David Houston, Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross the emblem of sufferin' and shame
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners were 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
[steel]
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
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross...