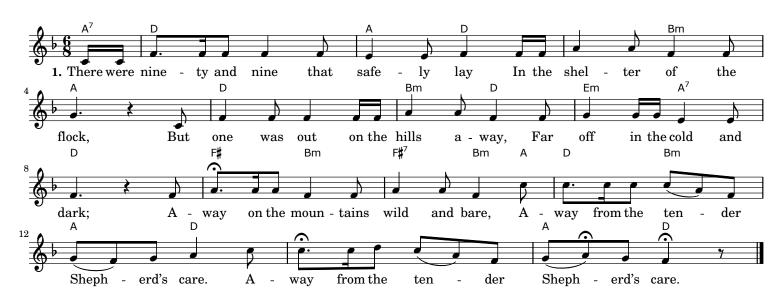
There were ninety and nine that safely lay

Gospel — General

1077

(Guitar: Capo 3)



- 2. "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."
- 3. But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed;
 Nor how dark was the night which the Lord passed through
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 Out in the bleak desert He heard its cry—
 All bleeding 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're pierced tonight by many a thorn."

5. And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a 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!"

 $(Repeat\ the\ last\ line\ of\ each\ stanza)$