

The Old Rugged Cross (233)

Vs 1 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.

Vs 2 O the 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.

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.

Vs 3 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.

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.

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He Looked Beyond My Fault (1or2 20)

Amazing grace shall always be my song of praise,
For it was grace that bought my liberty.
I do not know just why He came to love me so;
He looked beyond my fault and saw my need.

I shall forever lift mine eyes to Calvary
To view the cross where Jesus died for me.
How marvelous the grace that caught my falling soul;
He looked beyond my fault and saw my need.

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To view the cross where Jesus died for me.
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Words by Dottie Rambo, Music-Londonderry Air; © 1968 John T Benson Music Co; CCLI #316205