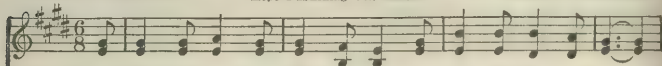


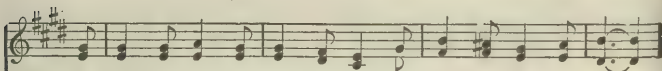
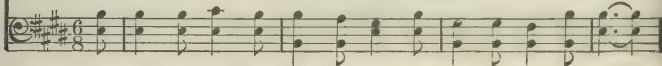
Cecil F. Alexander.

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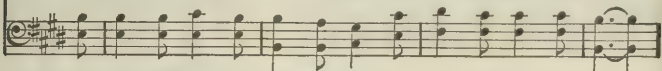
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good . e-nough To pay the price of sin;



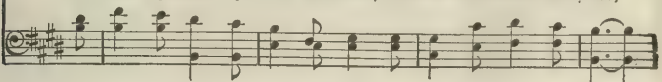
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of He-v'n and let us in.



CHORUS.



Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,



And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A - MEN.

