

On the Road to Jerusalem

On the road to Jerusalem slowly rides King Jesus.

People come to call His name, "Son of David, heal us."

Down the ancient streets He rides, a donkey is His stallion.

No golden coach, no chariot bright brings Him to His kingdom.

Where is His chariot?

Where is His robe of silk?

Where is His scepter?

Where is His crown?

Where, where are the trumpets?

How, how will He rule the land if He comes as a Prince of Peace, and humble as a Lamb?

On the road to Jerusalem rides the Man of Sorrows.

"Save us, King", the people cry.

What will they cry tomorrow?