

The Lost Sheep

Writer: Unknown, Public Domain | **Key:** F | **Time:** 3:53

Verse 1

The sheltering fold held securely
The ninety and nine safe within.
But one poor lost sheep had no shelter,
Far out in the desert of sin.
And the terror of night fell around it,
And filled its poor heart with alarm.
But the Good Shepherd sought till He found it,
And He gathered it safe in His arms.

Verse 2

The night was so dark and so stormy,
And stony and steep stretched the path,
But the Good Shepherd's feet never faltered
As He faced the wild tempest of wrath.
For His heart it grew heavy and wistful
As He thought of that one sheep astray,
And when He returned to the sheepfold,
On His shoulder in safety, it lay.

Verse 3

The sheep that was lost felt so happy,
As it lay on the Good Shepherd's breast.
For His arms were so strong and so tender,
That his heart felt a sweet, tranquil rest.
And the night and the storm spent its fury,
As the sunrise at last brought the day.
And the sheep that had wandered in darkness,
Once again in the fold safely lay.

Tag

Through the tempest, through the night, He went seeking,
And He sought it at such fearful cost.

I'm so glad that He sought till He found it,
For I am the sheep that was lost.