

THE BRIGHT "MEDUSA" 65

When she got the word to go
Up to Monte Video,
There she found the river low, the
bright *Medu—sa* ;
So she tumbled out her guns
And a hundred of her sons,
And she taught the Dons to fight
the bright *Medu—sa*.

When the foeman can be found
With the pluck to cross her ground,
First she walks him round and round,
the bright *Medu—sa* ;
Then she rakes him fore and aft
Till he's just a jolly raft,
And she grabs him like a kite, the
bright *Medu—sa*.

She's the daughter of the breeze,
She's the darling of the seas,
And you'll call her, if you please, the
bright *Medu—sa* ;