The Old Rugged Cross

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.

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.

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.

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.

Text: George Bennard, 1913
Tune: George Bennard, 1913

Irregular

www.hymnary.org/text/on_a_hill_far_away_stood_an_old_rugged

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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.

Refrain