

## Guernesiais Eisteddfod Pieces 2023

### Class 450 a Poem Infant individual (school years reception & yrs 1 & 2) and 450 b Poem Junior individual ( school years 3 to 6)

#### **J'oïme énn amas mon p'tit cat**

I va partout ouêqué j'va  
I va fràn sous les couvertures d'men lliet  
Pour grimaï les pids, lé p'tit lai  
Mais n'y a pas d'dàngier qué j'lé bat  
Car auprès tout ch'est mon p'tit cat

zhoym en amah moh ptee ka  
ee va par-too oo-ayk zhe va  
ee va fra soo lay koo-vair-tur dmoh yeh  
poor greem-eye lay pee, leh ptee leh  
main ya pa dohzh-ee-eh kez h leh bah  
car opray too shay moh ptee ka.

#### **I love my little cat**

It goes everywhere that I go,  
It goes right under the covers of my bed,  
To scratch my legs, the little horror,  
But there's no danger that I will hit him  
Because after all it is my little cat

### Class 451 Secondary individual (school years 7-11)

#### **Mon Boxe de Couleurs par Molly Thompson .**

Bleu pour le ciel et la mer pour nager, Et vert pour l'herbe les vaches a mangier.  
Rouge pour les roses et les fraises dans l'garden, Et jaune pour le soleil qui s'leve chaque  
matin.

Blanc pour la neige – ah – j'la djette de m'n'audret, Et noir pour la nuit – bien vite temps  
d'se coucher. Dauve toutes ches couleurs, faut melair des autres – Yun, deux ou trois –  
p'tete pus decautes.

Mon boxe de couleurs me fais a pensaï, De l'isle oueque que j'd'meure – Quai vaeux de  
beautai!

#### **My Box of Colours by Molly Thompson.**

Blue for the sky and the sea for swimming, And green for the grass the cows love eating.  
Red for roses and strawberries in the garden, And yellow for the sun that rises each morning.  
White for the snow – ah – I look at it from my room, And black for the night – soon time to  
go to bed. With all these colours, you need to mix others – one, two or three – perhaps more  
besides.

My box of colours makes me think, about the island where I live – What a picture of beauty!

## **Class 454 Group speaking (3 or more) reception and school years 1-6**

### **Mon P'tit Ch'va par Renée Jehan .**

Au galop, au galop, mon p'tit ch'va, Pour allai a Tortéva  
Au galop, au galop, comme chena, Y va raide avaooué l'ava.  
Trotinant, trotinant, mon p'tit ch'va, Nous s'appeurche de Tortéva,  
Trotinant, trotinant, tchoeur qui bat, Laongue des banques, s'ra tou a plliat.  
A la marche, a la marche, mon p'tit ch'va, Nous arrive a Tortéva.  
A la marche, a la marche, hors d'état, Doucement, doucement, nous y v'la.

### **My Little Horse by Renee Jehan .**

Gallop, gallop, my little horse, To go to Torteval,  
Gallop, gallop just like that, It goes very fast downhill.  
Trotting, trotting, my little horse, We're getting close to Torteval,  
Trotting, trotting with beating heart, Along the beaches it will be flat.  
Walking, walking my little horse We have arrived at Torteval,  
Walking, walking worn out, Gently, gently we have arrived.

## **Class 455 Group speaking (3 or more) School years 7-11**

### **Chique faut faire Ogniet? par Molly Thompson.**

Chique faut faire ogniet? (twice) I ppleut a vaerse, temps pour piraettes,  
J'sais chique faut faire ogniet, Aen jour pour restair en d'dans,  
Nous a bien des gaumes nous peut jouair Ou p'tete nous peut faire d'la gache pour not thee  
Et pis y'a aen film a gardair.  
Chique faut faire ogniet ? (twice) I tchei d'la neis, v'naiz daonc la veis,  
J'sais chique faut faire ogniet. Mettai tous vos hardes epaesses Vos gants, vot chape et vos  
bottes.  
Nous prendra not troine au haut de l'amaont. Nous era aen magnifique temps.

### **Tchik foh fair onyeh par Molly Thompson.**

Tchik foh fair onyeh? Tchik foh fair onyeh? Ee pyuh a varss toh poo peer-at,  
Sh sye tchik foh fair onyeh A zhoor poor rest-eye oh d doh,  
Nooz a bee-oh day gohm noo puh zhoo-eye Oo ptayt noo puh fair dla gah-sh poor not tay Eh  
pee ya a film ar gard-eye.  
Tchik foh fair onyeh? Tchik foh fair onyeh? Eee cheh dla nay v-nye dang la vay,  
Sh s-sye tchik foh fair onyeh, Meh-tye too voh hard ehpahss Voh gah vot shapeh ay voh bot,  
Noo prohd-ra not troyn oh how dlamang Nooz ehra a mohn-ee-feek toh .

### **What shall we do today? by Molly Thompson.**

What shall we do today? (twice) It's raining heavily, weather for ducks,  
I know what to do today A day to stay inside,  
We have plenty games we can play Or maybe we can make a cake for our tea as well there is  
a film to watch.  
What shall we do today? (twice) It's snowing, come and see it.  
I know what to do today. Put on your thick clothes, Your gloves, your hat and your boots.  
We'll take our sledge up the hill We'll have a wonderful time.

## Class 457 Poem Individual-Beginners - 16 years and over

### **La Visite par Lloyd Le Tocq**

Vous et Bian-V'nu a Guernsesi  
Chette isle que p'llöin des p'llaisi  
un belle isle de biautaie  
une piache ouecque tous Voudrais allais

Tous p'llöin chause à faire  
es tout p'lloin à mangier es biere  
les banques pour les enfants à jouair  
es les p'tites rues pour ces pourménoir

Les Cote couvert des tout sort des fleurs  
Ches en biautaie de tout coulleurs  
Le ceil est bllue pas a nuage à vie  
La màire est calme es les maoue à survees

Le Maonde se rejouis  
a chette belle isle des Guernsesi  
et nous espaire que vous voudrai r'venir  
a note belle isle au temps a V'nee

### **The Visit by Lloyd Le Tocq**

You are welcome to Guernsey  
an island that's full of fun  
a lovely island of beauty  
a place where everybody wants to visit

There's a lot to do  
and plenty to eat and drink  
the beaches for children to play  
little lanes for walking

The cliffs are covered with all sorts of flowers  
it's a beauty of all colours  
the sky is blue and not a cloud  
the sea is calm the seagulls surveying

The people are fulfilled and relaxed  
in this island of Guernsey  
and we hope you will want to return  
to our nice island in the future

**Class 459 Classe Supérieure - Individual - 16 years and over**

**En Mémouaire d'la Visite du Roué George, d'la Raïne Méry et d'la Princesse Méry. (11  
Juillet 1921) par T.H. Mahy**

1. L'démanche au seir, entr' chinq et six,  
Prumier qu'nous vée ch'est dépiqui  
Deaux navires de guerre et deaux yachts  
Qui sont just'ment bien gardaïs, guia!...  
Nous n'véé pas souvent d'itaï qué:  
Ch'est la propriétaï du Roué!
2. Coum ch'est un démanche qu'i's arrivent  
I's rest'nt la niet dans leux navires  
Qui sont deans la rade et à l'eàncre;  
Là, pourteànt, i's n'paraiss'nt pas greànds,  
Mais, à leux apparence, nous vée  
Qu'i's servent bien d'escorte au Roué.
3. Mais l'lundi matin, quaille émeute!...  
Ch'n'est pas l'navire qu'les gens viann'ent vée  
Ch'est la Fomille Royale qui est là-d'deàns!  
Et tous cour'nt pour vée débarquier  
La Princesse, la Raïne et le Roué...
4. C'mocheànt où i's ont débarqui,  
F'seànt leux chemin vers l'Église d'la Ville,  
Continueànt vers St George's Hall... Là, j'creis  
Qu'nou fait un p'tit persent  
À la Princesse, à la Raïne et au Roué.
5. Sorteànt de là, i'vont au Collège Elizabeth.  
Là, en suspens, y en a un' guaine  
Bien éleuvaïe, d'greànds et d'p'tits!  
Parmi chen-chin, y a des Girl Guides  
Qui ont du respect bien pus qu'nou n'creit  
Pour tout' la bell' fomille du Roué.
6. Continueànt, faut pas rombiyaï, si j'peux  
Mentiounnaïr l'lunch du Gouverneux!...  
Mais, ichin, ch'n'est qu'pour la Noblesse  
Qui arrive en motos et en chaises...  
Pas d'gens communs, faut l'dire! Oniet,  
Ch'est tout du pus bel pour le Roué...
7. Pour continuaïr chutt' pourmenade,  
Faut s'ramassaïr jusqu'ès Islets, à Saint-Pierre-du-Bouais  
Eouck i' y a les pus bell's bêtes à vée...  
Ch'est ichin, bouann's gens, qu'i' y avait  
La tout' miyeaur' vaque pour le Roué.

8. Traverseànt Guernesî deviers L'Anresse et La Moye  
 I' va fair' visite à la Leànde...  
 Y en a chicuns qui l'trouv'nt êtreànge:  
 Coum ch'est un coin si racachi.  
 Mais, oniet, tout a teànt cheàngi,  
 Surtout pour chu onze de juillet  
 Oû nous-a teànt fait pour le Roué!
9. Ichin i' y a un' greànde tente  
 Atout l'miyeaux pour s'rafraîchi!  
 Ichin, l'Roué, sa Daume et sa Fille  
 Goût'nt de la miyeaur' gâch' de Guernesî,  
 Et du frit, épîeûqui par le coumité  
 Chouési pour prendre soin du Roué.
10. En finisseànt chu p'tit discours  
 Chu que j'creis qui couronnit l'jour  
 Fut l'Honneur fait à notr' Baillif  
 Et, en même temps, à tout' l'Île!  
 J'en fus fier coum si ch'tait mé  
 Qu'èrait rechu l'honneur du Roué!
11. Que le bouan Dieu béniss' le Roué,  
 La Raîne et la Fomille Royale,  
 Et tous les siens qui prenn'nt soin d'yeaux.  
 Et notr' bouan vier Messire Edouard,  
 Et sa boann' faumme, Lady Ozanne,  
 Et leux chièr' fill', Miss Ruth Ozanne,  
 Qu'leux vie seît à tous préservaie  
 Qu'nous ait la jouaie d'les vée accaure chiques onnaïes.

*\*The entire text of this poem in its original form was published on the front page of La Gazette de Guernesey with accompanying photographs of King George V, Queen Mary & the Princess Mary (July 30<sup>th</sup> 1921 edition) and was incorporated in the anthology of T.H. Mahy's poems published in 1922 under the title "Les direns et les pensées du Courtil Poussin.*

**A Memento of the Visit of King George , Queen Mary and Princess Mary (11<sup>th</sup> JULY 1921)**

On the Sunday evening between five and six  
 We first see the outline of  
 Two warships and two yachts  
 Which are very well kept, I'll say!  
 We don't often see the like,  
 For they are the property of the King!

As they are arriving on a Sunday evening,  
 They remain for the night in their ships  
 Which are at anchor in the roadsteads;  
 At that distance, however, they do not seem large  
 But we can see by their appearance  
 That they serve well as escort for the King.

But on the Monday morning, what a commotion!  
It's not the ship that the people have come to see;  
But the Royal Family which is inside it!  
And they all run to see disembarking  
The Princess, the Queen and the King...

Beginning with their disembarkation,  
They make their way towards the Town Church,  
Continuing towards St George's Hall... There, I believe,  
A little present is being given  
To the Princess, to the Queen and to the King.

Exiting from there, they carry on to Elizabeth College.  
There, in suspense, was a well-bred group (of youngsters) large and small!  
Among these there were Girl Guides  
Who have a much greater respect than one might imagine  
For all of the King's fine Family.

Continuing, lest I forget, if I may  
Mention the lunch given by the Governor!...  
But this was for the Nobility  
Who arrived in cars and carriages...  
No common folk, it must be said... today  
Everything is of the finest for the King!

To continue this island tour,  
We will pick it up at Les Islets, Saint-Pierre-du-Bois  
Where there are the finest animals to be seen...  
It is here, good folk, that there was  
The very best cow for the King.

Crossing Guernsey towards L'Ancrese and La Moye,  
He proceeded to pay a visit to La Lande...  
There are some who find this strange  
Since it is such a remote spot.  
But today everything has changed,  
Above all for this eleventh of July  
When so much has been done for the King!

Here there is a marquee,  
With everything of the best by way of refreshments!  
Here the King, his Lady and his daughter  
Taste the best of the island's gâche  
And fruit, peeled by the committee  
Chosen to take care of the King.

As I come to the end of this little discourse,  
What I think crowned the day  
Was the honour (which the King) accorded to our Bailiff  
And, at the same time, to the whole Island!  
I was as proud of it as if it was I  
Who had received the honour from the King!

May the good God bless the King,  
The Queen and the Royal Family,  
And all those who take care of them.  
And our good old Sir Edward,  
And his good wife, Lady Ozanne,  
And their dear daughter Miss Ruth Ozanne,  
May their lives be preserved for all  
So that we may have the joy of seeing them for a few more years to come.

16<sup>th</sup> July 1921

**T.H. MAHY**

### **Class 463 Bible Reading -Open**

#### **St Maku Chapitre 13 v1-9**

S'ti vla un s'meux qua sorti pour s'mai  
4. Et quand i s'mait une partie dla s'menche kiei dans la rue et laie mouissons vinre et la maghire toute  
5 Et un aut partie kiei parmi du rokats ou'aie qui ny'avoit pouin grand terre et alheuré a l'vi car a n'etoit pouin biau avant dans la terre  
6 Et quand l'Soleil fut l'vai a fut gerdie et par n'avé pouin d'rachine a ski  
7. Et un aut partie kiei parmi ds' epines et ls' epines montire et la tuire  
8 Et l'aut partie kiei dans d'bouanne terre et apporti du frit un graien shent l'aut sessante et l'aut trente  
9. que l'siaen qua ds' oraeilles pour oué qu'il os

#### **Parable of the Sower St Matthew - Chapter XIII verses 3-9**

Behold, a sower went forth to **sow**;

**4** And when he **sowed**, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up:

**5** Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth:

**6** And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

**7** And some fell among **thorns**; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them:

**8** But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

**9** Who hath ears to **hear**, let him **hear**.

**Class 464b. Monologue from the works of William Shakespeare as translated by T. Martin-Open**

**Macbeth: Act 1 scene 3**

Daeux veritais sont dites  
Comme heuraeuses herangues a l'acte qu'enfle  
Pour l'idée royal. j'vou r'mersie, messieux,  
Shute d'mande ichin contre nature  
N'peut pouin eaet mauvaise, ni bouanne nitou; Si mauvaise,  
Pourqui qua ma bayi une veux d'gaens  
C'menchant par une veritai? je sie noblle de Cawdor:  
Si bouanne, pourqui que je cede a cht'idée la  
De qui la pensaie affraeuse r'derche maie k'vaeux  
Et fait men coeur assis frappai maie cotes  
Contre l'ordre dla nature? Laie craientes d'oshteure  
Sont mouains qu'laie horribles pensaies  
Ma pensaie de qui l'meurtre n'en aie qu' dans l'idée  
Shaque tant mn'etat d'homme qu'men corps.  
Aie etouffai d'etonnai et n'ya riaen  
Que shu qui naie pouin

**MACBETH**

[Aside] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

*Aside*

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings:  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man that function  
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.



## Daume Macbeth Act 1 scene 5

Le corbin meme a la rime  
Qui crie a Duncan a entrai dans cht'endrè ichin  
Sous men faie. V'nais, v'nais, esprits  
Qui servai laie pensaies mortelles! hahlai men coeur de femme,  
Et empyai mè depie la tete au talon toute fine pyaiene  
Dla pu laie cruautai; Tournai men sang epais,  
Etoupai laie passages et laie ch'mins dla conscience, Qu'aucune  
daie civiles visites dla nature  
N'shaque pouin men laid pyant m'garde la paix entre  
L'effet et la pensaie! V'nai a men saien d'femme  
Et pernai men lait pour du fiel ministres du meurtre,  
Par tout la ou'aie kou z'aies amnaies  
A servi su laie crimes dla nature! Viaen, epaisse gniet  
Et emple te dla pu puante fumaie dl'enfer  
Pour que men coutè eguchi n'vèe pouin sa blessaeure  
Ni que l'cieil n'epiè pouin a travers le linchaeut dla gniet  
Pour keryai 'arraietè, arraietè!'

### **LADY MACBETH**

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry 'Hold, hold!'