

The Ninety and Nine

Text: Elizabeth C. Celphane

Music: Ira D. Sankey

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 gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care."



"Lord Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But 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.

And all through the mountains, thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gates of heav'n,
"Rejoice, I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."

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