

B. J. Thomas, 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 the 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 someday for a crown
To the old rugged cross, I will ever be true
It's shame and reproach gladly bared
Then He'll call me someday to my home far away
Where His glory forever I'll share
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 someday for a crown