

Andrew Peterson, The Ninety And Nine

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

"Oh thou hast here thy ninety and nine
Are they not enough for thee?"
But our shepherd made answer:
"This of mine has wandered away from me!
And though the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep!
I go to the desert to find me sheep!"

None of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed though
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

But all though the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep
There rose a glad cry at 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!
Rejoice for the Lord brings back his own!"