

# The morning hangs a signal

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

Music: William Lloyd, 1840

MEIRIONYDD 76.76 D

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-lase its splen-dor that morn-ing shall ap-pear.