

# The Old Rugged Cross

**Merle Haggard**

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 I will 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

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