

OLD RUGGED CROSS

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suff'ring and shame,
And I love that old cross where the Dearest and Best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

Chorus:

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 glory above,
To bear it to dark Calvary.



Chorus

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.

Chorus