

I Think When I Read That Sweet Story

Vocal solo (higher voices)

Music by Leah Ashton Lloyd

Lyrics by Jemima Luke

Arrangement and added lyrics by Craig Petrie

$\text{♩} = 120$

Freely and Expressively

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The time signature is 3/4 throughout. The key signature has two flats. The music is arranged for higher voices. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with some words appearing below the staff. The first section of lyrics is: "I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was". The second section continues: "here a - mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren like lambs to his fold, I should". The third section begins: "like to have been with him then. I wish that his hands had been". The music includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *mp*.

© 2001 by Craig Petrie
401 Santa Fe Trail, Cary, IL 60013
petrie@ieee.org

Making copies for non-commercial use is permitted.
More LDS sheet music can be downloaded for free at <http://www.petriefamily.org/lsmusic>.

placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown a-round me, _____ That I might have
 seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me." _____ Yet
 though I was not with him then, I know I can fol - low to -
 day! I *mp* think when I read that sweet sto - ry. a-gain, That
 Je - sus is not far a - way, And *mf* so I will fol - low to -

2

3
4
3
4
3
4

day. ————— *p* The
rit.
 joy of the sinner when brought to the light, The face of the lep - er made clean,
p
 The tears of the blind man when giv - en his sight, What won- drous things I might have
 seen! ————— *mf* Yet still to his foot - stool in prayer I may go, And
 ask for a share in his love; And if I thus ear - nest - ly

seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove. And
 though I was not with him then, I know I can fol - low to -
 day! I *f* think when I read that sweet sto - ry a -
 gain, That Je - sus is not far a - way, And so I will
 fol - low to - day.
rit. *a tempo*