There were ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away far

The Ninety and Nine

(SA)

by Linda Hartman
words: Elizabeth Clephane
(adapted 1868)
off from the gates of gold.

Away on the mountains wild and bare, 

Away from the Shepherd's tender care.

Lord, thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; are they not enough for
Thee? The Shepherd made answer "This of mine has
wandered away from me, And although the road be
rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."
(Unison)

But none of the ransomed
ever knew how deep were the waters crossed; Nor

how dark the night the Lord passed through 'ere He found His sheep that was lost.

Out in the desert He heard its cry, 'Twas
sick and helpless; no shelter was nigh.

Out on the mountains through snow and frost the Shepherd searched for the

lamb that was lost. Over the hills through the rain and wind the
Shepherd seeks for the soul who is lost.

From the mountains and through the hills and up from the rocky...
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n: "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"

Then the angels echoed a round the throne: "Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own."