

The Old Rugged Cross

A D
On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
E A
the emblem of suffering and shame.

A D
And I love that old cross where the Dearest and Best
E A
for a world of lost sinners was slain.

E 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!

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 to 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 on some day to my home far away
where His glory forever I'll share!