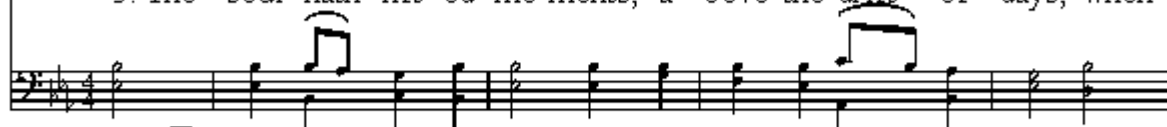


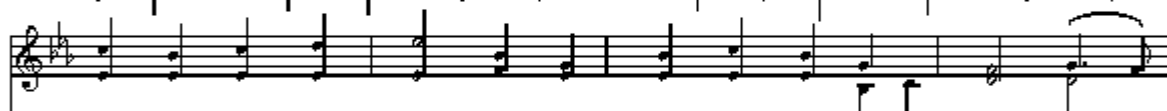
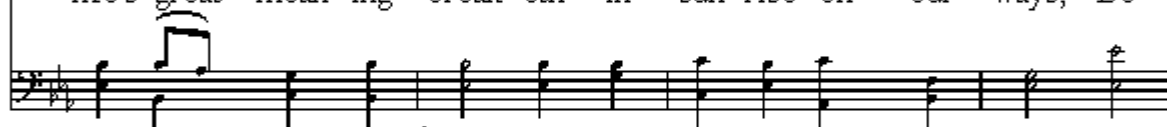
90R The Morning Hangs a Signal



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



all the sleep - ing val - leys in sil - ent dark - ness rest; From
truth flings dawn and day - star with - in their glow - ing eyes; And
life's great mean - ing break - eth in sun - rise on our ways; Be -



peak to peak it flash - es, it laughs a - long the sky, til
oth - er eyes, be - hold - ing, are kind - led from that flame, and
- hold the ra - diant to - ken of faith a - bove all fear; Night



glo - ry of the sun - light on all the land doth lie.
dawn be - com - eth morn - ing, as proph - ehts Love pro - claim.
soon shall end its splen - dor that morn - ing shall ap - pear.



Lyrics: William Channing Gannett, rev. REH (2007)
Music: MEIRIONYDD (7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.), William Lloyd (1840)