There Is A Green Hill Far Away

ALEXANDER

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a city wall,
   Where the dear Lord was cruci-fied, Who died to save us all.
   We may not know, we can not tell, What pains He had to bear,
   But we believe it was for us, He hung and suffered there.

2. There was no other good e-nough To pay the price of sin,
   He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
   Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved, And we must love Him too.
   And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

Words: Cecil F. Alexander
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