

# "The Old Rugged Cross"

By George Bennard

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

And 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.

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To the old rugged Cross, I will ever be true  
Its shame and reproach gladly bear  
And they'll call me some day to my home far away  
Where His glory forever I'll share

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