

The Old Rugged Cross

Intro: F C F

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

Chorus

And I'll [C]cherish the old rugged [F]cross
until my [Bb]trophies at [C]last I lay [F]down
I will cling to the old rugged [Bb]cross
And [F]exchange it some [C]day for a [F]crown

O that [F]old rugged cross, so des [Bb]pised by the world,
has a [C]wondrous attraction for [F] me [C]
for the [F]dear Lamb of God left his [Bb]glory above
to [C]bear it to dark Calva [F]ry.

In that [F]old rugged cross, stained with [Bb]blood so divine,
a [C]wondrous beauty I [F]see [C]
for 'twas [F]on that old cross Jesus [Bb]suffered and died,
to [C]pardon and sanctify [F]me.

To the [F]old rugged cross I will [Bb]ever be true
Its [C]shame and reproach gladly [F]bear [C]
Then He'll [F]call me some day to my [Bb]home far away
Where His [C]glory forever I'll [F]share

Repeat chorus

Tag:

I will cling to the old rugged [Bb]cross
And [F]exchange it some [C]day for a [F]crown