

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.

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.

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.

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.

3. 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.

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.

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.

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.

