

There's a Hill Lone and Grey  
Beverly Carradine, before 1896.  
John Bryant.

There's a hill lone and grey, in a land far away,  
In a country beyond the blue sea,  
Where beneath that fair sky went a Man forth to die  
For the world and for you and for me.

Refrain

Oh, it bows down my heart  
And the teardrops will start,  
When in mem'ry that grey hill I see.  
For 'twas there on its side, Jesus suffered and died  
To redeem a poor sinner like me.

Behold! faint on the road, 'neath a world's heavy load,  
Comes a thorn crowned Man on the way,  
With a cross He is bowed, but still on through the crowd  
He's ascending that hill lone and grey.

Refrain

Hark! I hear the dull blow of the hammer swung low;  
They are nailing my Lord to the tree,  
And the cross they upraised while the multitude gaze  
On the blest Lamb of dark Calvary.

Refrain

How they mock Him in death, to His last lab'ring breath,  
While His friends sadly weep o'er the way;  
But though lonely and faint, still no word of complaint  
Fell from Him on the hill lone and grey.

Refrain

Then the darkness came down and the rocks rent around,  
And a cry pierced the grief laden air;  
'Twas the voice of our King who received death's dark sting,  
All to save us from endless despair.

Refrain

Let the sun hide its face, let the earth reel apace,  
Over men who their Savior have slain;  
But behold from the sod, comes the blest Lamb of God,  
Who was slain and is risen again.

Refrain