

## **Bart Millard**

# **"The Old Rugged Cross"**

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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 some day 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 to dark Calvary.

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Till my trophies at last I lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
And exchange it some day for a crown.

[Instrumental]

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