

Dailey and Vincent "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 someday for a crown

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
'Till my trophies at last I lay down
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it someday for a crown

Our lord was near death when he gave this cry
"Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?"
My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?
Think of the tremendous love and devotion
That our Lord had in suffering such shame and such
agony
As He was on that old rugged cross

Will exchange it someday for a crown

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

And exchange it someday
Some sweet day for a crown

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