## There is a green hill far away Tune 'Demesne'

SAT/B

**Tom Fryers** 

## There is a green hill far away

Tune 'Demesne'

## SAT/B

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)

Music: Tom Fryers

This much loved Easter Hymn was given a new tune in 1964 and arranged simply for three voices (because of the dearth of men in choirs) in February 2004. It can be sung as a hymn just using that arrangement, printed here for verses 1, 2 and 4, and for this reason all the words are printed under the first verse. In this form it was first given by Ruth Bellis and the Stricklandgate Methodist Church Choir, Kendal. In May 2006 two other three-part arrangements were added for verses 3 and 5 respectively, to render it more suitable as a choir anthem.

- 1.
  There is a green hill far away,
  Without a city wall;
  Where the dear Lord was crucified,
  Who died to save us all.
- 3.
  He died that we might be forgiven;
  He died to make us good;
  That we might go at least to heaven,
  Saved by his precious blood.
- 2.
  We may not know, we cannot tell,
  What pains he had to bear;
  But we believe it ws for us
  He hung and suffered there.
- 4.
  There was no other good enough
  To pay the prive of sin;
  He only could unlock the gates
  Of heaven, to let us in.

5.
O dearly, dearly has he loved;
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming love,
And try his works to do.

Anyone wishing to perform this work may do so and make copies enough for that purpose. We would be grateful if we were told about any performances. Scores must not be sold and the music cannot be published in any form without permission from Tom Fryers' estate.

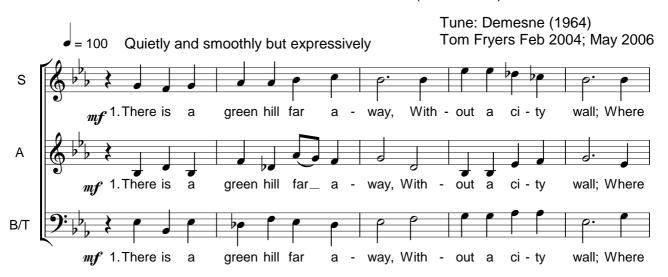
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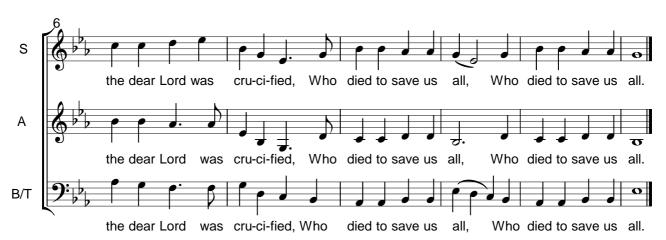
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## There is a green hill far away

Three voices: SAT/B

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895)





- 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.
- There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin; He only could unlock the gates Of heaven, to let us in.
- O dearly, dearly has he loved;
   And we must love him too,
   And trust in his redeeming love,
   And try his works to do.

Cecil Francis Alexander (1818-1895)



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