

# Anne Murray, The 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  
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  
O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world  
Has a wondrous attraction for me  
For the dear lamb of God left his glory above  
To bear it to dark calvary

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