

# The Old Rugged Cross

Glen Campbell

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.

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.  
In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,  
A wondrous beauty I see,  
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,  
To pardon and sanctify me.  
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.