

# The One, The Only

Jeremy Riddle

He grew up right among us  
No regal form, no majesty  
Despised and rejected  
A man whom we did not esteem

A man of many sorrows  
A man acquainted with grief  
When He came to His own  
His very own did not receive

Not a sound did He utter  
Not a cry in His defense  
Though innocent and blameless  
For He knew why He was sent

He embraced the worst of suffering  
He endured the cross, the nails, the pain  
That us lost and lowly sinners  
Would know His love and know His grace

Look upon the face of mercy  
His wounds that bring us peace  
For God has laid upon His Son  
The world's iniquity

Who will believe this message?  
Who's been given eyes to see?  
This man of lowly birth  
Is Christ your Lord and King

Behold His glory, the One and the Only