

# There were ninety and nine

I.D. Sankey, 1840-1908

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble clef begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4 and B4, then a dotted quarter note C5, and a quarter note B4. The bass line starts with a quarter note G2, followed by quarter notes A2 and B2, then a dotted quarter note C3, and a quarter note B2. The system continues with similar rhythmic patterns and chordal accompaniment.

The second system of musical notation continues from the first system. It begins with a measure rest in the treble clef, followed by a quarter note G4, then quarter notes A4 and B4, and a dotted quarter note C5. The bass line continues with quarter notes G2, A2, and B2, followed by a dotted quarter note C3 and a quarter note B2. The system concludes with a quarter note G4 in the treble and a quarter note G2 in the bass.

The third system of musical notation begins with a measure rest in the treble clef, followed by a quarter note G4, then quarter notes A4 and B4, and a dotted quarter note C5. The bass line continues with quarter notes G2, A2, and B2, followed by a dotted quarter note C3 and a quarter note B2. The system concludes with a quarter note G4 in the treble and a quarter note G2 in the bass.

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!

Elizabeth Clephane