

The Old Rugged Cross

Paul Brandt

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
'Til my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

To that old rugged cross I will ever be true

Its shame and reproach gladly bear
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away
Where His glory forever I'll share

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross
'Til my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

Oh, I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown