# There is a Green Hill Far Away 353

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;  
   he died to make us 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;  
   he only could unlock the gate  
   of heav'n and let us in.
5. dearly, dearly has he loved,  
   and we must love him too,  
   and trust in his redeeming blood,  
   and try his works to do.

TEXT: Cecil Frances Alexander (1848), alt.

TUNE: Albert L. Peace (1885)

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