

- 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 for a world of lost sinners was slain. So I'll cherish the old rugged Cross, till my trophies at last I lay down; I will climb to the old rugged Cross and exchange it some day for a crown.
- 2. O 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. So I'll cherish . . .
- 3. To the oldrugged 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 this glory for ever I'll share. So I'll cherish... & ren. 1941 by Rodeheaver/Word. Inc./USA

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