

The Morning Hangs a Signal

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

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-in
 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.