

## Iris Dement

### "The Old Rugged Cross"

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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

Oh that old rugged cross so despised by the world  
has a wonderous attraction for me  
for the dear lamb of God left his glory above  
to bear it to dark cavalry

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

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