

# Old Rugged Cross

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Words: George Bennard

Music: George Bennard

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(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.

(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 someday for a crown.

(2) 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)

(3) 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)

(4) 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.

(Chorus)