

# The Old Rugged Cross

George Bennard



1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The  
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a  
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A  
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its



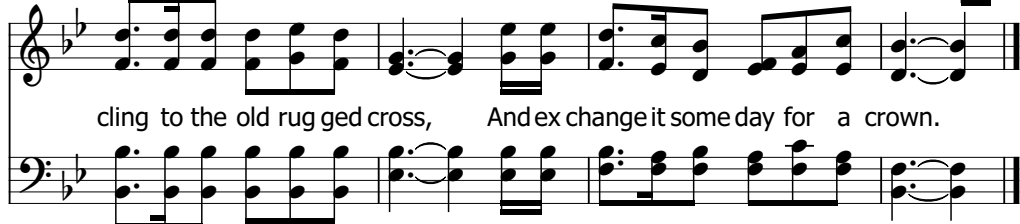
em-blem of suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the  
won-drous at-trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His  
won-der-ful beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus  
shame and re-proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my



dear-est and best For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll  
glo-ry a-bove To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll  
suf-fered and died To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.  
home far a-way, Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.



cher-ish the old rug-ged cross, Till my trophies at last I lay down I will  
cher-ish the cross, the old rug-ged cross,



cling to the old rug-ged cross, And ex-change it some day for a crown.