

The Old Rugged Cross

[Bb] On a hill far away stood an [Eb] old rugged cross,
The [F7] emblem of suffering and [Bb] shame;
And I love that old cross where the [Eb] dearest and best
For a [F7] world of lost sinners was [Bb] slain.

Chorus

So [D7] I'll cherish the old rugged [Bb] cross,
Till my [Eb] trophies at last I lay [Bb] down;
I will cling to the old rugged [Eb] cross,

And ex [Bb] change it some [F7] day for a [Bb] crown.

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
Has a wondrous attraction for me;
For the dear lamb of God left His glory above,
To bear it on dark Calvary.

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine
A wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me someday to His home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share.