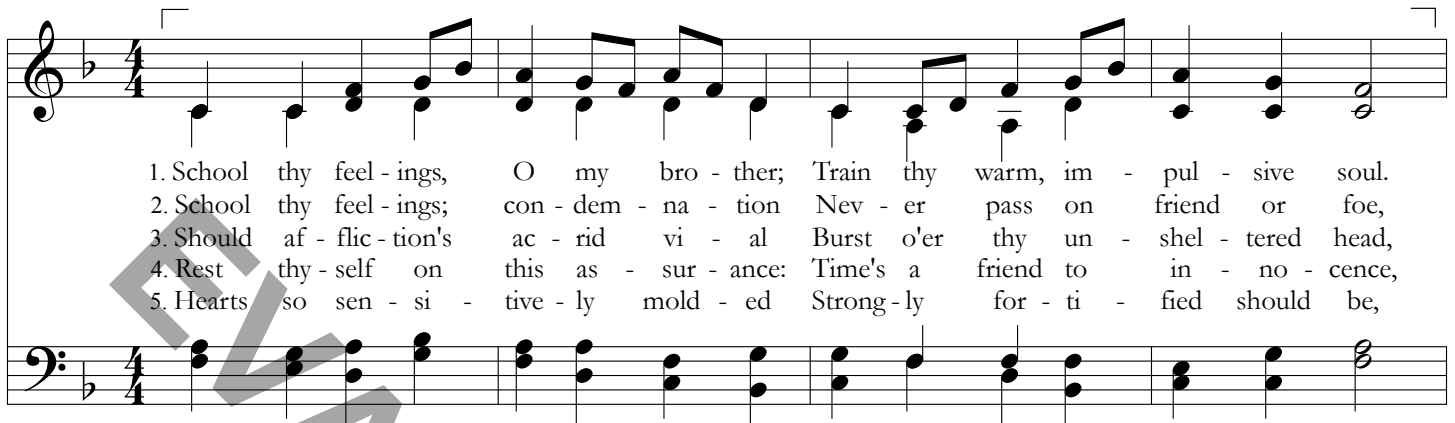


# School Thy Feelings

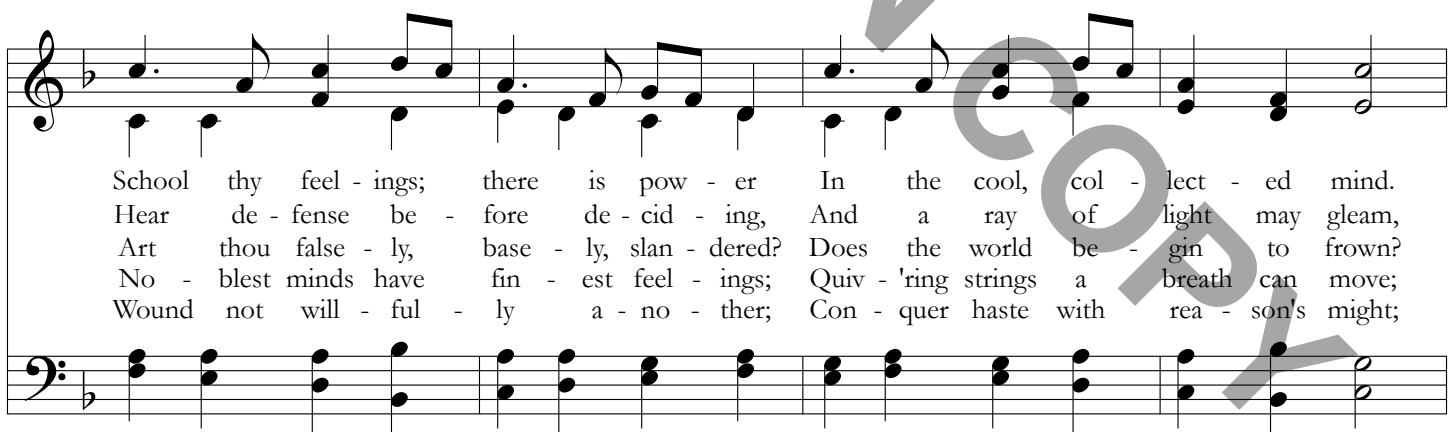
*Resolutely* ♩ = 76-90



1. School thy feel - ings, O my bro - ther; Train thy warm, im - pul - sive soul.  
 2. School thy feel - ings; con - dem - na - tion Nev - er pass on friend or foe,  
 3. Should af - flic - tion's ac - rid vi - al Burst o'er thy un - shel - tered head,  
 4. Rest thy - self on this as - sur - ance: Time's a friend to in - no - cence,  
 5. Hearts so sen - si - tive - ly mold - ed Strong - ly for - ti - fied should be,



Do not its e - mo - tions smo - ther, But let wis - dom's voice con - trol.  
 Though the tide of ac - cu - sa - tion Like a flood of truth may flow.  
 School thy feel - ings to the tri - al; Half its bit - ter - ness hath fled.  
 And the pa - tient, calm en - du - rance Wins re - spect and aids de - fense.  
 Trained to firm - ness and en - fold - ed In a calm tran - quil - i - ty.



School thy feel - ings; there is pow - er In the cool, col - lect - ed mind.  
 Hear de - fense be - fore de - cid - ing, And a ray of light may gleam,  
 Art thou false - ly, base - ly, slan - dered? Does the world be - gin to frown?  
 No - blest minds have fin - est feel - ings; Quiv - 'ring strings a breath can move;  
 Wound not will - ful - ly a - no - ther; Con - quer haste with rea - son's might;

Pas - sion shat - ters rea - son's tow - er, Makes the clear - est vi - sion blind.  
Show - ing thee what filth is hid - ing Un - der - neath the shal - low stream.  
Gauge thy wrath by wis - dom's stan - dard; Keep thy ri - sing an - ger down.  
And the gos - pel's sweet re - veal - ings Tune them with the key of love.  
School thy feel - ings, sis - ter, bro - ther; Train them in the path of right.

*Text:* Charles W. Penrose, 1832-1925  
*Music:* Early American tune; alt.

LORD, REVIVE US  
8 7 8 7 D