

On a hill far away
stood an old rugged cross,
the emblem of suff'ring and shame;
and I loved that old cross
where the dearest and best
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

*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 someday 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 glory above
to bear it to dark Calvary.

In the old rugged cross,
stained with blood so divine,
a wondrous beauty I see.
For 'twas on that old cross
Jesus suffered and died
to pardon and sanctify me.

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