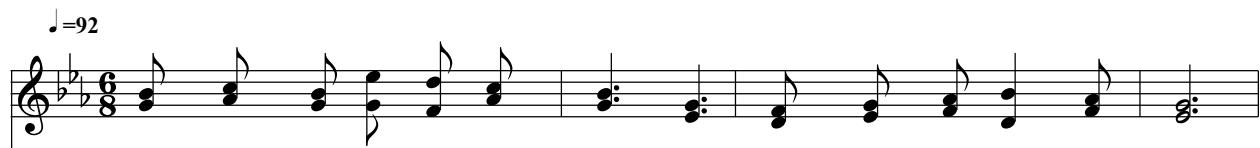


Echoes of Glory

John McPherson, 1888

John Franklin Kinsey



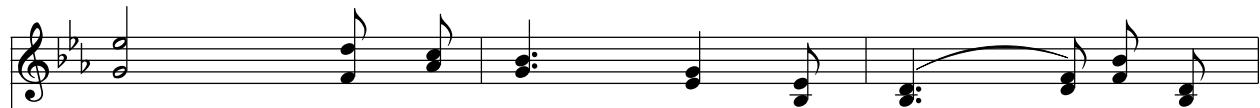
1. "E - choes of glo - ry" are ring - ing Down thro' the gates so fair;
2. "E - choes of glo - ry" are sweet - ly Com - ing to cheer the weak,
3. "E - choes of glo - ry" come ev - er Tell - ing of rest at last,



Refrain



News of sweet rest they are bring-ing, To hearts that are wea-ry with care. Oh!
Fill - ing the soul thus com - plete-ly, With love that the sor - row - ing seek. Oh!
When we shall cross o'er the riv - er, And life with its tur - moil is past. Oh!



"E - choes of glo - ry" From an - gels so
Ech - oes of glo - ry, yes, e - choes of glo - ry, From an - gels so fair, bright



fair, List to the mu - sic, That floats on the air.
an-gels so fair, List to the mu-sic, the heav-en-ly mu-sic, That floats on the air.