

The Old Rugged Cross

Anne Murray

On a hill far away,
Stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame.

And I loved that old cross,
With the dearest and best,
for a world of lost sinners were slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross.
Til my trophies at last I lay down.
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it someday for a crown.

Oh that old rugged cross,
So despised by the world,
Has a wonderous attraction for me.
For the dear lamb of God,
Left his glory above,
to bare it to dark Calvary.

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