

# The Old Rugged Cross

George Bennard

B $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $\flat$  $^\circ$  B $\flat$  E $\flat$  E $\flat$  E $\flat$

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross,  
 2. O that old rug-ged cross, so des-pised by the world,  
 3. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true;

F7 F7 B $\flat$  B $\flat$  B $\flat$  $^\circ$  B $\flat$

The em-blem of suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross  
 Has a won-drous at-trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God  
 Its shame and reproach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day

E $\flat$  E $\flat$  $^\circ$  E $\flat$  F7 C/F F7 B $\flat$

where the dear-est and best For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.  
 left His glo-ry a-bove To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.  
 to my home far a-way, Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.

F F7 B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, Till my trophies at last I lay down;  
 cross, the old rugged cross,

B $\flat$  E $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$ /F F7 B $\flat$

I will cling to the old rugged cross, And ex-change it some day for a crown.  
 cross, the old rugged cross,