

Old Rugged Cross

B.J. Thomas

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 the 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 someday for a crown

To the old rugged cross, I will ever be true
It's shame and reproach gladly bared
Then He'll call me someday to my home far away
Where His glory forever I'll share

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