The Old Rugged Cross

George Bennard, 1913

1. 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 bear it to dark Calvary. 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.

2. 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; Then He’ll call me some day to my home far away, Where His world of lost sinners was slain. So I’ll cherish the old rugged cross till my glory forever I’ll share.

3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, A wondrous beauty I see; For ’twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died, To bear; Then He’ll call me some day to my home far away, Where His glory for ever I’ll share.

4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true, Its shame and reproach gladly bear; Then He’ll call me some day to my home far away, - Where His see; For ’twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died, To bear; Then He’ll call me some day to my home far away, - Where His glor- y for-ev-er I’ll share.

Refrain

world of lost sinners was slain. bear it to dark Calva-ry. So I’ll cherish the old rugged cross Till my glo- ry for-ev-er I’ll share. 

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