

The Old Rugged Cross

Mickey Gilley

On a hill far away, stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suff'ring and shame,
And I love that old Cross where the dearest and the 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.

On that old rugged cross, so despised by this old world.
Has a wondrous attraction for me,
For a dear Lamb of God left His glory above,
To bear it to dark cavalry.

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...