

*He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked. I John 2:6*

Isaac Watts, 1709

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832

1. My dear Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy Word;  
 2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such def-rence to thy Fa-ther's will,  
 3. Cold moun-tains and the mid-night air Wit-nessed the fer-vor of thy prayer;  
 4. Be thou my pat-tern; make me bear More of thy gra-cious im-age here:

But in thy life the law ap-pears Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters.  
 Such love, and meek-ness so di-vine, I would trans-cribe and make them mine.  
 The des-ert thy temp-ta-tions knew, Thy con-flict and thy vic-t'ry too.  
 Then God the Judge shall own my name A-mongst the fol-l'wers of the Lamb. A-MEN.

*Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass... Matt. 21:5*

Henry H. Milman, 1827  
 St. 1, line 3, alt.

ST. DROSTANE L. M.  
 John B. Dykes, 1862

1. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho-san-na cry;  
 2. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die:  
 3. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! The wing-ed squad-rons of the sky  
 4. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! Thy last and fierc-est strife is nigh;  
 5. Ride on! ride on in maj-es-ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die;

0 Sav-iour meek, pur-sue thy road With palms and scat-tered gar-ments strowed.  
 O Christ, thy tri-umphs now be-gin O'er cap-tive death and con-quer-ed sin.  
 Look down with sad and won-d'ring eyes To see th' ap-proach-ing sac-ri-fice.  
 The Fa-ther on his sap-phire throne Ex-pects his own A-noint-ed Son.  
 Bow thy meek head to mor-tal pain, Then take, O God, thy pow'r and reign. A-MEN.