

# Ray Price, Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross  
An emblem of sufferin' and shame  
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best  
For a word 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  
[ strings ]  
To the old rugged cross I will ever be true  
It's 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...