

## Old Rugged Cross

T. Graham Brown

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 cherish the old rugged cross  
'Til 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 reproach gladly bear  
Then He'll call me someday  
To my home far away  
Where His glory forever I'll share

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