

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

**On a hill . . . far away . . . stood an old rugged cross
The em-blem of suffering and shame.
And I love that old cross . . . where the Dear-est and Best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.**

**(chorus – repeat after each verse)
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down.
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown.**

**Oh, that old rugged cross . . . so despised by the world
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear Lamb of God . . . left His glo-ry above
To bear it to dark Calvary.**

**In the old rugged cross . . . stained with blood so divine
A won-dr-ous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross . . . Jesus suf-fered and died
To pardon and sanc-ti-fy me.**

**To the old rugged cross . . . I will ever be true
It's shame and reproach gladly bear.
Then He'll call me some day . . . to my home far away
Where His glory for-ever I'll share.**