There Is A Green Hill Far Away

1. There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall;
   Where the dear Lord was crucified Who died to save us all.

2. 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.

We may not know, we can not tell What pains He had to bear,
There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin.

But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.
He only could unlock the gate Of heav’n, and let us in.

Words by Mrs. C. F. Alexander
Music by J. B. Herbert
There Is A Green Hill Far Away

Chorus

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

And trust in Him in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.