

Key B b 6 The Old Rugged Cross by Rev Geo. Bennard

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-god cross, The em-blem of suf-fring and shame,
 m₁·f₁ S₁:-fe:l₁/S₁:-:S₁·S₁ l₁:-:se:th/l₁:-:k₁h₁ t₁:-:l₁/S₁/f₁:S₁:f₁ m₁:-:l₁:-:d₁:-:l₁:-:
 :d₁·r₁ m₁:-:re:re/l₁:-:m₁·m₁ f₁:-:f₁/f₁ f₁:-:f₁·f₁ f₁:-:f₁·m₁/r₁:-:r₁:r₁ d₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:
 :S₁·S₁ d₁:-:d:l₁/d₁:-:d:d f₁:-:t₁:r₁/d₁:-:r₁·r₁ r₁:-:t₁:d/t₁:t₁:S₁ S₁:-:l₁:-:S₁/S₁:S₁:S₁ d₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:
 :d₁·d₁ d₁:-:d:d/d₁/d₁:-:d:d f₁:-:f₁:f₁/f₁:-:f₁·f₁ S₁:-:S₁/S₁/S₁:S₁:S₁ d₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:

And I low-er'd old cross where the dawn-est and best for a world of lost sinners was slain,
 m₁·f₁ S₁:-:fe:l₁/l₁/S₁:-:S₁·S₁ l₁:-:se:th/l₁:-:k₁h₁ t₁:-:l₁/S₁/f₁:m₁:r₁ d:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:
 :d₁·r₁ m₁:-:re:re/m₁:-:m₁·m₁ f₁:-:f₁/f₁ f₁:-:f₁·f₁ f₁:-:f₁·m₁/r₁:-:r₁:r₁ f₁:-:f₁·f₁/l₁:l₁:S₁:f₁ m₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:
 :S₁·S₁ d₁:-:d:l₁/d₁:-:d:d d₁:-:d:l₁/d₁:-:d:d d₁:-:d:l₁/d₁:-:d:d r₁:-:d:d/t₁:t₁:d:t₁ d₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:
 :d₁·d₁ d₁:-:d:d/d₁/d₁:-:d:d f₁:-:f₁:f₁/f₁:-:f₁·f₁ S₁:-:S₁/S₁/S₁:S₁:S₁ d₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:

So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged cross, Till my tro-phies at last I lay down,
 :t₁·d₁ r₁:-:r₁/r₁/r₁:-:d:t₁ d₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:d:t₁ l₁:-:l₁·l₁·l₁/d₁:-:t₁:l₁ S₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:
 :r₁·m₁ f₁:-:f₁/f₁/f₁:-:f₁ f₁:-:f₁·f₁/m₁:-:S₁·S₁ f₁:-:f₁·f₁/l₁:l₁:S₁:f₁ m₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:
 :S₁·S₁ t₁:-:t₁:t₁/t₁:-:S₁ S₁:f₁:l₁/S₁:-:d:d d:-:d:l₁/d₁:-:d:d d₁:-:d:l₁/d₁:-:d:d m₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:
 :S₁·S₁ S₁:-:S₁/S₁:-:S₁ S₁:d₁:-:d₁/d₁:-:d:d f₁:-:f₁:f₁:f₁:f₁:f₁:f₁:f₁:f₁ d₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:

I will cling to the old rug-ged cross, A-ter change it some day for a crown,
 :S₁·d₁ m₁:-:m:m:m₁:f:~m₁ l₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:f:f m₁:-:r₁:d₁S₁:t₁:r₁ d:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:
 :m₁·m₁ S₁:-:S₁/S₁/S₁:l₁:S₁ f₁:-:f₁:f₁/f₁:-:l₁·l₁ S₁:-:f₁:-:m₁/f₁:f₁:f₁ m₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:
 :d₁·d₁ d₁:-:d:d/d₁/d₁:-:d:d d₁:-:d:l₁/d₁:-:d:d d₁:-:d:l₁/d₁:-:d:d d₁:-:d:l₁/d₁:-:d:d S₁:-:S₁:-:S₁:-:
 :d₁·d₁ d₁:-:d:d/d₁/d₁:-:d:d f₁:-:f₁:f₁:f₁/f₁:-:f₁·f₁ S₁:-:S₁:-:S₁/S₁/S₁:S₁:S₁ d₁:-:l₁:-:l₁:-:

2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,
 Has a wondrous ab-ec-tion for me,
 For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above,
 To bear it to dark Calvary.

3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so di-vine,
 A won-drous beauty I see;
 For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
 To pardon our sin-ning me.

4. To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
 Its shame and re-prach gladly bear,
 Then he'll call me some day to my home far a-way,
 Where His glory for ever I'll share.