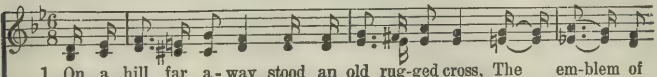


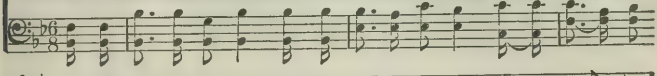
The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

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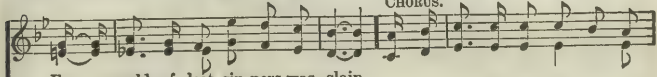
Rev. Geo. Bennard.

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



suf-fring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

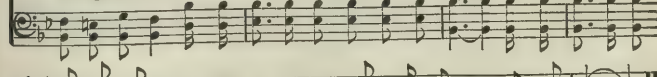
CHORUS.



For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the



cross, Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,



old rug-ged cross, And ex-change ~~is~~ some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

