

**MEDUSA, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Medusa, and Other Poems by Charlotte Elliot

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CHARLOTTE ELLIOT

**MEDUSA, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
LADY CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.



LONDON:
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1878.

280. j. 557.

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TO
MY HUSBAND

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.



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MEDUSA.

AFAR from the gates of the morning, 'mid shadows that
fade not nor flee,
Hung over by wind-riven mist-wreaths, and washed by
the westernmost sea,
Lies the desolate land of the gloaming, where day is no
other than night,
For the eye of the sun hath not seen it, nor knows it the
smile of the light
When the dawn shakes the dew from her tresses; but,
chilly and damp as the tomb,
The lurid, half-luminous vapours reveal the dread phan-
toms of gloom
Which wander and wail in its deserts, and lurk in its
fathomless caves,
And toss their wild arms in the twilight, and echo the
moan of the waves.

Therein dwell the daughters of Phorkys, the deathless
and death-dealing forms
Who crouch in the rocky recesses, and slumber unseen,
till the storms
Burst forth from their caverns of darkness ; then, shriek-
ing, they leap from their lair,
And shake out the serpentine tangles, the coils of their
horrible hair,
And ride on the wrath of the tempest. Twain are they,
but once they were three,
For Medusa, the youngest and fairest, the loved of the
lord of the sea,
Was not as the others, but mortal ; delight she had
known, and despair,
And bore in her sorrowful bosom the burden that mortals
must bear
Who grieve for a gladness departed, a joy that endured
for a breath—
The burden of fear and of longing, the hope and the
terror of Death.
Ah ! once she was fair as the moonlight, that rests on the
waters in love,
And white as the bell of a lily, and soft as the breast of a
dove,