

# The Old Rugged Cross

*George Bennard*

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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 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.  
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.

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 glory, forever I'll share.  
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.

**Bible Verse:** And He went out, bearing His own cross, to the place called the place of a skull, which in Aramaic is called Golgotha. John 19:17 ESV