

Brad Paisley, Old Rugged Cross

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.

And 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 ever 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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Till my trophies at last I lay down,
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And exchange it some day for a crown...