

# The Old Rugged Cross

Merle Haggard

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 were 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 for ever 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

In thee old rugged cross stained with blood so divine  
A wondrous beauty I see  
For twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died  
To pardon and sanctify me

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