

Guy Penrod - The Old Rugged Cross

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On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
 The emblem of suff'ring and shame;
 And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
 For a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross.
 Till my trophies at last I lay down;
 I will cling to the old rugged cross,
 Where His glory forever I'll share.

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.

Acordes

