

## **Small, Lonely Hill**

By Dwane Friend

(Spoken) In the beginning God stood in the stillness and spoke His creative words: "Let there be light, and let the heaven's appear." Then with His mighty hand He scooped up the canyons; with His fingers traced the courses for the rivers; made the mountains stand tall and still. But then a slight trace of sadness came into His eyes:

(Sung)

As He made a small, lonely hill.

Then he said, "Let us make man into our own image,  
And give him dominion over all;  
We will walk together in the cool of the evening,  
And I'll help him if he should fall;  
But I want him to love me because he really wants to;  
To walk with Me by his own will;  
And then a slight trace of sadness came back into His eyes,  
As He looked toward that small, lonely hill.

Then late one evening, God came to the garden,  
He said, "Adam, Adam, wherefore art thou?"  
The birds hushed their singing; in the garden there was silence;  
You could sense it, for something had died;  
Then God said, "I love them and I won't let them go."  
Then a shadow on that hillside appeared;  
For a man hung there dying; crying "I thirst,"  
But God turned His face toward that small, lonely hill.

Now I thank God for his rivers; and I thank Him for His mountains;  
And His heaven; how my heart always will;  
But when I walk into that city where the saved will all praise Him,  
I thank Him for that small, lonely hill.  
Yes, I'll thank God, for Calvary's hill.