

School Thy Feelings

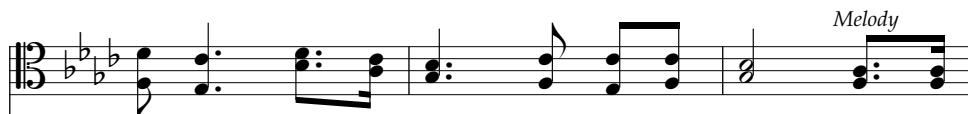
(Men's Choir)

Resolutely ♩ = 66-80*Melody*

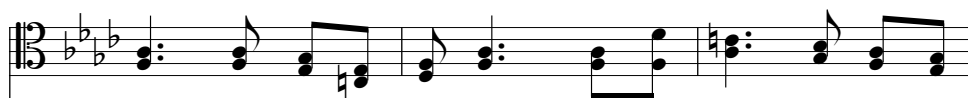
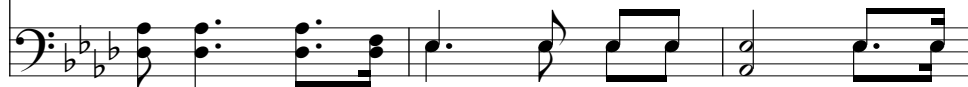
1. School thy feel - ings, O my broth - er; Train thy
 2. School thy feel - ings; con - dem - na - tion Nev - er
 3. Should af - flic - tion's ac - rid vi - al Burst o'er



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. gleam, frown? Pas - sion Show - ing Gauge thy rea - sion's what filth is hid - ing Un - der - shat - ters by wis - dom's stan - dard; Keep thy

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

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.