

THERE is a green hill far away,
Outside a city wall,
Where our 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 forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heaven,
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 Heaven, and let us in.
- 5 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 Frances Alexander, 1818-95