There Is a Green Hill Far Away - Mixed Choir
There is a green hill far away,
Without 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,

was for us He hung and suffer'd there. He died that we might

be for-giv'n, He died to make us good, That we might go at last to Heav'n,

Sav'd by His pre-cious blood. There was no oth - er good e-nough To
pay the price of sin, He only could un-
molto espress.
lock the gate Of Heav’n and let us in.
O
dear-
dear-ly has He lov’d, And we must love Him,
too, And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And
trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do, and

try His works to do!

We must love Him, We must love Him, too, And too!

try His works to do!