The Lost Sheep

1. The ninety and nine, His dear ones that stay, The shepherd is leaving alone. To haste o'er the hills and valleys away, In search of the wandering one. Come home, My lambs, come home! Come home, My lambs, come home! The shepherd is calling, in accents of love, Is calling the wanderers home.

2. Oh, children of God, your good shepherd hear, He loveth the sheep of His fold, The wanderers to seek His voice soundeth near, O'er mountains so dreary and cold. Come home, My lambs, come home! Come home, My lambs, come home! The shepherd is calling, in accents of love, Is calling the wanderers home.

3. Ye lost ones return and follow His voice, The shepherd will meet you, and then The angels above, shall sing and rejoice, As home-ward, He bears you again. Come home, My lambs, come home! Come home, My lambs, come home! The shepherd is calling, in accents of love, Is calling the wanderers home.

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