

The Morning Hangs a Signal

♩ = 60 F# F# C# F#

1. The morn - ing hangs a sig - nal up
 2. A - bove the gen - er - a - tions the
 3. The soul has lift - ed mo - ments, a -

3 B F# G#m C# F# F# C#

on the moun - tain crest, while all the sleep - ing
 lone - ly proph - ets rise, while truth flares as the
 -bove the drift - of days, when life's great mean - ing

6 F# D#m A#m B D#m G#m C#

val - leys in si - lent dark - ness
 day - star with - in their glow - ing
 break - eth in sun - rise on our

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F# B F# G#m C#7 D#m C# F#

rest. From peak to peak it flash - es, it
eyes; and oth - er eyes, be - hold - ing, are
ways. Be - hold the ra - diant to - ken of

11

C# B F# C# C#7 D#m C# F#

laughs a - long the sky, till glo - ry of the
kin - dled from that flame; and dawn be - comes the
faith a - bove all fear; night shall re - lease its

14

F# B#dim C# F# D#m F# B C#7 F#

sun - light on all the land shall lie.
morn - ing, when proph - ets love pro - claim.
splen - dor that morn - ing shall ap - pear.