There Is a Green Hill Far Away

There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall,
But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.
And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.

Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.
He only could unlock the gate Of heaven and let us in.
O dearly, dearly, has He loved, And we must love Him, too.

1. There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall,
2. We may not know, we cannot tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin;

Words: Cecil F. Alexander
Music: George C. Stebbins