

# Bravery of Pouch Cove Fishermen.

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(The loss of the schr. Water Witch occurred near Pouch Cove, Nfld., in 1875; Pouch Cove is distant from St. John's about 18 miles. The Water Witch belonged to Cupids, Conception Bay. The rescuers received gold medals for their bravery from England.—Publisher.)

All true born Newfoundlanders pray  
harken unto me,  
And hear your mesmates tell you all  
the dangers of the sea;  
You all remember Pouch Cove and  
her noble 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;  
At a place well called the horrid gulch  
this schooner headed on,  
And in the twinkling of an eye three  
poor dear souls were gone.

Four seamen from the Water Witch  
leaped when they heard the  
shock,  
The rest belonged to that doomed ship  
were huddled on a rock;  
To wait for hours midst hail and  
showers as loud the seas did  
dash,  
And see their schooner smashing  
'gainst the cliff with awful crash.

The Pouch Cove fishermen to a man  
turned out that fearful night,  
To think upon those poor dear souls  
it was a fearful sight;  
And still to make the scene more sad  
—poor females numbed and cold,  
Were waiting to be released by these  
brave heroes bold.

Punts, rhodes and lanterns soon were  
brought by kind and willing  
hands;  
The shrieks of females in distress our  
fishermen couldn't stand,  
And now who'll face the horrid gulch  
six hundred feet or so,  
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 around his waist strong hem-  
pen ropes with heavy knots they  
tied;

Whilst strong men stood on the hill  
top to lower him o'er the cliff,  
To dash one hero down below 'neath  
blinding snow and drift.

Three times they swung him in the  
dark through blinding snow and  
cold,

Before his feet could find 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.

To save this lonely shipwrecked crew  
his heart was filled with hope,  
As six more brave Pouch Cove fisher-  
men like heroes man the rope;  
And soon a small hand line, brave  
Moores, he quickly did lower,  
Till all the Water Witch's crew were  
landed safe on shore.

But hark, and then a scream is heard,  
the people get a shock,  
This time it is a female left standing  
on the rock;

Then Alfred made another dash  
whilst angry seas did roar,  
And brought that 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 words  
in letters bold and grand,  
To tell the pluck of fishermen that  
live in 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 brave 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.