

OLD RUGGED CROSS

A A7 D B7
On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
E E7 A
The emblem of suffering and shame;
A A7 D B7
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
E E7 A
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

E E7 A
So I'll cherish the old rugged cross.
D A
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
A D
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
A E A
And exchange it some day for a crown.

Oh 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 to dark cavalry.

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 on some day to my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share.