

## The Old Rugged Cross

Michael W. Smith

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 some day for a crown.  
To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,  
It's shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then he'll call me some day to my home far away,  
Where his glory forever I'll share.