

One Solitary Life

Bill Anderson

Jesus Jesus Jesus sweetest name I know
He was born in an obscure village
The son of a simple peasant woman
He grew up in another small town
And worked with his father in a carpenter shop until He was thirty
And then for three years he was what we might call a traveling preacher
He never wrote a book He never held political office
The places He did go He usually walked
He never did any of the things that one normally associates with greatness
He had no credentials but himself
When He was only thirty-three years old
The tide of public opinion turned against Him
Some of His friends deserted Him, One denied Him
One even betrayed Him and turned Him over to His enemies
He went through the mockery of a trial
He was nailed to a cross between two thieves
While He was dying His executioners gambled for His only possession
His robe, His purple robe
When He was dead, he was taken from the cross
And laid in a borrowed grave
Provided by the compassion of friends
Almost twenty wide centuries have since come and gone
And today this man is the centerpiece of the human race
The leader in the column of mankind problems
I think I am well with in the mark
That all the armies that ever marched
All the navies that ever sailed the seven seas
All the legislative bodies that ever met
All the kings and rulers that have ever reigned
And all put together have not affected the life of man here on this earth
As much as that one solitary life
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus Sweetest name I know
Sweetest name I know I know

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