

The Old Rugged Cross

Iris DeMent

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

And 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