



La Fête du Cidre

Lé Cidre

Vive l'cidre! l'cidre tchoeuthu!
Lé cidre est remplyi dé vèrtu:
Quand nou-s'a sé i' désaltéthe,
Et ch'est un vrai pliaîsi dé l'baithé:
I' né vouos laîsse autchun r'tunfîn,
Qu'ou lé béviez sé ou matîn.
I' n'monte pas vite à la tête,
Nou n'en d'veint pas en l'heuthe bête;
Et s'ou voulez aver du tchoeu,
Bévez du cidre tch'a du feu.
J'ai parfais pensé qu'not' grand méthe
Nous a joué un vilain tou, véthe;
Mais n'séyiz pas entout ravis
Qu'Ève nous pèrdit l'paradis:
La tentâtion était trop forte,
Et vite ou fut mînse à la porte;
Mais j'avons la consolâtion
D'aver lé cidre pour bouaïsson.
Vive! vive lé jus d'la pomme,
Lé souôtchein, lé r'confort dé l'homme.

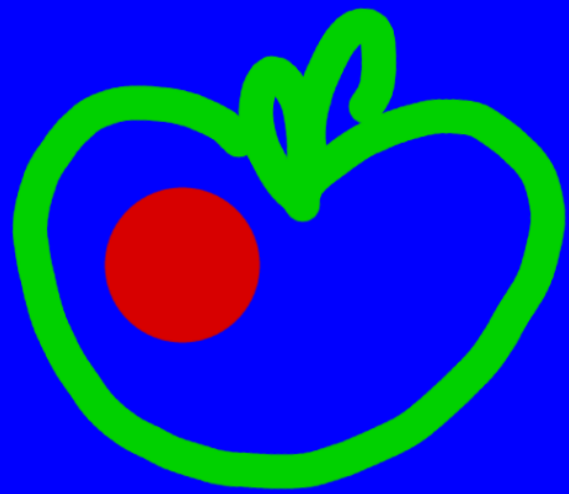
Long live cider! Hearty cider!
Cider's full of goodness:
when you're thirsty it quenches your thirst,
and it's a real pleasure to drink:
it doesn't leave a nasty taste in your mouth,
whether you drink it evening or morning.
It doesn't go straight to your head,
it doesn't make you go silly quickly;
and if you want a buck-up,
drink cider with a kick in it.
I sometimes think that our grandmother
played us a rotten trick, I tell you;
but don't be entirely surprised
that Eve lost us paradise:
the temptation was too strong,
and so she was promptly thrown out;
but, to console us,
we've got cider to drink.
Long live the juice of the apple,
mankind's solace and pick-me-up.

Philippe Langlois (1817-1884) was from an old Saint Lawrence family. He studied in Caen and in Paris, and qualified in medicine in Dublin, where he was received into the Royal College of Surgeons. He returned to Jersey to practise medicine. He was also a Deputy for St. Lawrence, a Jurat (elected 1876) and, in the Militia, a Major and Medical Officer. As President of La Société Jersiaise, with Jurat A.A. Le Gros, he started work on the Glossary of the Jersey Language, and as a poet he composed in Jèrriais, in French and English.



literature in Jèrriais reflecting Saint Helier's history as a cider town
a project for La Fête du Cidre prepared by L'Office du Jèrriais





La Fête du Cidre

Lé Cidre

Lé vièr Noué fut l'preunmié homme
Tchi fit du vîn dé vèrjus;
Mais nou n'sait pon tchi d'la pomme
Sut lé preunmyi halèr l'jus:
La paithe fournit un brévage
Tchi, s'il est bein apprêté,
Vraînment méthite un homage
Dé tchiconque l'a goûté.

I' y'en a tchi dé la biéthe
Font un grand cas comme bouaïsson;
A d'autres ch'est dé l'ieau cliaithe
Tchi donne satisfaction:
Dé théé, d'café eune tâsse,
Parfais eune gorgie d'litchéu,
Quand nou n'est pon bein dèlâsse,
Et vos rannime lé tchoeu.

Vive lé jus dé la vîngne,
Il est de toute saison,
Mais lé cidre est étout dîngne
Dé not' respé comme bouaïsson,
Par dé bouan pré lé champangne
Peut fort bein êt' rempliéchi
Et i' y'a pus d'un ivrouangne
Tchi s'y trouv'thait bein bastchi.

Old Noah was the first man
who made wine from grapes;
but we don't know who first managed
to get juice from apples:
the pear provides a drink
that, if well made,
really deserves the homage
of whoever has tasted it.

There are those who make
great claims for beer as a drink;
others find satisfaction
in fresh water:
a cup of tea or coffee,
sometimes a swig of liquor,
when you're not relaxed
lifts your spirits.

Long live the juice of the vine,
it's for all seasons,
but cider is also worthy
of our respect as a drink,
champagne could easily
be replaced by good perry
and more than one drunkard
would find himself thwarted that way.

Philippe Langlois (1817-1884) was from an old Saint Lawrence family. He studied in Caen and in Paris, and qualified in medicine in Dublin, where he was received into the Royal College of Surgeons. He returned to Jersey to practise medicine. He was also a Deputy for St. Lawrence, a Jurat (elected 1876) and, in the Militia, a Major and Medical Officer. As President of La Société Jersiaise, with Jurat A.A. Le Gros, he started work on the Glossary of the Jersey Language, and as a poet he composed in Jèrriais, in French and English.



literature in Jèrriais reflecting Saint Helier's history as a cider town
a project for La Fête du Cidre prepared by L'Office du Jèrriais





La mort dé la Reine La Pousse

Du pays qu'est noummé Gardîn
La Pousse aut'fais était la Reine.
Belle, innocente, et bouanne, enfin,
Mais l'jaloux Fèrmi fut prîns d'haine!

The Apple was once the Queen
of the country called Garden.
Beautiful, innocent and good as she was,
the jealous Farmer was overcome with hate!

Dans chu temps-là, Fèrmi s'disait
D'la Tèrre être un Propriètaïthe!
Tout ch'qu'était bouon, tout ch'tchi r'lîsait,
Lî sèrvait, - souvent pour mal faithe!

At that time the Farmer presumed
to be Owner of the Earth!
All that was good, all that shone,
was used by him - often to evil purpose!

La Pousse, èrlîsant tout l'été,
Dév'nait d'pus en pus grôsse et tendre;
Mais s'n innocence et sa bieauté
N'pouvaient pas du Fèrmi la d'fendre.

The Apple, shining all summer long,
became plumper and plumper and more and more tender;
but her innocence and her beauty
could not defend her from the Farmer.

L'solé brûlant, en sitchant l'fain,
Faisait rouogi san bieau visage,
Mais sus san trône ou s'pliaîsait bein;
Et n'pensait pon à s'mettre en viage.

The burning sun, as it dried the hay,
made her lovely face blush,
but on her throne she was quite content;
and had no thought of setting off on a journey.

Au S'tembre, un jour, le Fèrmi vînt
L'assonmmèr à grands coups d'ravaûle
Lé peûle! I' l'ag'ni souos ses grîns
En riant et haûchissant l's'êpaûles!

One day in Autumn, the Farmer came
to strike her down with great blows of his harvesting pole.
The wretch! He pulled her towards him with his claws
laughing and shrugging his shoulders!

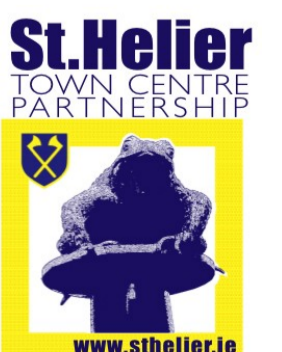
Sus la tère ou restit longtemps,
L'Vêpre ét la Grive, et la Lînmache
Se ruant sus lyi, vivant d'san sang,
Et li dèfidguthant la fache.

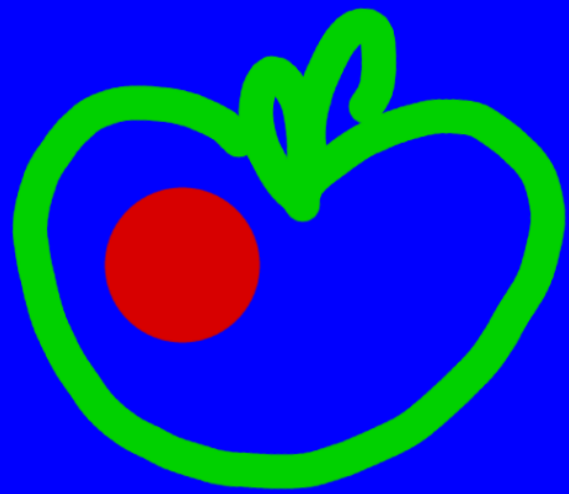
She lay on the ground for a long time,
the Wasp and the Thrush and the Slug
rushed upon her, living off her blood,
and scarring her face.

EJ Luce (1881-1918) wrote under the pen-name Elie. Not only did he write topical satirical poetry for the newspaper La Nouvelle Chronique de Jersey, but prose as well. When La Nouvelle Chronique de Jersey merged with its old rival La Chronique de Jersey, he became editor of the new publication, Les Chroniques de Jersey, until his death in the 1918 flu epidemic which hit Jersey hard. He is still one of the most frequently performed Jèrriais authors at the Jersey Eisteddfod today. This extract from a long poem makes a John Barleycorn style parable of the process of cidermaking.



literature in Jèrriais reflecting Saint Helier's history as a cider town
a project for La Fête du Cidre prepared by L'Office du Jèrriais





La Fête du Cidre

Ma Modgie d'cidre

Ma femme et mé j'd'meuthons touos seurs
Dans eune maison parmi les flieurs,
J'bai du cidre et lyi du thé
Et j'sommes tréjous heûtheurs et dgais.

*Ha, ha, ha! - ma modgie d'cidre,
I' m'en faut un bouôn lèrmîn,
Ha, ha, ha! - ma modgie d'cidre,
Vite, acouothe un p'tit gouttîn!*

Touos les jours j'sis dans les clios,
Jé souongne la tèrre et les bestchiaux,
À la maîntchi d'la matinnée
J'dêhale man cidre et ma beurrée.

Lé matîn d'vant qu' d'alleunmer l'feu,
J'vais faithe un tou dans man preinseu,
Jé prends man mogue, j'en bai eune lache
Pour mé raffraîchi bein la fache.

J'ai tréjous pour mé rassâsier
Eune bollée d'soupe à man dîner,
Patates et lard, chu bouôn fricot,
Et du cidre à tare-larigot.

My wife and I live all alone
in a house among the flowers,
I drink cider and she drinks tea
and we're always happy and merry.

*Ha, ha, ha! - my mugful of cider,
I need a good swig of it,
Ha, ha, ha! - my mugful of cider,
Quick, another little drop!*

Every day I'm in the fields,
I tend the land and the livestock,
halfway through the morning
I get out my cider and my sandwich.

In the morning before lighting the fire,
I go and visit the press,
I take my mug, I have good drink
to put a smile on my face.

To fill me up I always have
a bowl of soup for my dinner,
potatoes and pork, what a good meal,
and cider galore.

A version of the song "Little Brown Jug" - still a popular singalong.



Chanson Jèrriaise

L'aut' jour jé fus siez l'vaîsîn Ph'lip:
I 'tait souls, quâsi à rouôler:
I' v'nait dé pèrchi eunne fraîche pipe
Et i' m'en donnit à gouôter.

L'cidre, ma fé, était d'bouanne sorte;
Il avait ocouo du pitchet
J'en bus tant que l'dgiabl'ye m'emporte
Si jé n'en eus pon le hitchet.

Quand jé r'vîns siez nous jé n'fis qu'rithe;
J'étais, sus m'n âme, dé bouanne humeur:
Manon sé contentit dé m'dithe,
Eh! bein, man Jean, r'vas-y s'tu veurs.

Si ch'est qu'j'y r'touannis, oui ou non,
N'est pas dé bein grande conséquence;
Êcoutez la fin d'ma chanson
Ch'est là qu'en est toute l'excellence.

Morale

Eune aut' fais quand ous aithez sé,
Content'-ous de l'ieau d'la fontaine.
Ou n'vos mont'ta pas au chèrvé.
Et ou s'sa pour vous bein pus saine.

The other day I visited neighbour Phil:
he was staggering drunk:
he'd just broached a fresh barrel
and gave me some to taste.

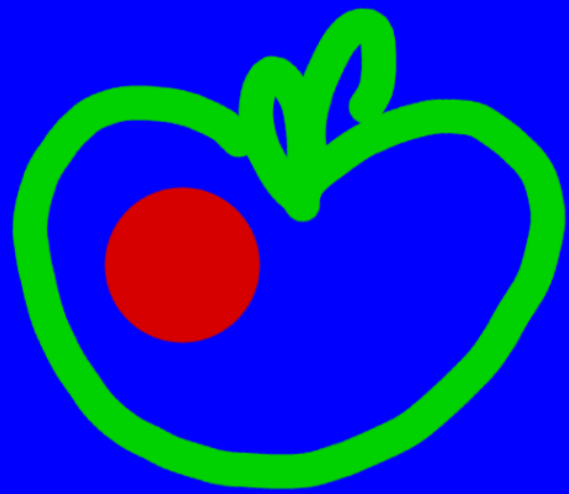
The cider was really excellent;
it was still a little sharp
I drank so much of it that the devil take me
if I didn't get hiccups.

When I arrived home all I could do was laugh;
I was, I swear, in a fine mood:
Mary simply said to me,
"Well, John dear, go back there if that's the
way things are!"

Whether I went back there or not
isn't really important;
listen to the end of my song
because that's the best bit.

Moral

On another occasion when you're thirsty,
be content with water from the pump.
It won't go to your head.
And it'll be much better for you.



La Fête du Cidre

La Pomme

Iun des pus bieux dons faits à l'homme,
Ch'est bein cèrtainement la pomme:
Peut-nou jamais vaie rein d'pus bé
Qu'un pommyi flieuthi au r'nouvé?
Ch'est un portrait de l'espéthane,
Un objet dé r'connaissance
Au chein tchi parfais pense un p'tit,
Et chèque chose approfondit.
Et pis tch'est qui pouôrrait dêcrithe,
Chein qué pourtant châtchun admithe,
Lé bouais chèrgi du pus bieu frit
Rouoge et jaune quand i' meûthit,
Et tchi fait v'nîn l'ieau à la bouoche,
Qué la pomme sait suthe ou douoche;
Tchi-a toute sorte d'qualités,
Dont nou fait toute sorte d'mets
Qué nou peut mangi tchuite ou crue,
Car ou n'fait pon la dêvoulué:
Mais dé tout l'bein qué j'en ai dit,
Ché n'est auprès tout qu'la maîntchi:
Véthe! ch'est eune chose étrange,
Jé n'ai fait qu'la maîntchi d'sa louange.

One of the finest gifts made to mankind
is surely the apple:
can one ever see anything more beautiful
than an apple tree in blossom in Spring?
It's a picture of hope,
an object of gratitude
to whoever sometimes thinks a bit
and goes into things deeply.
And who could describe
what everyone admires,
the tree laden with the finest fruit,
red and yellow when it ripens,
and which makes your mouth water,
whether the apple be sharp or sweet;
which has all sorts of qualities,
which can be used in all sorts of dishes,
which can be eaten cooked or raw,
for she's never malicious:
but out of all the good things I've said,
that's only really the half of it:
Yes! Strange to say
I've only managed to praise it half-way.



La Fête du Cidre

Lé gardîn d's Hespéthides

À haûter sous ches branques, j'y vai un vèrt vailiyi
hâvré dans chu gardîn d'espé et d'Hespéthides;
Ch'est un navithe bragi, ch'est man baté d'pommyi;
J'lanch'chai mén odysée sus un fièr fliot dé cidre,

eune brîsette dé Belles Fil'yes, et l'rouôlais d'Doux Rom'thi.
Ma dreine séthée à tère – jé fais vaile à l'assinne
sus l'ciel dé bliues mathées, la breue d'eune belle bouaïs'sie,
pouor vîther vèrs l'avoût. J'rêvache dans les tchêtinnes

d'ma cartchaïson dé frits, dé d'si et d'ivrouongn'nie.
Né v'chîn ma marchandise, ma richesse envitouée
dé Musé d'Boeu, d'Côtard, dé Têtard et d'Caplyi,
chèrgie d'amours juseurs, dé douocheurs adouothées.

Eune plyie d'pommes êtampées, eune dêtchèrque dg'ieau-dé-vie;
v'là tchi mouol'la ma langue, chu pur jus d'l'ochéan
arrouôs'sa mes pensées. Les louêmes douoches et louochies
montent vèrs les branques et banques, raffraîchissant mes chants.

J'arrive, ma douoche-améthe! La saison d'êrlâch'chie
veindra ès navidgants amathés sus l'mat'nas
dé pâssions et d'pépîns, dé mille amours meûthis,
èrteurthchis et trîntchis, tchilyis et pitchis bas.

Embraichi ès réchinnes, amathé sous l'pommyi,
j'sis înnondé et n'yé dans tén amour litchide
tchi d'goutte des p'tites brantchettes – jé chuche tes frits dé d'si;
j'ai goûté ta pomme d'or dans l'gardîn d's Hespéthides.

Dozing under these branches, I can see a green sailing ship
there
harboured in this garden of hope and Hesperides;
it's a drunken ship, it's my apple tree boat;
I'll launch my odyssey on a fine flood of cider,

a little breeze of Belles Fil'yes, and the swell of Doux Rom'thi.
My last evening ashore - I set sail at daybreak
on the sky of blue tides, the foam of fine woodland,
tack towards harvest. I drowse in the windfalls

of my cargo of fruit, desire and drunkenness.
Here's my merchandise, my tipsy riches
of Musé d'Boeu, Côtard, Têtard and Caplyi,
laden with juicy loves, and adored sweetnesses.

A rain of pressed apples, a downpour of spirits;
that's what will moisten my tongue, this freshly-pressed ocean
juice
will irrigate my thoughts. Sweet culled waves
rise towards branches and hedgebanks, refreshing my songs.

I'm coming, bittersweet darling! An overwintering season
will come to sailors anchored on the mattress
of passions and pips, of a thousand ripened loves,
twisted and toasted, harvested and overthrown.

Embraced in the roots, anchored under the apple tree,
I'm flooded and drowned in your liquid love
which drips from the twigs - I suck your fruits of desire;
I've tasted your golden apple in the garden of the Hesperides.

This is an extract from a poem by Geraint Jennings (born 1966) which was a prizewinner in a poetry competition in 2004. The challenge was set to poets in conjunction with La Faîs'sie d'Cidre, and the poem incorporates names of traditional Jersey apple varieties.



literature in Jèrriais reflecting Saint Helier's history as a cider town
a project for La Fête du Cidre prepared by L'Office du Jèrriais





La fais'sie d'cidre

Lé cidre (cider) has been drunk in Jersey since at least the 15th century. Jersey used to be covered in *gardîns ès pommièrs* (apple orchards). *Les pommes* (apples), naturally enough, grow on *un pommyi* (apple tree), but if you are lucky enough to have more than one, then you have *des pommièrs* (apple trees).

There are different types of apple, of course, and many of the traditional varieties with Jèrriais names still survive, such as *du Nièr Binnet*, *du P'tit Rom'thi*, and *des Rouoges Danmes*. But apples can be divided into *les pommes douoches* (eating apples) and *les pommes suthes* (cooking apples) and *les pommes à cidre* - for making cider!

Des tchètînes are windfalls and *des louochies* are apples shaken from the tree, but however you collect them, the important thing is to crush them in *lé tou d'preinseu* (apple crusher). Nowadays we can still see apple crushers *en grannit* (in granite) but *temps pâssé* there were ones *en bouais* (in wood).

Lé preinseu can refer either to the cider press itself or the press house. The crushed apples are called *lé mar*, and are transferred from *lé tou d'preinseu* onto *l'amet* (the press bed) by bucket. Layers of crushed apple are built up between sacking or straw: this process is called *couochi l'mar*.

Lé jus (the juice) runs into *la tchue* (the vat) and is then strained into *des bathis* (barrels).

But even if you have never seen *la fais'sie d'cidre* (cider-making), the most important thing is *béthe eune vèrrée d'cidre* (to drink a glass of cider). *Bouonne santé! Cheers!*



Bévonons à la Nouormande!

Dans les touos vièrs temps, les Nouormands b'vaient du baûchet - tch'est eune bouaïsson faite auve du myi. Nou peut aïsiment s'înmaginner des Vikings à en baithe des gorgies dé d'dans d's ênormes cônes.

Mais la tchultivâtion d'pommes à cidre arrivit en Nouormandie d'la Catalongne avant l'quatorzième siècl'ye et la faîs'sie d'bouôn cidre étout. Et ch'est bein seu qu'nou-s'a bu l'cidre ichîn en Jèrri d'pis chu temps-là.

Jusqu'à la fin du dgiêx-huitième siècl'ye, la faîs'sie d'cidre 'tait la pus grande îndustrie d'l'Île et la tchultivâtion des pommes formait la campagne, nos clios, nos banques et nos fôssés.

Dans la grand' terre étout l'cidre devînt eune hardi grande îndustrie, et jusqu'à la Deuxième Dgèrre Mondiale lé cidre 'tait la deuxième bouaïsson en France - lé vîn étant la preunmiéthe. Mais la biéthe est dev'nue pus populaithe avau l's années et la production d'cidre a tchée, mais la Nouormandie est acou connue pour ses gardîns ès pommièrs et produit pus d'cidre qu'la Brétangne.

Mais ch'n'est pon tout l'cidre tch'est fait en Nouormandie tch'est bu tout sîmpliément coumme chenna, pa'ce qu'eune partie est transformée en calvados dans les distil'lies.

L'ieau-d'vie dé cidre est faite sèrvi étout pour la production dé pommeau. Tch'est qu'est l'pommeau? Ch'est eune bouaïsson fortifiée coumme du vîn d'Porto ou du madère qu'nou bait coumme apéritif.

Pour faithe lé pommeau, nou mêle du janne calvados auve du pur jus d'cidre. L'alcool dans l'calvados cope la fèrmentâtion du cidre, et pis l'mêlange dait vieilli dans des bârriques en tchène duthant dgiêx-huit mais. La production annuelle du pommeau est dans les sept chent mille bouteilles - mais seul'ment chîn par chent d'la production tchitte la Nouormandie. I' sembl'ye qué ch'est un apéritif Nouormand tchi n'est dgéthe exporté! Par compathâison, dans les quarante par chent dé calvados vont à l'export.

Y'a acou eune bouaïsson tch'est dev'nue populaithe dans la grand' terre à ches drein et ch'est l'kir Nouormand. Ou connaissez sans doute lé kir - eune verrée d'blianc vîn auve du litcheu d'cassis dans. Mais y'a étout eune vèrsion Nouormande qu'nou peut c'mander dans les aubèrges et les restaurants.

Y'a deux avis sus l'kir Nouormand: y'en a tchi dithent qué ch'est eune m'suthe dé cassis auve du cidre, et d'aut's tchi dithent qué ch'est pustôt eune m'suthe dé cassis et eune m'suthe dé calvados auve du cidre.

Viyant toute la tradition, j'éthons-t-i' la pòssibilité d'ravigoter la faîs'sie d'cidre siez nous? I' faut l'espéther. Bévonons à chenna!

A long time ago, the Normans drank mead - which is a drink made with honey. One can easily imagine Vikings quaffing it from huge drinking horns.

But the cultivation of cider apples arrived in Normandy from Catalonia by the fourteenth century, as well as the making of good cider. And cider has certainly been drunk here in Jersey since those times.

Up till the end of the eighteenth century, cider-making was the largest industry in the Island and apple-growing shaped the countryside, our fields, our banks and our hedgerows.

On the Norman mainland too cider became a very large industry, and until the Second World War cider was the second drink in France - wine being the first. But beer has become more popular through the years and cider production has fallen, but Normandy is still known for its orchards and produces more cider than Brittany.

But not all the cider made in Normandy is drunk as it is, because part of it is turned into calvados in distilleries.

Apple brandy is also used in the production of pommeau. What is pommeau? It is a fortified drink like port or madeira that is drunk as an aperitif.

To make pommeau, young calvados is mixed with unfermented apple juice. The alcohol in the calvados prevents the cider fermenting, and then the mixture has to be aged in oak barrels for eighteen months. Annual production of pommeau is approximately seven hundred thousand bottles - but only five per cent of production leaves Normandy. It seems that it is a Norman aperitif that is hardly exported! By comparison, around forty per cent of calvados goes for export.

There is another drink that has become popular on the mainland recently and that is kir normand. You are probably familiar with kir - a glass of white wine with cassis (blackcurrant liqueur) in. But there is also a Norman version that one can order in bars and restaurants.

There are two schools of thought on kir normand: some say that it is a measure of cassis with cider, and others say that it is rather one measure of cassis and one measure of calvados with cider.

With all this tradition, could we revive cider-making here at home? One must hope so. Let's drink to it!



Apollon et Daphné

Quand, dans les touos vièrs temps, la Daphné fut changie
 en bouais pour s'écapper à l'embrace d'Apollon,
 lé louothi d'vînt la couronne ès poètes. Mais l'pommyi
 nos donne lé cidre tch'enivre nos rêves - et chutte
 bouaïsson

arrouôs'sa les vèrssets envitoués d'chu rînmeux.
 Mes lèvres embrachent eune vèrrée însphitée d'pur jus,
 et coumme la Daphné, bouaïsie dans les bras d'un dgieu,
 mes patholes sont mes frits, et mes poésies fieillues

fliethissent. Nos tchoeurs es'sont êtampés dans l'preinseu.
 Couoche don lé mar d'amour - tan jus couort dans mes
 lîngnes,
 et ch'est l'pommyi tchi m'donne les tchêtinnes dé san
 tchoeu,
 meûthes coumme les mouaïthes ès ronches, ou bein l'vèrjus
 ès vîngnes.

Ch'fut Ève, la maitrêsse nue dé chu preunmié gardîn,
 tch'offrit à sên Âdam lé fanmeux frit d'fendu.
 La Tchête dé l'houmme, tout coumme les pommes tchi
 tchaient d'un clyîn
 dg'yi, a louochi nos tchoeurs. Êden n'est pus connu.

“Bai eune gorgie, man fis. Né sai pus innouothant!”
 Ch'est l'sèrpent dé Genêse tchi m'chuchote dans mes ouïes.
 Les Belles Fil'yes trînquent lus vèrres, et les Douoches
 Danmes rithent bianc,
 jutchies là, vèrtes et rouoges — des ouaïsieux d'Paradis.

When, long ago, Daphne was changed
 into a tree to escape from Apollo's embrace,
 the laurel became the crown of poets. But the apple
 tree
 gives us the cider that intoxicates our dreams - and
 this drink

will water the tipsy verses of this poet.
 My lips embrace an inspired glassful of unfermented
 cider,
 and like Daphne, embowered in the arms of a god,
 my words are my fruit, and my leafy poems

flourish. Our hearts will be crushed in the cider press.
 Therefore spread out the layers of love pulp - your
 juice runs in my lines,
 and it's the apple tree that gives me the windfalls of
 its heart,
 ripe as the blackberries on the brambles or even the
 grapes on the vines.

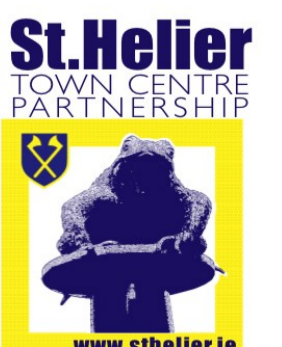
It was Eve, the naked mistress of that first garden,
 who offered to her Adam the famous forbidden fruit.
 The Fall of man, just like the apples which fall in the
 blink
 of an eye, has shaken down our hearts. Eden is no
 longer known.

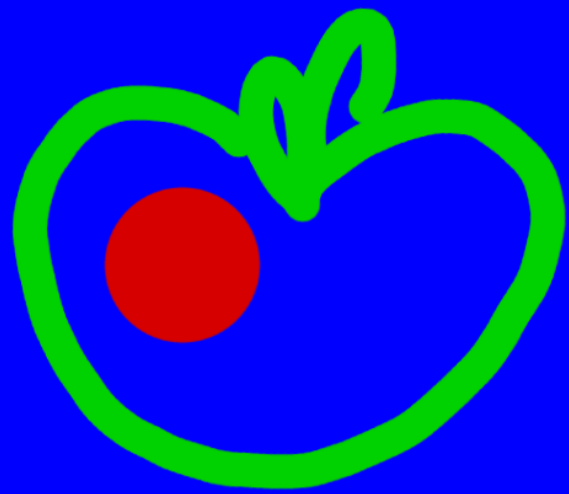
"Take a swig, my son. Don't be ignorant any longer!"
 It's the serpent of Genesis who whispers in my ears.
 The Beautiful Girls clink their glasses, and the Gentle
 Ladies laugh heartily,
 perched up there, green and red - birds of Paradise.

This is an extract from a poem by Geraint Jennings (born 1966) which was a prizewinner in a poetry competition in 2003. The challenge set to poets, in conjunction with La Faîs'sie d'Cidre, was to incorporate names of traditional Jersey apple varieties.



literature in Jèrriais reflecting Saint Helier's history as a cider town
 a project for La Fête du Cidre prepared by L'Office du Jèrriais





La Fête du Cidre

Lé tou du tou

La Ville a bein changi d'pis l'temps quand les c'mîns 'taient bliotchis, duthant la saison, par des vainnées d'bathis, quand lé d'si d'châque fèrmyi 'tait d'env'yer s'n avoût au Bridge à seule fin d'èrchéver l'miyeu prix. Iun des pus importants produits 'tait l'cidre, dé tchi d's ochéans fûdrent exportés d'la caûchie d'Saint Hélyi. Au c'menchement du dgiêx-neuvième siècl'ye, un quart d'l'Île 'tait plianté d'auve des gardîns à pommièrs, et en 1839, eune seule année, 268,199 gallons d'cidre fûdrent exportés en Angliétère. Nou b'vait du cidre étout dans les cabathets et siez sé (n'oubliez pon qué, d'avant les r'formes du Connêtabl'ye Pierre L'Sueux, l'ieau d'la ville n'tait dgéthe bouonne).

Y'a dans les trente ans, la Rue d'Driéthe et la Ruelle Hadgais fûdrent pavées, et nous'embellit la carre en y pliaichant un tou d'preinseu. D'pis mil neu chents septante-huit lé tou d'preinseu a 'té là, mais combein qu'i y'a d'gens et d'vîsiteurs tchi l'èrconnaissent achteu? Et chenna sustout quand ch'est tout plianté atout des flieurs.

La production d'cidre fut rempliaichie par la tchultivâtion d'patates, et pouor 1880 Saint Hélyi n'tait d'aut' un grand exportateur d'cidre, et les gardîns à frit à l'entou d'la Ville fûdrent passecrits. Tout coumme lé tou d'preinseu dans les rues pavées nos ramémouaithe not' histouaithe êcononmique. "Vive lé cidre, lé cidre tchoeuthu! Lé cidre est remplyi dé vèrtu!"

Town has changed a lot since the times when the streets were jammed, during the season, by vans carrying barrels, when every farmer's wish was to send their harvest tot he Weighbridge so as to get the best price. One of the most important products was cider, oceans of which were sent for export from the port of Saint Helier. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, a quarter of the Island was planted with apple orchards, and in 1839, a single year, 268,199 gallons of cider were exported to England. Cider was drunk in inns at home too (don't forget that, until the reforms of Connétable Pierre Le Sueur, the urban water supply was not good).

About thirty years ago, King Street and Ruelle Haguais were pedestrianised, and this corner was enhanced with an apple crusher. This crusher has been here since 1978, but how many passers by recognise it nowadays? Especially when it's all planted up with flowers.

Cider production was replaced by potato growing, and by 1880 Saint Helier was no longer a great exporter of cider, and the orchards around town were destroyed. Nevertheless the apple crusher in the precinct reminds us of our economic history. "Long live cider! Hearty cider! Cider's full of goodness!"



literature in Jèrriais reflecting Saint Helier's history as a cider town
a project for La Fête du Cidre prepared by L'Office du Jèrriais

