H. H. Milman  
(1791-1868)  

St Drostane (L. M.)

Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
Hark, all the tribes ho-__

Ride on, ride on__ in__ ma-jes-ty! In low-ly pomp ride__

Ride on, ride on__ in__ ma-jes-ty! The wing-ed squad-rons__

Ride on, ride on__ in__ ma-jes-ty! The last and fierc-est__

Ride on, ride on__ in__ ma-jes-ty! In low-ly pomp ride__

O Sa-viour meek, pur-sue Thy road with__

on to die: O Christ, Thy tri-umphs now be-gin o'er__

of the sky Look down with sad and won-dering eyes to__

strife is nigh: The Fa-ther on His sap-phire throne a__

on to die; Bow Thy meek head to mor-tal pain, then__

palms__ and__ scat-tered gar-ments strowed.

cap-tive death and con-quer-d sin.

see__ the ap-proach-ing sac-ri-fice.

waits__ His own a noin-ted Son.

take,____ O____ God, Thy power, and reign.