

He Took Your Place

Porter Wagoner

HE TOOK YOUR PLACE

Writers Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs Upon the rugged cross of Calvary

Was there my blessed Savior cried

Forgive them for they know not what they do

Oh, sinner friend, for thee he died

His hands are gently knocking on your door

Outside he's pleading to come in

His heart is breaking as he waits for you

To wash you free from every sin

Someday he's coming back to claim his own

We'll fly to Heaven's golden shore

A crown of life he gives on that glad day

With him we'll live forever more

Those cruel thorns they pierced my Savior's head

The blood was flowing down his face

In shame, forsaken there he hung and died

Oh, sinner friend, he took you place

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