



3. 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.

**CHORUS:**

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.