**On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,**  
**The emblem of suff’ring and shame;**  
**And I love that old cross where the Dearest and Best**  
**For a world of lost sinners was slain.**  
  
**Chorus:**   
**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 someday for a crown.**  
  
**Oh, 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.**  
  
**Chorus**   
  
**To the old rugged cross I will ever be true;**  
**Its shame and reproach gladly bear;**  
**Then He’ll call me someday to my home far away,**  
**Where His glory forever I’ll share.**  
  
**Chorus:**   
**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 someday for a crown.**