

# Old Rugged Cross

The Forester Sisters

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 never 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

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