

# 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.

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.

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.

In the old rugged Cross, stain'd with blood so divine  
A wondrous beauty I see  
For the dear Lamb of God, left his Glory above  
To pardon and sanctify me.

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.

# Old Rugged Cross

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  
Where his glory forever I'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.

by George Bennard