

Classe 601 - Individual poem

Nos poules / En disgrâce

par Amelia Perchard

J'sis dans la carre! J'sis en disgrâce!

M'mère dit qué j'sis méchante;

Car j'ai mîns nos poules à banon

Coumme les siennes à ma tante!

Il' ont gratté dans les allées,

Travaillant d'toutes lus forches -

Fait la poudrette dans les bordeuses

Et mangi la caboche!

Mais vraînment j'en ai pas èrgret,

Les poules ont ieu l'pliaîsi -

Car j'sis bein seûse qu'i' taient ennyées

D'êt' dans chu poulailli!

Our chickens / In disgrace

by Amelia Perchard

I am in the corner! I am in disgrace!

Mum says that I am wicked;

Because I have put our chickens loose

Like those of my aunt!

They have scratched in the pathways,

Working with all their strength -

Making dust baths in the borders

And eating the cabbage!

But truly I have no regret,

The chickens have had the pleasure -

Because I am very sure they were bored

Of being in this chicken coop!