

THE BRIGHT "MEDUSA"

1807

SHE'S the daughter of the breeze,
She's the darling of the seas,
And we call her, if you please, the
bright *Medu—sa* ;
From beneath her bosom bare
To the snakes among her hair
She's a flash o' golden light, the
bright *Medu—sa*.

When the ensign dips above
And the guns are all for love,
She's as gentle as a dove, the bright
Medu—sa ;
But when the shot's in rack
And her forestay flies the Jack,
He's a merry man would slight the
bright *Medu—sa*.