

THE NINETY AND NINE.

Words by ELIZABETH G. CLEPHANE.

Music by EDWARD CAMPION.

Lento ma non troppo.

Piano introduction in F major, 4/4 time. The music is marked *p* (piano) and *dim.* (diminuendo). It features a slow, arpeggiated melody in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Recit. (Isaiah liii. 51.)

Key Ab. Lah is F.

But He was wounded for our trans-gressions, He was bruised for our in-

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is in F major, 4/4 time, with a recitative-like melody. The piano accompaniment is marked *ppp* (pianissimo) and features a simple bass line.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line continues the melody, and the piano accompaniment is marked *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "i - quities; the chastisement of our peace was up - on Him; and with His stripes we are".

Con moto.

F. t. m. l.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The vocal line is in F major, 4/4 time, with a more active melody. The piano accompaniment is marked *dolce* (dolce) and features a simple bass line. The lyrics are: "healed. There were nine-ty and nine that safe-ly lay In the shelter of the".

C. t.

fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold. A

f. F.

way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the ten-der Shepherd's care, from the

quasi-recitativo, ad lib.

ten-der Shep-herd's care. Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine, Are they

a tempo poco animato

not e-nough for Thee? But the Shep-herd made an-swer, "This of mine Has

dolce

wandered a-way from me; And al-though the road be rough and steep, I go to the de-sert to

f find my sheep?" *pp* But none of the ransomed e-ver knew How

ppp

C.t.

deep were the wa-ters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord went thro', Ere He

f. F.

found His sheep that was lost. Out in the de-sert He heard its cry, Sick and helpless and

par-

rea-dy to die, sick and helpless and rea-dy to die. Lord,

pp espress.

tranquillo
lando

s.d.f. Ab.

whence are these blood-drops all the way, That mark out the mountain's track? "They were

shed for one who had gone a-stray, Ere the Shep-herd could bring him

se back.

Lord, whence are Thy hands so

dolcissimo

rit. espressivo

rent and torn? "They are pierced to night by many a thorn."

p *poco cres.*

sempre cres. *molto cres.*

ff *F.t.m.l.* *grandioso*

But all thro' the mountains thun-der-riven, And up from the roc-ky

C. t.

steep. There came a cry to the gate of Heaven, Re -

f. f. *cres. e accel.*

joice! I have found my sheep. And the an - gels e-choed round the

mp *accel. e cres.*

poco rit.

throne, the an - gels e-choed round the throne: Re -

Ad.

con tutta forza

joice, re - joice! for the Lord, the Lord brings back His own!

ff *pesante*