**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.**