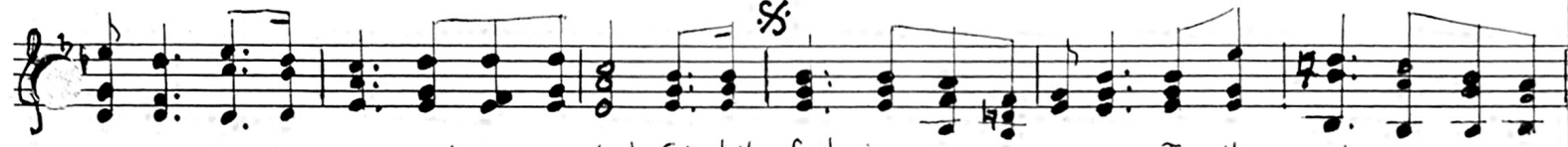




1. School thy feelings, O my brothers; Train thy warm im-pul-sive soul; Do not its e-mo-tions
 3. Should af-flic-tion's a-crid vi-al, Burst'er thy un-sheltered head, School thy feelings to the
 5. Heart so sen-si-tive-ly mold'ed, Strongly for-ti-fied should be, Trained to firmness and en-



smother, But let wis-dom's voice con-trol. School thy feel-ings; there is power In the cool, col-lect-ed
 trial; Half its bit-ter-ness hath fled. Art thou false-ly, basely slan-dered? Does the world be-gin to
 folded In a calm tran-qui-li-ty. Wound not wil-fully an-oth-er; Can du-er haste with reason's
 minds have finest feelings; Gwirring strings a breath can



mind; Passion shat-ters rea-son's tow-er, Makes the clear-est vision blind, School thy feel-ings, O my
 gleam; showing thee what filth is, hiding Un-der-neath the shallow stream.
 frown? Gauge thy wrath by wis-dom's stand-ards; Keep thy ris-ing anger down.
 move; And the gos-pel's sweet re-vealings, Tune them with the Key of love.
 might; School thy feelings, sis-ter, broth-er; Train them in the path of right.



bro-ther; Train thy warm impulsive soul; Do not its e-mo-tion smother, But let



wis-dom's voice con-trol. 2. School thy feel-ings; Con-dem-na-tion Nev-er pass on friend or
 4. Rest thy self on this as-sur-ance: Time's a friend to in-no-



foe, Though the tide of ac-cu-sa-tion Like a flood of truth may flow. Hear de-
 cense, And the pa-tient, calm en-dur-ance Wins re-spect and aids de-fense, No-blest