

Porter Wagoner, He Took Your Place

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 your place