1. On a hill far away Stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of suffering and shame; And I love that old cross Where the dearest and best For a world of lost sinners was slain.

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2. O 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 that 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.

4. To that 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.