

# The Morning Hangs a Signal

$\text{♩} = 60$  F# F# C# F# B F# G#m C#

1. The morn-ing\_ hangs a sig - nal up on the moun - tain  
 2. A - bove the\_ gen - er - a - tions the lone - ly proph - ets  
 3. The soul has\_ lift - ed mo - ments, a - bove the drift of

4 crest, while all the\_ sleep - ing val - leys in  
 rise, while truth flares as the day - star with -  
 days, when life's great mean - ing break - eth in

7 si - lent dark - ness rest. From peak to peak it flash - es, it  
 - in their glow - ing eyes; and oth - er eyes, be - hold - ing, are  
 sun - rise on\_ our ways. Be - hold the ra - diant to - ken of

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