

INTRO: (Bb) (F) (C7) (F)

On a (F) hill far away stood an (Bb) old rugged cross,  
The (C7) emblem of suffering and (F) shame.  
And I loved that old cross, where the (Bb) dearest and best,  
For a (C7) world of sinners was (F) slain.

CHORUS

So, I'll (C) cherish the (C7) old rugged (F) cross,  
Till my (Bb) trophies at last I lay (F) down.  
I will cling to the old rugged (Bb) cross,  
And exchange it some (C7) day for a (F) crown.

Oh that (F) old rugged cross, so despised (Bb) by the world,  
Has (C7) wondrous attraction for (F) me.  
For the dear lamb of God, left his (Bb) glory above,  
To (C7) bear it on dark Calva - (F) ry.

CHORUS

In the (F) old rugged cross, stained with (Bb) blood so devine,  
A (C7) wondrous beauty I (F) see.  
For 'twas on that old cross, Jesus (Bb) suffered and died,  
To (C7) pardon and sanctify (F) me.

CHORUS

To the (F) old rugged cross I will (Bb) ever be true,  
His (C7) shame and reproach gladly (F) bear.  
Then He'll call me someday to his (Bb) home far away,  
Where (C7) His glory forever I'll (F) share.

CHORUS

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