



## Old Rugged Cross

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  
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

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