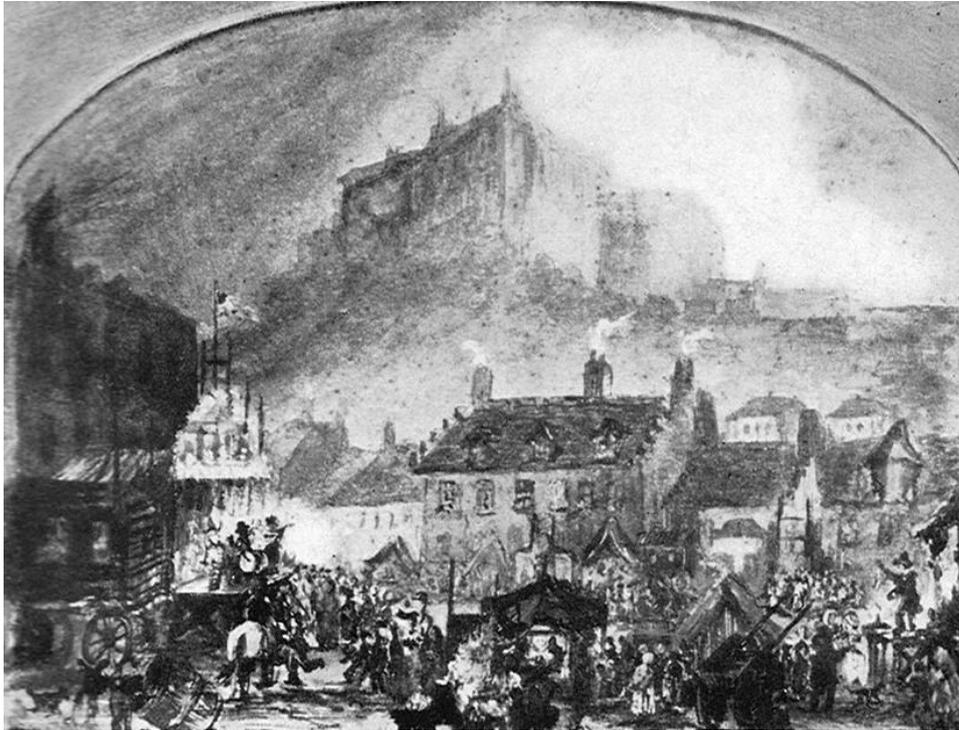


**Edinburgh is a spooky place to be at Hallowe'en...with old stories of murky goings on lurking behind every corner, who knows what you could find? Rhoda Spence's poem *Auld Embro* is a good one to have up your sleeve when guising in the Auld Reekie – why not give it a go?**



(Credit: Mrs Stewart Smith)

## **Auld Embro**

When the nicht's far ben  
And the toon is mirk,  
Kimmer, to haddock and horse wi' me.  
We twa are bidden for witches' wark,  
Wi' steeple bannet and ebon sark  
To ride wi' bogles and darg for the De'il  
And tryst wi' him in the kirkyaird reel.  
Then haste ye, Gossip! St, Giles's croon  
Hums like a peerie wi' midnicht's bell,  
And far below in the sleepan toon  
I hear the cry of the Watch, "All's weel".  
Puir donnart fule, did he keek at the lift,  
His e'en wad stert frae his aiken heid  
To see twa shadows that flaughter and shift,  
As thrum, thrum we witches come

With a "hey and a heugh" frae the tapmaist lum.

Then clickety-clack,

Back to back,

Loup and fling

Till our auld banes crack,

By baudrons, hoolet

And hoodie-craw

We'll fit in weel

Till the day sall daw!



## **Hallowe'en** Moira Munro

Witches cackle, ghosties quiver

Spindly arms that shake a lot.

Black cats yowl and skeletons shiver –

Are we frightened? No we're not!

Treacle scones are dangling, sticky,

Champit tatties in the pot

Apple dookin's always tricky –

Are we frightened? No we're not!

Turnip lanterns glowing brightly

Big wide mouths that grin so hot

Lots of jaggy teeth to bite us –

Are we frightened? No we're not!

Halloween's a time of magic,

Spells to weave and plots to plot

When we're all dressed up for guising

Are we frightened? No we're not!

# The turnip lantern

Jack Martin

**The following short fantasy story from Ireland may help to explain how the turnip lantern came about. It is Hallowe'en.**

The scene is a large, crowded pub in Dublin. Standing at the bar is a tall burly man by the name of Paddy Gallacher, the local bully and braggart. He has lost all his money gambling and drinking. Banging his fist on the pub counter, he shouts, "It's a mighty thirst I have on me! I'd be a-giving of my very soul for a drink." The pub customers, knowing him for what he is, turn their backs and ignore him. That is, all except a little stranger with a sharp face and piercing eyes. Tapping Paddy on the back, the stranger says, "Did I hear you say you would sell your soul for a drink?"

Turning round, Paddy looks down at the stranger. "You heard correctly, my very soul."

The little stranger produces a bag of gold, and giving it to Paddy, says "There's enough in there to last you seven years, then I'll be back for your soul."

Paddy laughs, and turning away from the small man, bangs the bag on the counter, and says to the barman – "I'm a-thinking I'll be a-having of the biggest whisky bottle in the house". He turns to the small man, but he has gone.

Seven years have passed, and it is Hallowe'en once more. Paddy is sitting at a table at the big Dublin pub; there is a fast dance in progress, the music is loud, and there is much laughter and noise. Paddy spots a girl among the dancers who is different from the other regulars. She is exceedingly lovely and dressed in the richest of silks. As she dances past, she calls out "Is it a dance you will be giving me? Paddy Gallacher." Paddy shakes his head, fingering the solitary silver shilling in his pocket, which is all he has left from his bag of gold. The next time she dances past, forsaking her partner, she grabs Paddy, and lifting him off his feet, pressing him close to her, she starts a feverish dance round and round the room, faster and faster they go, it becomes a blur, the night grows late, the dance floor becomes empty. Paddy notices the face of the lovely girl has changed, her chin has become square and bristling, horse like, and the lovely blue eyes are now red above flaring nostrils. He catches sight of her legs as they dance past one of the many large mirrors in the room, and the pretty dainty feet appear to have become hairy hoofs!

The music stops, and the creature hisses into Paddy's ear, "I've come for your soul, Paddy Gallacher!"

Paddy reaches into his pocket, and bringing out his last silver shilling, presses it on to the face of the fiend.

There is a scream and a loud bang, and Paddy finds himself alone. **The devil cannot fight a silver piece.**

The following day, Paddy is gathering firewood. The little man appears at his side. He has a very bad burn on his face. "The top o' the morning tae yeh" he says. Paddy, taking two twigs from his bundle makes them into a cross, and holds them up in front of the little man. Once more there is a loud bang, and he is gone.

**The devil cannot stand the sight of the cross.**

Later that day Paddy is very hungry – he has stolen a large turnip from a field, and is busy scooping out the inside with his knife, to eat it. The devil creeps up behind him, and grabbing the turnip he jams it on Paddy's head. Paddy screams, "I can't see!" The devil cuts two holes in the turnip and stuffs in a handful of 'Hell Fire', shouting "You can see now".

Thus ends the tale of how the turnip lantern came to be made.



(Credit: <https://www.flickr.com/photos/pstainthorp/>)

**Enjoy that? You could try to make your own turnip lantern to carry around while you are guising this Hallowe'en, and while you're at it learn this poem by Andy Munro:**

I got myself a muckle neep  
Frae Fermer Broun yestereen.

I'll hollow oot the inside  
Mak flegsome een and mou,  
Pit in a lichtit caunle  
To gie them aa a grue.

We're ready noo for guisin  
And aa the friendly folk  
Gie aipples, nuts, and siller  
To fil the guiser's poke.

**Andy Munro**



# Happy guising!