Ride On! Ride On in Majesty! 198

1 Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! Hark! all the
tribes ho-san-na cry; thy hum-ble beast pur-
sues its road with palms and scat-tered gar-
ments strowed.
now be-gin o'er cap-tive death and con-quered sin.
won-dering eyes to see the ap-proach-ing sac-
ri-fice.

2 Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! In low-ly
pomp ride on to die; O Christ, thy tri-umphs
now be-gin o'er cap-tive death and con-quered sin.
won-dering eyes to see the ap-proach-ing sac-
ri-fice.

3 Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! The hosts of
an-gels in the sky look down with sad and
mor-tal pain; then take, O God, thy power, and reign.
now be-gin o'er cap-tive death and con-quered sin.
won-dering eyes to see the ap-proach-ing sac-
ri-fice.

4 Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! In low-ly

This 19th-century Palm Sunday text is better understood as the reflections of someone standing outside the event rather than as coming from those participating in the actual procession. This poignant text is set to a tune written especially for it later in the same century.

TEXT: Henry Hart Milman, 1827, alt.
MUSIC: John Bacchus Dykes, 1862

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