The Old Rugged Cross

1. On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
   with Collar nailed to it, and I will e-ter be true,

2. O that old rugged ross, so des-pised by the world,
   some bled for the world, and I will e-ter be true,

3. In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so di-vine,
   some bled for the world, and I will e-ter be true,

4. To that old rugged cross I will e-ver be true,
   some bled for the world, and I will e-ter be true,

the em-blem of suf-fering and shame; and I
has a won-drous at trac-tion for me; for the
its shame and re-proach glad-ly bear; then he'll

love that old cross where the dear est and best for a
dear Lamb of God on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
call me some day to my home far a-way, where his

world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll che-rish the old rugged
cross, the bear it to dark Cal-va-ry, par-don and sin, I cross, the

riages to the old rug- ged cross, cross, the old rug- ged cross,

and ex-change it some day for a crown.

Refrain

I'll re-chish the old rug- ged cross, to-
I will

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