There is a green hill far away



There is a green hill far away, Outside a city wall, Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.

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.

He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good, That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His precious blood. There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin; He only could unlock the gate Of heaven and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved, And we must love Him, too, And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander

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