

Old Rugged Cross

Craig Wayne Boyd

On a hill far away stood an Old Rugged Cross
The emblem of suffering and shame
How 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
And 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
Till He calls me some day to my home far away
Where in His glory forever I'll share

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