

A readymade guising routine!

Hallowe'en, the practice of guising, and other associated traditions have manifested themselves in different ways across Scotland over many, many years. From the Galoshins folk plays of the Borders and Central Belt, to light-hearted Scots poems and songs that were recited and sung in exchange for pennies and sweets as excited children dashed from house to house, to the Gaelic celebrations of Oidhche Challuinn, all these traditions are separate in their own right and yet intrinsically connected. To give you a taster, we have created a multi-tradition **Guising Routine** for you to try this Hallowe'en. Start out with a couple of Andy Munro's fun guising songs, then a segment from the ancient Galoshins plays, and finish off with a Gaelic blessing from the Berneray Oidhche Challuinn tradition.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marchin,

We are the guisers at the door.

If ye dinnae let us in

We will bash yer windies in

An ye'll never see the guisers anymore.

It's Hallowe'en, it's Hallowe'en,

When ghosties dance and witchies scream,

It's Hallowe'en, it's Hallowe'en,

'A the spooks come oot at Hallowe'en!

Andy Munro

Galoshins play

All: Get up, auld wife, and shake your feathers,
Dinna think that we are beggars!
Open your door and let us in,
We hope your favour for to win.
We're none of your rogueish sort,
But come of your noble train.
Will you let the guisers act?

Hopefully at this point you will be invited into the house, and now you need to choose who's going to play Galoshin, Jack, the Doctor and Johnny Funny – quickly!

Galoshin: Here comes in Galoshin,
Galoshin is my name.
With a sword and pistol by my side,
I'm sure to win the game!

Jack: The game, sir? The game, sir?
It's not within your power!
I'll cut you down in inches
In less than half an hour!

There is a duel. Jack falls.

Galoshin: See, see, what have I done?
I've killed my father's only son!
Ha! Here comes in old Doctor Brown,
The best old Doctor in the town.

Doctor: I've got a little bottle in my pocket called Hoxxy Poxxy,
A little to his nose and a little to his toes,
Rise up Jack and sing a song!

Jack gets up and sings.

Jack: Once I was dead, but now I'm alive!
Blessed be the Doctor
That made me to revive.
Oh brother! Oh brother! Why didst thou me kill?
I never would have thought that you my precious blood
would spill!
O brother, O brother,
That drew your sword to me.
But since I've revived again,
We'll shake hands and gree.

Johnny

Funny: Here come I, wee Johnny Funny,
I'm the man that collects the money.
Two deep pockets down to my knees
Will you help to fill them please?
All coppers, no brass,
Bad money won't pass.
Ladies and gentlemen, ye'll never grow fat,
If ye dinna put a copper in Wee Johnny's hat!

Oidhche Challuinn Gaelic blessing

Gu math fada beò sibh,
Is ceò às ur taigh,
Nuair a thig sinn air an rathad,
Tadhalaidd sinn a-staigh,
Pàilteas bidhe is pàilteas aodaich,
Is slàinte dhaoine gun robh
agaibh.

May you live for a long time,
With smoke from your chimneys,
Next time we're passing by,
We'll come back and visit,
May you have plenty food and
clothes,
And good health to all your
people.