

Echoes of Glory
John McPherson, 1888.
J. F. Kinsey.

"Echoes of glory" are ringing
Down thro' the gates so fair;
News of sweet rest they are bringing,
To hearts that are weary with care.

Refrain

Oh! "Echoes of glory"
From angels so fair,
List to the music,
That floats on the air.

"Echoes of glory" are sweetly
Coming to cheer the weak,
Filling the soul thus completely,
With love that the sorrowing seek.

Refrain

"Echoes of glory" come ever
Telling of rest at last,
When we shall cross o'er the river,
And life with its turmoil is past.

Refrain