

Wilhelm Busch

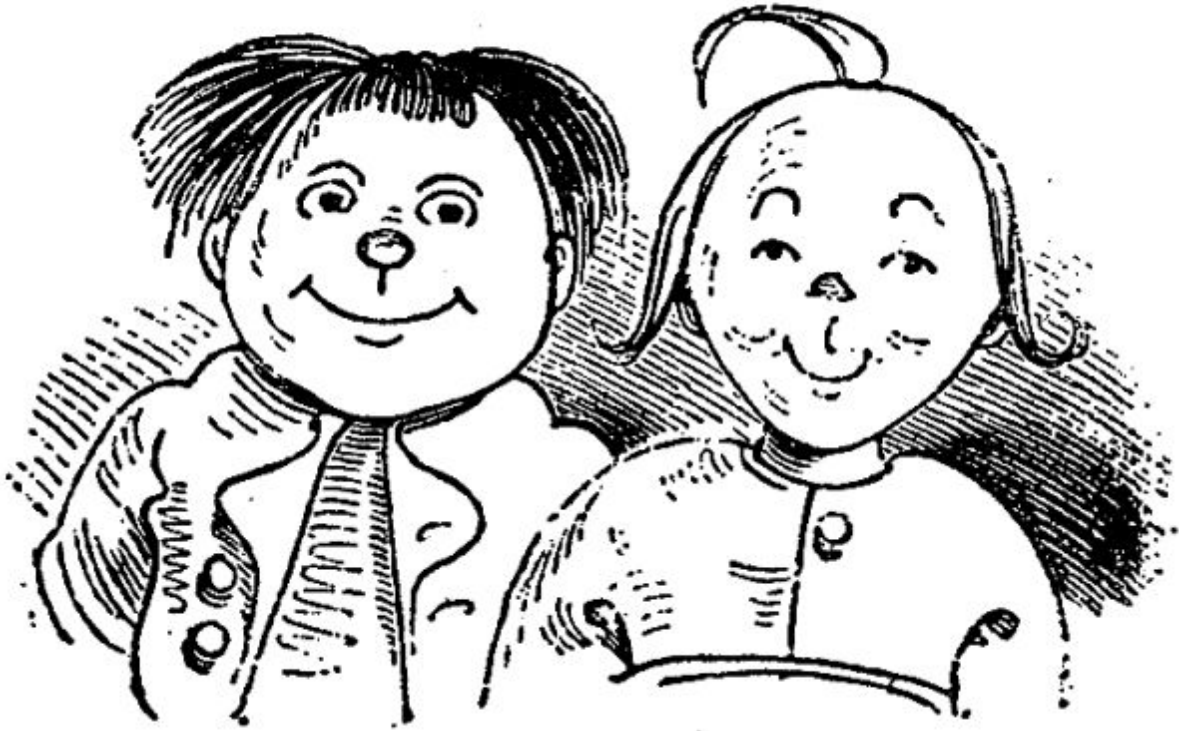
Max  
and  
Maurice



**Max and Maurice**  
**A Juvenile History in Seven Tricks**

## Preface.

Ah, how oft we read or hear of  
Boys we almost stand in fear of!  
For example, take these stories  
Of two youths, named Max and Maurice,



Who, instead of early turning  
Their young minds to useful learning,  
Often leered with horrid features  
At their lessons and their teachers.  
Look now at the empty head: he  
Is for mischief always ready.  
Teasing creatures, climbing fences,  
Stealing apples, pears, and quinces,  
Is, of course, a deal more pleasant,  
And far easier for the present,  
Than to sit in schools or churches,  
Fixed like roosters on their perches.

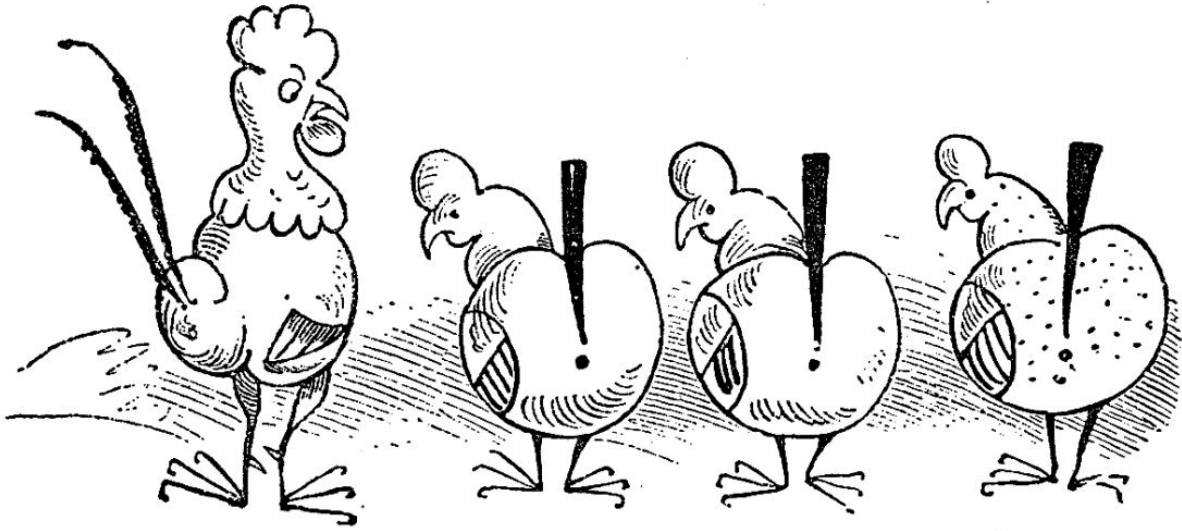
But O dear, O dear, O deary,  
When the end comes sad and dreary!  
'Tis a dreadful thing to tell  
That on Max and Maurice fell!  
All they did this book rehearses,  
Both in pictures and in verses.

## Trick First.

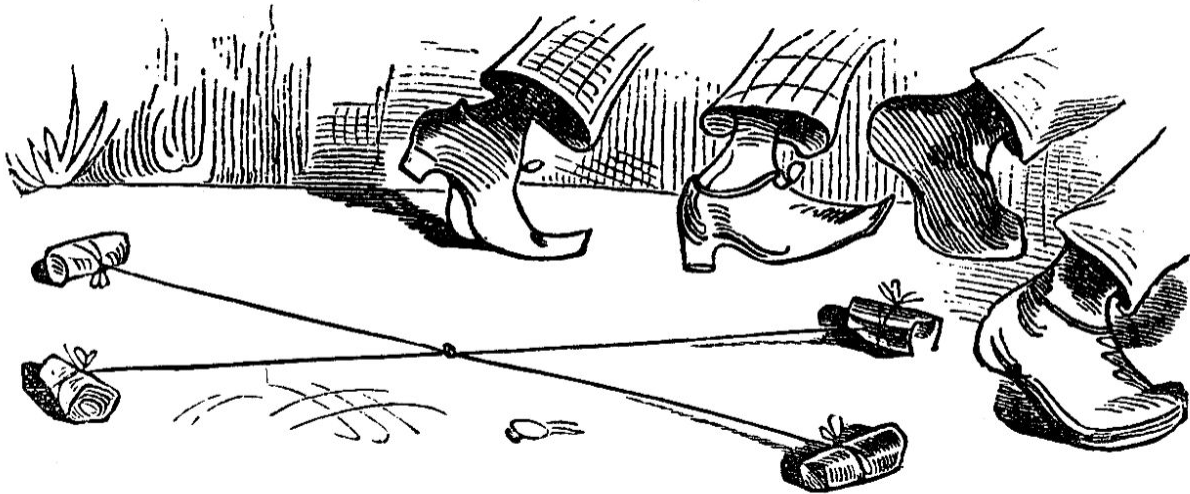
To most people who have leisure  
Raising poultry gives great pleasure  
First, because the eggs they lay us  
For the care we take repay us;  
Secondly, that now and then  
We can dine on roasted hen;  
Thirdly, of the hen's and goose's  
Feathers men make various uses.  
Some folks like to rest their heads  
In the night on feather beds.



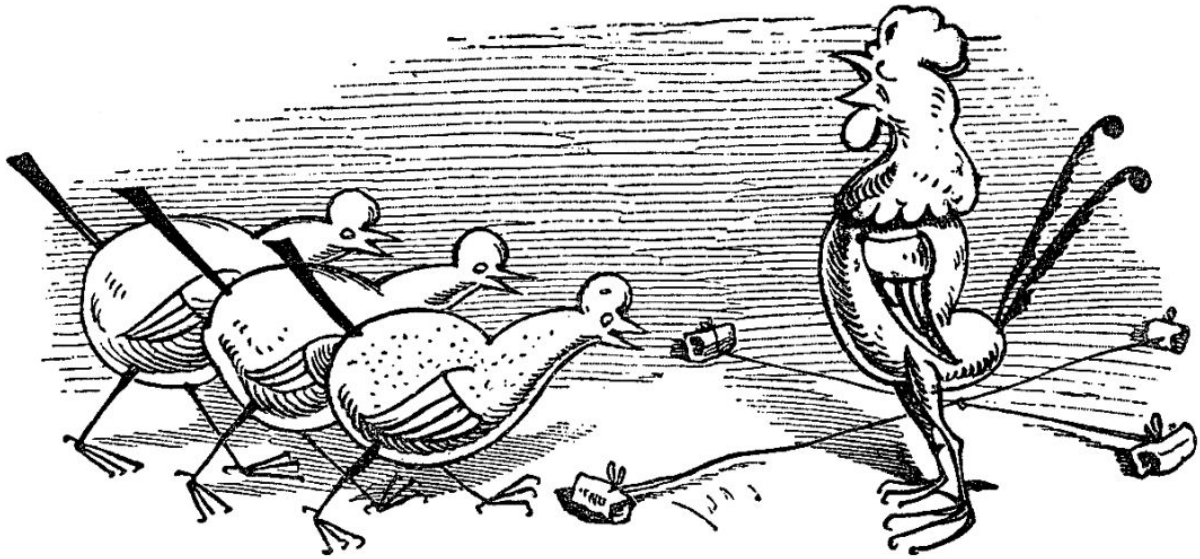
One of these was Widow Tibbets,  
Whom the cut you see exhibits.



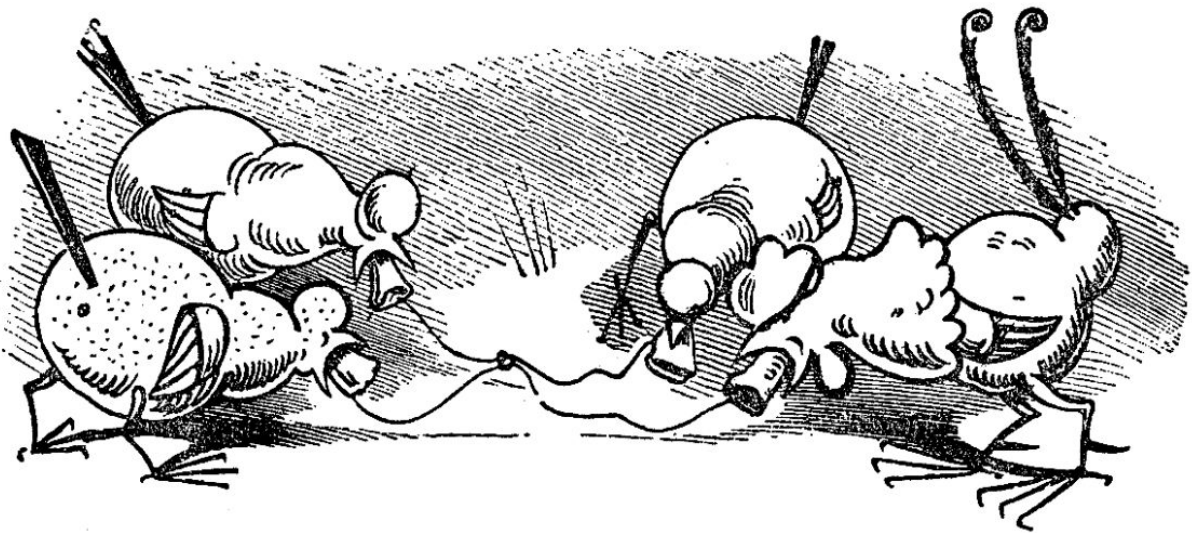
Hens were hers in number three,  
And a cock of majesty.  
Max and Maurice took a view;  
Fell to thinking what to do.  
One, two, three! as soon as said,  
They have sliced a loaf of bread,



Cut each piece again in four,  
Each a finger thick, no more.  
These to two cross-threads they tie,  
Like a letter X they lie  
In the widow's yard, with care  
Stretched by those two rascals there.



Scarce the cock had seen the sight,  
When he up and crew with might:  
Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo;—  
Tack, tack, tack, the trio flew.



Cock and hens, like fowls unfed,  
Gobbled each a piece of bread;