

The Old Rugged Cross

Michael W. Smith

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.