

# The Old Rugged Cross

Mahalia Jackson

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 Ill 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.

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 on dark Calvary.

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 pardon and sanctify me.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,  
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then Hell call me someday to His home far away,  
Where His glory forever Ill share.