

## **The Hundredth Lamb by Jackie Hixson**

**Ninety-nine lambs, sheltered and warm.  
Ninety-nine lambs, safe from the storm.  
All of them trusting the Shepherd alone  
but the littlest one who went off on his own.**

**A fine adventure at first he thought  
as he scampered and played and ran.  
He sniffed at the flowers in the warm sun.  
Said, "I can be free—yes, I can!"  
All afternoon he gaveled and played  
then looked for a stream for his thirst.  
Began to fret when no water he found  
and as darkness came, feared for the worst.**

**Backing up in great terror he fell.  
He slipped on some stones and he slid  
over the edge to the bottom he went  
with a clattering, trembling skid.**

**He cried and he bleated.  
He tried to arise  
but fell back in blackness  
no moon lit the skies.**

**He thought, "there's no hope—  
I'll die here" he wept.  
How he wished for the Shepherd  
and the sheep that He kept.**

**He heard a slight noise.  
His fear greatly grew  
but quick joy took its place;  
it was a voice that he knew.**

**O Master you left the other sheep safe  
and came away looking for me.  
I'll never again leave—I'll stay in the nest  
of the Love that's brought refuge to me.**