

ST. DROSTANE

JOHN B. DYKES, 1862

*With vigor*

1 Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho -  
 2 Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! In low - ly pomp ride

san - na cry; Thy hum - ble beast pur - sues his road With  
 on to die: O Christ, thy tri - umphs now be - gin O'er

palms and scat - ter'd gar - ments strowed.  
 cap - tive death and con - quer'd sin. A - men.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
 The angel armies of the sky  
 Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes  
 To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
 The Father on his sapphire throne  
 Expects his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
 In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
 Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,  
 Then take, O God, thy power, and reign. Amen.