

The Water Witch

All true-born Newfoundlanders, pray hearken unto me,
And hear your messmates tell you all the dangers of the sea;
You all remember Pouch Cove well, and the true sons so brave,
Who saved the crew of the *Water Witch* so near a watery grave.

On Christmas Eve this craft did leave as loud the winds did roar,
And on a reef she came to grief not far from Pouch Cove shore;
A place well called the horrid gulch this schooner headed on,
And in the twinkling of an eye three poor, dear souls were gone.

Two seamen from the *Water Witch* leaped when they heard the shock,
The rest belong to that doomed ship were huddled on a rock;
To wait for hours through hail and showers as loud the seas did dash,
And see their schooner breaking up hard on the cliff did crash.

Punts, ropes and lanterns soon were brought by kind and willing hands,
The shrieks of females in distress our fishermen could not stand;
And how to face the horrid gulch six hundred feet to go,
To save those souls half dead with cold who waited down below.

Brave Alfred Moores, a Pouch Cove man, "I'll take the lead," he cried,
While 'round his waist strong hempen ropes with heavy knots they tied;
And now strong men are on the top to lower him o'er the cliff,
To dash our hero down below 'neath blinding snow and drift.

Three times they swung him in the dark through blinding drift and cold,
Before his feet could get a place to give him any hold;
At last he found a resting place just 'neath a shelving stone,
Where he could see those souls below and hear each dismal moan.

And now to save this shipwrecked crew his heart is filled with hope,
Six more brave Pouch Cove fishermen like heroes man the rope;
And now a small hand-line by Moores, he managed for to lower,
Till all the *Water Witch's* crew are landed safe on shore.

But, hark! Another scream is heard, the people get a shock,
Another female left below to perish on the rock;
When Alfred makes another dash, as loud the wind do roar,
And brings a woman in his arms in safety to the shore.

The news was soon in town next day about the *Water Witch*,
The whole community got a shock, the poor as well as rich;
The Governor soon sent home word in letters bold and grand,
To tell of the pluck of fishermen belong to Newfoundland.

The Humane Society of Liverpool did very soon send here,
Gold Medals for our fishermen that never knew no fear;
The Governor's Lady pinned them on, those medals rare and rich,
The Pouch Cove men who saved the lives on board the *Water Witch*.

So here's success to our bold men who risk in storms or breeze,
Their precious lives for saving souls who venture on the seas;
May peace and plenty be their lot this true and sterling band,
Brave Alfred Moores and all the rest belong to Newfoundland.

