

## Ride On To Die

Michael Card

Seems the sorrow untold, as you look down the road  
At the clamoring crowd drawing near  
Feel the heat of the day, as you look down the way  
Hear the shouts of Hosanna the King

Oh, daughter of Zion your time's drawing near  
Don't forsake Him, oh don't pass it by  
On the foal of a donkey as the prophets had said  
Passing by you, He rides on to die

Come now little foal, though your not very old  
Come and bear your first burden bravely  
Walk so softly upon all the coats and the palms  
Bare the One on your back oh so gently

Midst the shouting so loud and the joy of the crowd  
There is One who is riding in silence  
For He knows the ones here will be fleeing in fear  
When their shepherd is taken away

Soon the thorn cursed ground will bring forth a crown  
And this Jesus will seem to be beaten  
But He'll conquer alone both the shroud and the stone  
And the prophecies will be completed

On the foal of a donkey as the prophets had said  
Passing by you He rides on to die