

## School Thy Feelings

(Men's Choir)

*Resolutely* ♩ = 66-80*Melody*

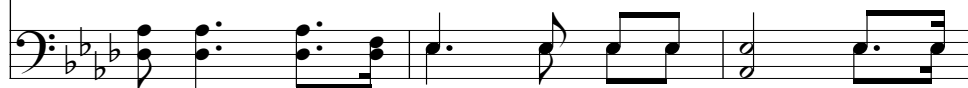
1. School thy feel - ings, O my broth - er; Train thy  
 2. School thy feel - ings; con - dem - na - tion Nev - er  
 3. Should af - flic - tion's ac - rid vi - al Burst o'er



warm, im - pul - sive soul. Do not its e - mo - tions  
 pass on friend or foe, Though the tide of ac - cu -  
 thy un - shel - tered head, School thy feel - ings to the

*Melody*

smoth - er, But let wis - dom's voice con - trol. School thy  
 sa - tion Like a flood of truth may flow. Hear de -  
 tri - al; Half its bit - ter - ness hath fled. Art thou



feel - ings; there is pow - er In the cool, col - lect - ed  
 fense be - fore de - cid - ing, And a ray of light may  
 false - ly, base - ly, slan - dered? Does the world be - gin to



mind. Pas - sion shat - ters rea - son's tow - er, Makes the  
gleam, Show - ing thee what filth is hid - ing Un - der -  
frown? Gauge thy wrath by wis - dom's stan - dard; Keep thy

clear - est vi - sion blind. *Melody*  
neath the shal - low stream. School thy feel - ings, O my  
ris - ing an - ger down.

broth - er; Train thy warm, im - pul - sive soul. Do not

its e - mo - tions smoth - er, But let wis - dom's voice con - trol.

4. Rest thyself on this assurance:  
Time's a friend to innocence,  
And the patient, calm endurance  
Wins respect and aids defense.  
Noblest minds have finest feelings;  
Quiv'ring strings a breath can move;  
And the gospel's sweet revealings  
Tune them with the key of love.

5. Hearts so sensitively molded  
Strongly fortified should be,  
Trained to firmness and enfolded  
In a calm tranquility.  
Wound not willfully another;  
Conquer haste with reason's might;  
School thy feelings, sister, brother;  
Train them in the path of right.