

Classe 605 – Set piece for 3rd year Secondary students

Les Cats par Florence M Hacquoil

Ma grand' méthe n'aime pon les cats,
Car dans san gardin i' font des d'gâts.
Et tchiquefais quand i' crient la niet
Oulle a tant d'peux qu'ou saute du liet.

Man cat à mé n'est pas méchant,
Il est trantchille comme un êfant;
Dans mes bras i' reste couochi,
I' sembl'ye tch'i' ne d'mande qu'à dormi.

La preunmié fais que j'le vis
Ch'tait auve sa méthe dans l'solyi;
Quand j'fus pour lé ramasser
La bête se mint à mordre et grimer.

Je savais bein tch'i' 'tait sauvage,
Et que bein vite i' s'sait pus sage
Quand i' s'sait apprivoaîsi,
Et touos les jours par mé souongni.

Il est gourmand quand j'lî donne du lait,
Et s'excite quand du païsson i' vait;
J'lé gronne si les ouaîthieaux i' chasse;
Mais, ch'est la natuthe d'sa race.

The Cats by Florence M Hacquoil

My grandmother does not like cats,
Because they damage the garden.
And sometimes when they cry at night
She is so scared she jumps out of bed.

My own cat is not naughty,
He is gentle like a child;
In my arms he stays asleep,
It seems that he only asks to sleep.

The first time that I saw him
He was with his mother in the loft;
When I went to pick him up
The beast began to bite and scratch.

I knew that he was wild,
And that he would quickly become wise
When he became a pet,
And looked after by me every day.

He is greedy when I give him some milk,
And excited when he spies some fish;
I moan at him if he chases the birds;
But that's the nature of his kind.

Go to the Learn Jèrriais website to find the audio version of this... www.learnjerriais.org/je



