

# The Old Rugged Cross

George Jones

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.

To the old rugged cross  
I will ever be true,  
It's 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...