

# Manx Notes 624 (2023)

HENRY SAYLE  
"THE GHOST OF THE GEGG"  
(1896)

I'll doff my hat while musing here,  
For sacred is this lonely spot:  
Boganes and ghosts perhaps are near,  
For just beneath that boulder there  
Poor Jack was left to rot.

"And who was Jack," some folks will cry,  
"How came he to this lonesome place?"  
If ghosts and goblins would reply,  
They'd say they found him high and dry  
Among the ocean waste.

But Jack's poor bones had found no rest,  
Though cast upon the dreary shore,  
For seabirds scrambled on his breast,  
And tore the garment from his chest,  
And tramp'd him o'er and o'er.

Perchance some men came on the scene,  
And soon consulted what to do;  
They took poor Jack that stormy e'en,  
And dragged him half-way up the brow,  
They dug a hole, and there poor Jack was threw.

No parson stood beside his grave  
To wish poor Jack eternal bliss:  
No priest with masses tried to save.  
Or storm S. Peter in his nest.—  
Some herons who were perching by  
Said Jack's old purse would nearly fly.

So here poor Jack must lie alone,  
In this poor nook beside the sea—  
I'll put a wreath upon his stone,  
And then I'll scamper off for home;  
I think I've said my say.

HENRY SAYLE.

Bride Village, September 8th, 1896.

Henry Sayle, "The Ghost of the Gegg." *Ramsey Courier* 18 September 1896: [5]d.

Stephen Miller RBV

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