

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...