The Old Rugged Cross

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The
   em-blem of suf-f'ring and shame; And I
   love that old cross where the dear-est and best For a
   word of lost sin-ners was slain. bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so des-pised by the world, Has a
   won-drous at-tra-c-tion for me; For the
   bear to dark Cal-va-ry, So I'll cheerish the old rug-ged
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, Such a
   won-der-ful beau-ty I see; For 'twas
   par-don and san-ci-fy me. glo-ry for e-ver I'll share.
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will e-ver be true, Its
   shame and re-proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll
   cling to the old rug-ged cross. And ex-
   change it some day for a crown.

The Old Rugged Cross

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The
   em-blem of suf-f'ring and shame; And I
   love that old cross where the dear-est and best For a
   word of lost sin-ners was slain. bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so des-pised by the world, Has a
   won-drous at-tra-c-tion for me; For the
   bear to dark Cal-va-ry, So I'll cheerish the old rug-ged
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, Such a
   won-der-ful beau-ty I see; For 'twas
   par-don and san-ci-fy me. glo-ry for e-ver I'll share.
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will e-ver be true, Its
   shame and re-proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll
   cling to the old rug-ged cross. And ex-
   change it some day for a crown.

Hymnary.org