

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of  
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-  
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous  
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best  
 trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,  
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,  
 proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged  
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.  
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.  
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the

cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the  
 old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.  
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,