

Man P'tit Frêthe par Florence M Hacquoil (abrégé)

Man p'tit frêthe est un vrai balloque,  
Et d'man pépée souvent i' s'moque;  
Il a peux d'ieau et d'savon,  
Et du brit il en fait don!

Il a tréjous l'nez abattu  
Et par les tchians se trouve mordu,  
I' saute dans l'cané souôte les canards  
Et à l'êcole arrive en r'tard.

I' r'veint aue les dents êbrétchies,  
Et aue ses g'nours touos êcorchis;  
Mémée dit qu's'ou n'avait qu'des filles,  
Sa vie es'sait bein pus trantchille.



My Little Brother by Florence M Hacquoil (abridged)

My little brother is a right rascal,  
And he often mocks my father;  
He is scared of water and soap,  
And he makes a lot of noise!

He always has his nose to the ground  
And finds himself bitten by the dogs,  
He jumps in the canal under the ducks  
And he arrives late to school.

He came back with chipped teeth,  
And with knees all grazed;  
Mum said if she'd only had girls,  
Her life would have been much more peaceful.

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