

On a Hill Lone and Grey

Ralph Stanley

On a hill lone and gray
In a land far away
In a country beyond the blue sea
Where beneath that far sky
Went a man for to die
For the world and for you and for me Oh, it bows down my heart
And the tear drops do start
When in memory that gray hill I see
(Hill I see)
It was there on its side
Jesus suffered, yes, he died
To redeem a poor sinner like me Hark, I hear the dull blow
Of the hammer swung low
They are nailing my lord to the tree
With the cross he upraised
While the multitude gazed
He ascended that hill lone and gray Oh, it bows down my heart
And the tear drops do start
When in memory that gray hill I see
(Hill I see)
It was there on its side
Jesus suffered, yes, he died
To redeem a poor sinner like me

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