

Stairway; I was leading the worship during a two night revival meeting at the Salvation Army in 1995. I picked out two or three songs out of the song-books so people could follow along. The crowd was unresponsive and cold as ice with a look that said, Make me sing! They had to attend if they wanted a place to sleep so they just sat there. At that I broke out with Amazing Grace sung to The House of the Rising Sun by the Animals (an old Jesus Freak standard). Sure enough they were all hootin' and shoutin after that, in fact, someone in the back yelled out, "Now sing Stairway To Heaven." I replied that I didn't have that one. Well, that night the Lord showed me how the words to The Old Rugged Cross would fit perfectly. The next night the song, Stairway debuted to a packed crowd! Recorded Thursday February 28, 2013. Copyright © 1995 Jim Hughes/2013 Tree Number 3 Publishing.

On a **C** hill far a **G** way, stood an **F** old rugged **Am** cross,  
 the **C** emblem of **G** suffering and **F** sha **Am** me  
 And I **C** love that old **G** cross, where the **F** dearest and **Am** best,  
 for a **C** world of lost **G** sinners was **F** sla **Am** in  
**C** Ooo **G F Am** . . . and He **C** bought us a **G** stairway to **F** hea **Am** ven

To the **C** old rugged **G** cross, I will **F** ever be **Am** true,  
 it's **C** shame and re **G** proach gladly — **F** bare **Am**  
 Then He'll **C** call me some **G** day, to my **F** home far a **Am** way,  
 where His **C** glory for **G** ever I'll — **F** share **Am D—**  
**Am** Ooo, makes me **D** wonder. . . **Am** Ooo, makes me **D** wonder uh-uh-

Oh that **C** old rugged **G** cross, so des **Am** pised by the world,  
 has a **C** wondrous at **G** traction **F** for **Am** me  
 For the **C** dear Lamb of **G** God left His **Am** glory above,  
 to **C** bear it to **G** dark— **F** cal- **Am** vary **D—**  
**Am** Ooo, makes me **D** wonder. . . (Why'd You ever do it Lord)  
**Am** Ooo, really makes me **D** wonder

In the **C** old rugged **G** cross, stained with **Am** blood so divine,  
 a **C** wondrous **G** beauty — **F** I see **Am**  
 For 'twas **C** on that old **G** cross Jesus **Am** suffered and died,  
 to **C** pardon and **G** sancti—**F** fy **Am** me **D—**  
**Am D Am D** . . . Oh Oh Oh **Am D**

**C** So I'll **G** cherish the **Am** old rugged cross, **C** till my **G** trophies I — **F** lay **Am** down  
**C** I will **G** cling to the **Am** old rugged cross, **C** and ex **G** change them— **F** for a **Am** crown **D—**  
 and it makes me **Am** wonder. . . **D** . . . Ah **Am** . . . **D**

**C** To the **G** old rugged **Am** cross—I will be true, **C** it's **G** shame I will — **F** gladly **Am** bare  
**C** then He'll **G** call me to my **Am** home— far away,  
**C** where His **G** glory—fore **F** ver **Am** share **C** ah **G D—**

**D—D—D—C D—D—D—C G** (solo – Pick up pace) **Am G F (3x)** ah-ah-ah-ah

**Am** O that **G** old rugged **F** cross, **Am** so des **G** pised by the **F** world,  
**Am** has a **G** *wondrous* traction **F** for me  
**Am** In that **G** *old* rugged **F** cross, **Am** stained with **G** blood so di **F** vine,  
**Am** wondrous **G** beauty I **F** see  
**Am** twas **G** on that old **F** cross, **Am** Jesus **G** suffered and **F** *died*,  
**Am** pardon **G** sanctify **F** *me* **Am G F (2x)**  
**(slow) Am G F** . . . And He bought us a stairway, to heaven

On a hill far away, stood an old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame  
and I love that old cross, where the dearest and best, for a world of lost sinners was slain  
Ooo . . . and He bought us a stairway to heaven

To the old rugged cross, I will ever be true, it's shame and reproach gladly bare  
then He'll call me some day, to my home far away, where His glory forever I'll share  
Ooo, makes me wonder. . . Ooo, makes me wonder uh-uh-

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—cal-vary  
Ooo, makes me wonder. . . Ooo, really makes me wonder

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  
. . . Oh Oh Oh

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, till my trophies I lay — down  
I will cling to the old rugged cross, and exchange them—for a crown  
and it makes me wonder. . . Ah . . .

To the old rugged cross—I will be true, it's shame I will gladly bare  
then He'll call me to my home—far away, where His glory—forever share ah ah ah

O that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, has a wondrous traction for me  
in that old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine, a wondrous beauty I see  
twas on that old cross, Jesus suffered and died, to pardon sanctify me  
. . . And He bought us a stairway, to heaven