

Michael Card "Ride On To Die"

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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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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 prophesies will be completed

Chorus

On the foal of a donkey as the prophets had said

Passing by you He rides on to die

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