

There is a green hill far away

Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895) alt. The Editors.

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1. There is a green hill far away,
outside a city wall,
where the dear Lord was crucified
who died to save us all.
2. We may not know, we cannot tell
what pains he had to bear,
but we believe it was for us
he hung and suffered there.
3. He died that we might be forgiv'n,
that we might count as good;
that we might go at last to heav'n,
saved by his precious blood.
4. There was no other good enough
to pay the price of sin;
his sacrifice unlocks the gate
of heav'n to let us in.
5. Oh dearly, dearly has he loved;
then let us love him too,
and trust in his redeeming blood,
and try his works to do.

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