Jersey Myths and Legends

Dragon of La Hougue Bie

Legend says that a terrible dragon once lived in St. Lawrence, killing people and burning houses all over the Island. The noble Sir Hambye of France heard stories of this dragon; he travelled to Jersey and cut the dragon's head off!

Exhausted and wounded from the battle, Sir Hambye lay down to rest, watched over by his trusty squire. What Sir Hambye didn't know was that his squire wasn't loyal or trustworthy at all. The squire wanted all the glory for himself - he killed his master whilst he was resting then buried the body before returning to France. He told Sir Hambye's wife that his master had been killed by the dragon and that he, the Squire, had avenged his death by killing the dragon. He also added that the dying wish of Sir Hambye was that the Squire should marry his Lady wife. What a terrible thing to do!

One night after they were married, the Lady overheard the squire talking in his sleep, he admitted killing his master back in Jersey. The Lady had the Squire sent to trial where he confessed to killing Sir Hambye, and was sentenced to death. In memory of her husband, the lady travelled to Jersey and built the mound here at La Hougue Bie. On a clear day you can see right across to France.

The Black Dog of Bouley Bay

Many years ago in Trinity, people talked of a black dog that was the size of a bull with enormous red eyes that glowed like fire. He would walk the cliff paths around Bouley Bay at night, dragging its chain behind him. There were many rumours of the Black Dog, some said a sighting of him meant a storm was coming, where as others said he led lost travellers to safety. Others said that the Black Dog would chase people to scare them, but he would never hurt them.

It is said that the Black Dog of Bouley Bay was a myth made up by smugglers to keep people away from the Bay at night so they could steal from Jersey without people noticing, but this was never confirmed as a dog's howl was heard every night coming from the Bay. It is still said now that if you see the ghost of the Black Dog at Bouley Bay, it is a sign that a storm is coming your way.

The Rock in Bonne Nuit Bay

Once there was a beautiful, young woman named Anne-Marie who liked to skim stones on the beach at Bonne Nuit. One day, a sea-sprite noticed her, and as he watched her, he decided that he wanted Anne-Marie for his wife. But Anne-Marie had a sweetheart called William who worked at the stables nearby. The sea-sprite became so jealous that he decided to get rid of William and have Anne-Marie for himself.

The next day William went to muck out the stable, and inside he found a splendid white stallion. Shocked, but pleased at such a gift, he decided he would ride it to show Anne-Marie. That night however, William dreamt that the stallion was dangerous, so he picked some mistletoe and took it with him when he went riding.

As he rode across the beach towards Anne-Marie, the stallion turned and began to charge towards the sea - it was the sea-sprite in disguise, trying to drown him. William beat the stallion about the head with the mistletoe, and all of a sudden the horse stiffened and turned into rock. You can still see the rock in Bonne Nuit Bay.

The Faithful Black Horse

Long ago, Jersey was ruled by French soldiers. many islanders did not like the French rule, especially Philippe de Carteret, the Seigneur of St Ouen. As the French soldiera didn't want Philippe causing trouble, they decided to kidnap him. Whilst Philippe was fishing in St. Ouen's pond, the French soldiers crept along to capture him, but Philippe saw them, and leapt on his black horse.

He raced towards his manor, but the soldiers cut him off. He turned into Val de la Charriere, but there was only one way out - across a deep wide ditch. His horse bravely jumped it, and just landed on the other side, and so Philippe continued towards home. Once he reached home, and was safe, his faithful horse collapsed and died. Philippe ordered that his horse be buried in his garden, and today you can see a painting of the black horse in St. Ouen's Manor.

Witches' Rock

Legend tells us of a fisherman called Hubert who was engaged to a woman called Madeleine. He used to go for long walks during the evenings after work, and one evening he walked towards Rocqueberg Point. He fell asleep next to the rock, but when he awoke the rock had gone - and was replaced by a magic wood with beautiful girls dancing round the trees.

Hubert danced with them, and as he left he promised he would return the following night. When he got home, he told Madeleine about the strange events, and she warned him not to go the next night, but Hubert decided to go anyway. Madeleine told the parish priest about her suspicions, and the priest told her to take a crucifix and follow Hubert to Rocqueberg Point that night.

When Madeleine reached Rocqueberg, she saw Hubert, merrily dancing, but there were no beautiful girls - just ugly old witches. Madeleine held the crucifix high above her head and ran towards the witches - who vanished, shrieking. Hubert collapsed, and the rock returned in place of the magical forest. Since that night the rock has been called Witches' Rock.