

The Old Rugged Cross

John Conlee

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 someday for a crown

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