

## The Charge By Angie Fuller

[from: Deaf Mute's Journal (August 1880) with note "Composed 1871/Revised 1880"]

Tell woman to be strong before temptation.  
    Promptly to speak that short, yet firm word,  
        *No!*  
And without dallying or hesitation  
    Bid the tempter from her presence go.

Tell her that promises of passions waking  
    Are seldom kept, though sounding sweetly fair;  
They are but short-lived flowers of Satan's taking  
    To hide a snare: --a deep a fatal snare.

Tell her that man is largely in her power,  
    That she may drag him down, ignobly down,  
May buy his birthright with her own last dower  
    Or on his head keep honor's priceless crown.

Tell her that virtue is a priceless treasure,  
    Beside which, gold and diamonds, dimly shine.  
It is a source of everlasting pleasure,  
    It's origin and end are both divine.

Tell her that *love, true love*, is pure and ever  
    Endeavors its beloved one to bless  
Exalt, enrich, make glad, but never, never,  
    Honor, pride, virtue willfully makes less.

Tell her that God is watching her from heaven,  
    And if she asks, in fierce temptation's hour;  
To her in generous measure will be given,  
    Courage and grace, and firm resisting power.

Tell her all this when childhood's days are merging.  
    Into fair girlhood's blushing, blooming hours,  
Teach her that not to lure to sinful urging  
    Is she endowed with many charms and powers.

And o'er and o'er when girlhood's days have vanished.  
    And womanhood's own star full on her beams;  
When disappointment, pain, or toil have vanished

Youth's bright, enthusiastic hopes and dreams.

Tell her, her mission evermore is holy.

Her work, one seraphs would be proud to do,

And she may claim high rank however lowly,

While to her soul, her mission, she is true.