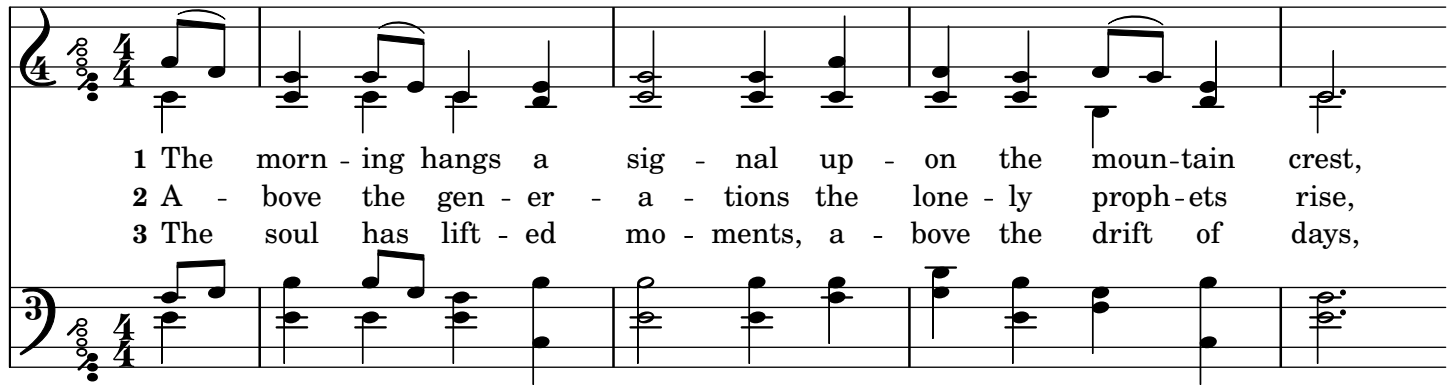


The morning hangs a signal

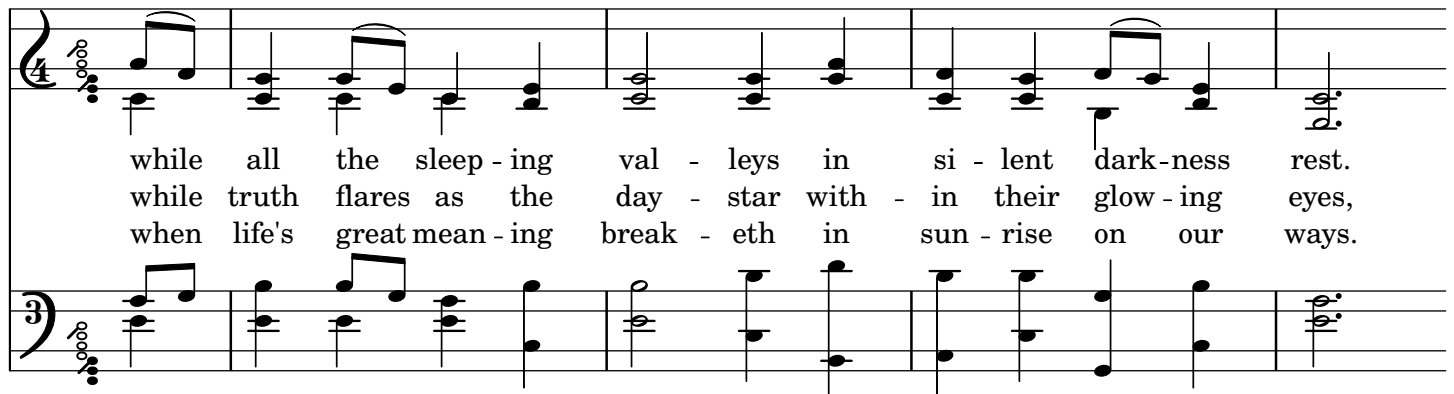
Text: William Channing Gannett (1768-1852), rev.

Music: William Lloyd, 1840

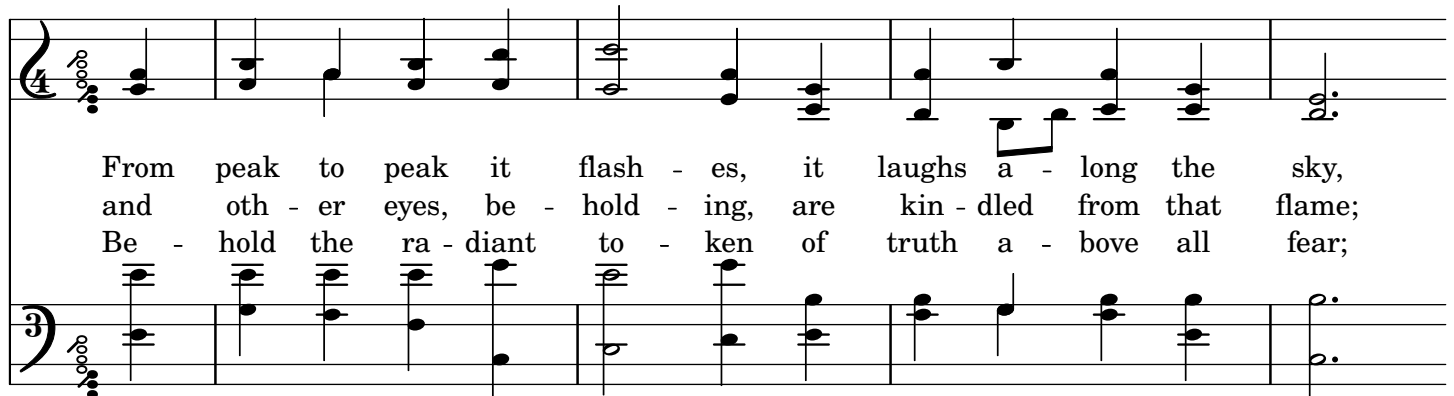
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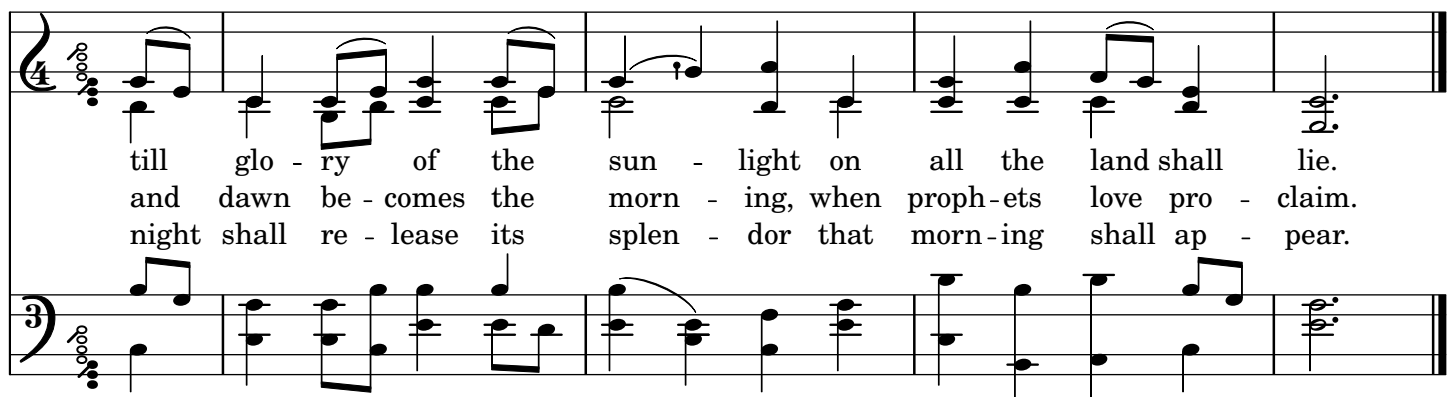
1 The morn - ing hangs a sig - nal up - on the moun-tain crest,
2 A - bove the gen - er - a - tions the lone - ly proph-ets rise,
3 The soul has lift - ed mo - ments, a - bove the drift of days,



while all the sleep - ing val - leys in si - lent dark-ness rest.
while truth flares as the day - star with - in their glow - ing eyes,
when life's great mean - ing break - eth in sun - rise on our ways.



From peak to peak it flash - es, it laughs a - long the sky,
and oth - er eyes, be - hold - ing, are kin - dled from that flame;
Be - hold the ra - diant to - ken of truth a - bove all fear;



till glo - ry of the sun - light on all the land shall lie.
and dawn be - comes the morn - ing, when proph-ets love pro - claim.
night shall re - lease its splen - dor that morn-ing shall ap - pear.