The Old Rugged Cross

William Zeitler

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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