1. School thy feelings, O my brother; Train thy warm, impulsive soul. Do not its emotions pass on friend or foe, Though the tide of emotions, thy unsheltered head, School thy feelings to the smotherer, But let wisdom's voice control. School thy salvation Like a flood of truth may flow. Hear de-

2. School thy feelings; condemnation Never trial; Half its bitterness hath fled. Art thou feelings; there is power In the cool, collected sense before deciding, And a ray of light may falsely, base, slandered? Does the world begin to
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.

Text: Charles W. Penrose, 1832–1925. © 1948 IRI
Music: George F. Root, 1820–1895

Alma 38:12
Proverbs 16:32