to mor-tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.

Chorus

Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! Ride on! ride on! In low-ly pomp, in pomp ride on to die! O Christ, Thy tri-umphs now be-
low-ly pomp ride on to die! O Christ, Thy tri-umphs now be-
gin O'er cap-tive death and con-quered sin.

din O'er cap-tive death and con-quered sin.

Words: Henry Hart Milman
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