

Echoes from Heaven

Thomas R. Sweatmon, 1918

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♩=95

1. As I la - bor for Je - sus in His vine - yard be - low, Grow - ing
2. I am near - ing fair Ca - naan as I jour - ney each day, There no
3. When I en - ter the pear - ly gates all shin - ing with gold, And I'm

wea - ry, my foot - steps are so fee - ble, and slow; But the ech - oes from Hea - ven come to
trea - sures so pre - cious that could tempt me to stay; For my spir - it is long - ing for the
view - ing Heav'n's beau - ties that have ne - ver been told, I'll be long - ing for Je - sus and to

Refrain
com - fort me then, And I'm long - ing to hear those heav'n - ly ech - oes a - gain.
man - sions on high, And the ech - oes are call - ing me from o - ver the sky. Oh! the
kneel at His feet, While the voic - es of an - gels ech - o 'round me so sweet.

e - cho from Hea - ven reach - es me, Oh! the an - gels' sweet voic - es are so pleas - ing to me. I will
reach - es me,

la - bor for Je - sus and the glo - ry of men, While the ech - oes from Hea - ven doth my path - way at - tend.