Cecil Frances Alexander

**There is a Green Hill**

Antony Pitts

1. There is a green hill far away,
2. We may not know, we cannot see,
3. He died that we might be free,
4. There was no other good for me,
5. O dearly, dearly has He loved,

way, with a city wall,
tell out to bear,
given, pains He had to make us good,
gough to pay the price of sin;
loved, and we must love Him too,

where but He lieve it was for last to
but we might go all
that we only could to
and trust in His redeeming

fied, Who died to save us all,
us He hung and suffered there,
heaven, saved by His precious blood,
gate of heaven, and let us in,
blood, and try His works to do,