Suppose you owned a hundred sheep
And one wandered away when you fell asleep
Wouldn't you leave the rest to find
The one that left. Aren't you inclined
To seek the one that you own
Though you must leave the rest alone
And when you find the sheep off track
What would you do to get him back?
Would you simply hand him a map?
Or perhaps you might try and give him a slap
No, you would lift him right off his feet
And carry him home all the way down the street.
Rejoicing all the way you go.
Just as God does, you know.
For there is more rejoicing over one who repents
Than over those who simply stayed in the fence