No. 570.

The Ninety and Nine.

E. C. Clephane.

To be sung only as a Solo.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold, But one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer; "This of mine has wandered away from cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was gold— Away on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the tender me. And, although the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to lost. Out in the desert He heard its cry—Sick and helpless, and read-

Shepherd's care, Away from the tender Shepherd's care. Find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep; ready to die, Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4.
"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back,"
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5.
But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rocky steep, There rose a glad cry to the gate of heaven, "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the Angels echoed around the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"