

# The Old Rugged Cross

[Richard Kiser](#)

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

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

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