

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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