

The Old Rugged Cross

[Alan Jackson](#)

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
And 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 And I'll cherish the Old Rugged Cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down
And I will cling to the Old Rugged Cross
And exchange it some day for a crown

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