

# The Old Rugged Cross

Iris DeMent

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

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