The Old Rugged Cross

Harry Secombe

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffâ€™ring and shame;
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

So Iâ€™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 ever be true;
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then Heâ€™ll call me some day to my home far away,
Where His glory forever Iâ€™ll share
.
So Iâ€™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.

In that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see,
For â€™twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.

So Iâ€™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.

Lyrics submitted by Alfred Cavill.

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