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 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.
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
Ah 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...
steep, There arose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n "Re-

Broaden to end

round the throne "Re-joice! Re-joice! Re-
joice! for the Lord brings back His own."