

"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 tonight by many a thorn;
They are pierced tonight by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder riven
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose 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!
Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"