The Ninety And Nine

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold, But the Shepherd made answer: All the way, Far off from the gates of gold; Alas!

2. Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine Are they not enough for Thee? But one was out on the deep were the waters crossed Nor how dark was the night that the hills a-way, Far from Me, And all that was lost. Far Lord passed thru ere He found His sheep that was gone a-stray ere the Shepherd could bring him back, Lord, gate of heav’n, Rejoice I have found My sheep, And the

3. But none of the ransomed ever knew How they not enough for Thee? But one was out on the deep were the waters crossed Nor how dark was the night that the hills a-way, Far from Me, And all that was lost. Far Lord passed thru ere He found His sheep that was gone a-stray ere the Shepherd could bring him back, Lord, gate of heav’n, Rejoice I have found My sheep, And the

4. Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way That marks out the mountain’s track? They were shed for one who had up from the rocky steep, There arose a glad cry to the

5. But all thru the mountains, thunder riv’n And this of mine has wandered away from Me, And all that was lost. Far Lord passed thru ere He found His sheep that was gone a-stray ere the Shepherd could bring him back, Lord, gate of heav’n, Rejoice I have found My sheep, And the
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way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the tender
tho’ the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to
out in the desert He heard its cry, ’Twas sick and help-less and
whence are Thy hands so rent and torn? They’re pierc’d to-night by
angels echoed a-round the throne, Re-joice for the Lord brings

Shepherd’s care, A-way from the tender Shepherd’s care.
find My sheep, I go to the desert to find My sheep.
read-y to die. ’Twas sick and help-less and read-y to die.
man-y a thorn, They’re pierc’d to-night by man-y a thorn.
back His own, Re-joice for the Lord brings back His own.