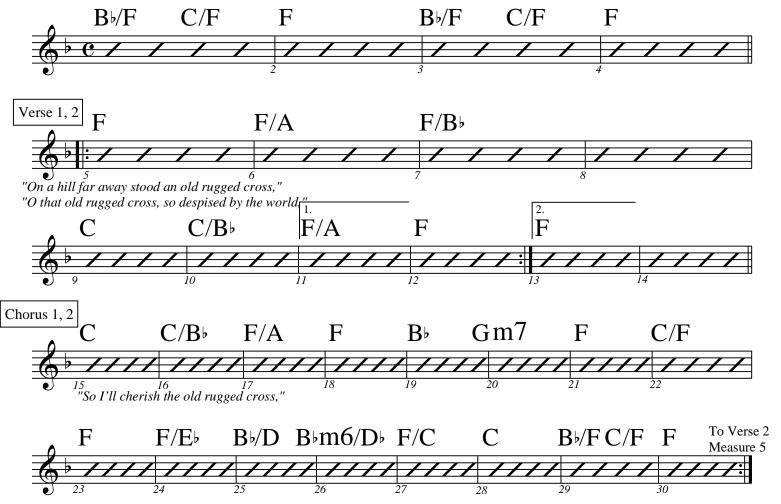
## **Old Rugged Cross**

Words: George Bennard Arranged: Chris Fluitt



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.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross, Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rugged cross, And exchange it some day for a crown. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true; Its shame and reproach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far away, Where His glory forever I'll share.

O 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 Calvary.