

# 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.*

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.