

Merle Haggard, 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 word of lost sinners were slain

I will 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