

The Ninety and Nine-Ira Sankey  
Words: Elizabeth Clephane, 1868  
Music: Ira Sankey, 1874

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.  
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,  
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed through  
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry,  
Sick and helpless and ready to die;  
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

"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!"