

The Old Rugged Cross

B.J. Thomas

On a hill far away, stood an old rugged Cross,
The emblem of suff'ring 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.

To the old rugged Cross, I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear,
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where his glory forever I'll share.

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.