

Classic Poetry Series

Cecil Frances Alexander

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Maker of Heaven and Earth (All Things Bright and

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;--

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

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There Is A Green Hill

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,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Sav'd by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has he lov'd,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

Cecil Frances Alexander