

## Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
The witness of suffering and shame,  
And I love that old cross with my dear Saviour raised,  
In a world of lost sinners was slain,  
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
Till my sufferings at last I lay down,  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
And exchange it some day for a crown,  
O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,  
Has a wonderful attraction for me,  
For the dear Saviour God left his throne above,  
To suffer and die at dark Calvary,  
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
Till my sufferings at last I lay down,  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
And exchange it some day for a crown,  
In the old rugged cross, stained with blood for all men,  
A wonderful Saviour for me,  
For 'twas on that old cross, Jesus suffered and died,  
To pardon and justify me,  
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
Till my sufferings at last I lay down,  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
And exchange it some day for a crown,

To that old rugged cross I will ever be true,  
Its power and might never fear,  
Then he'll call me some day to my home heavenly,  
Where his glory forever we'll share,  
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