

William C. Gannett

The Morning Hangs Its Signal

William Lloyd

1. The morn - ing hangs its sig - nal Up - on the mountain
2. A - bove the gen - er - a - tions The lone - ly pro - phets
3. The soul hath lift - ed mo - ments, A - bove the drift of

4
crest, While all the sleep - ing val - leys In
rise, The Truth flings dawn and day - star With -
days, When life's great mean - ing break - eth In

7
si - lent dark - ness rest; From peak to peak it
in their glow - ing eyes; From heart to heart it
sun - rise on — our ways; From hour to hour it

10
flash - es, It laughs a - long the sky, And
bright - ens, It draw - eth ev - er nigh, And
haunts us, The vis - ion draws us nigh, We

13
splen - dor on the hill - tops O'er all the land shall lie.
age to age it — grow - eth, That ra - diant faith so high.
see the rose of morn - ing, A glo - ry in the sky.