

# The Ninety And Nine

Andrew Peterson

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 far 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 my sheep"

But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed  
Nor how dark was the night that 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

But all through the mountains, thunder riven  
And up from the rocky steep  
There rose a glad cry at the gates 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!"