

INA DULEY OGDEN.

IRA B. WILSON.

SOLO.



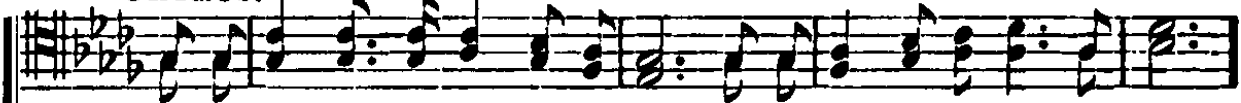
1. Lo; the night storm breaks, and the Shepherd calls his sheep and lambs to the fold,
2. How the sad winds moan, how the waters roar, The Father's house, oh, how bright,
3. But the Shep-herd said, "He is weak and ill, Is blind and lost in the strife,
4. So, for those who stray from the paths of right, Thro' valley, mountains and flood,



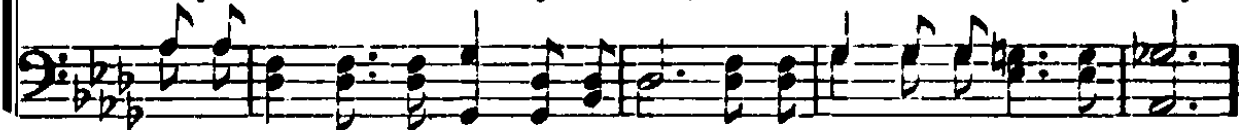
Yet his ten-der voice ev-er plead-ing falls, For one out-side in the cold.
 Loving Shep-herd dear, to thy loss give o'er, A-bide at home thro' the night.
 And my Fa-ther's will, I would well ful-fill, Would ransom him with my life."
 He is seek-ing ev-er by day and night, And sav-ing all by his blood.



CHORUS.



Are you one of the nine-ty and nine, That are safe in the fold to-day?



Are you one of the nine-ty and nine, Or one that has wandered a-way?



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