

Clâsse 606 – Set piece for Secondary students aged 15-18 years

Lé Cahouain par Florence M Hacquoil

Dans lé silence profond d'la niet,
Y'a un ouaithé qu' souvent nou ouait;
Ch'est lé cahouain comme ou savez
Tchi sort dé grange, cliochi et bouais.

Jé vos asseûthe tchi travâle dû
En volant d'clios dé but à but;
I' chèche partout auve ses ronds ièrs
Pour souothis, taupes, mulots et vèrs.

Les gens n'aiment pon entendre san cri
Tchi dans l'silence les fait frémi;
Y'a acouo d'ches supèrstitieux
Tchi craient qu'ès hommes i' porte malheu.

Il a un air de grand' tristesse,
Est èrnommé pour sa sagesse;
Mais jé d'vons bein nos en r'souv'nîn
Qué du fèrmyi il est l'amîn.

Ch'est amusant de vaie ses p'tits
Sus eune grand' branque dé bouais jutchis,
En pliein solé i' clyinn'te les yeux,
Et d's êtres humains i' n'ont pon d'peux.

Ch'est un ouaîsé bein solitaithe,
Auve li les autres n'ont rein à faithe;
I' lus attroupent pour lé chasser
Si parmi ieux i' veint s'montrer.

The Owl by Florence M Hacquoil

In the deep still of the night,
There is a bird you can often hear;
It's the owl as you know
Which comes out from the barn, steeple and woods

Which I can assure you works hard
Flying over the fields from end to end;
Searching everywhere with his round eyes
For mice, moles, voles and worms.

People don't like hearing his cry
Which in the silence makes them shudder;
There are still those who are superstitious
Who believe that he brings misfortune to men.

He has an air of great sadness,
And is reknown for his wisdom;
But we must remind ourselves
That to the farmer he is a friend.

It is pleasant to see his little ones
Perched on a large branch,
In full sun blinking his eyes,
And he is not afraid of being human.

It is a solitary bird,
The others have nothing to do with him;
They gather themselves for the hunt
If amongst them he shows himself.

Go to the [Learn Jèrriais website](http://www.learnjerriais.org) to find the audio version of this... www.learnjerriais.org

