

Busch Wilhelm

# Plish and Plum



Вильгельм Буш

**Plish and Plum**

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## Plish and Plum

### CHAPTER I

With a pipe between his lips,  
Two young dogs upon his hips,  
Jogs along old Caspar Sly;  
How that man can smoke, – oh, my!  
But although the pipe-bowl glows  
Red and hot beneath his nose;  
Yet his heart is icy-cold;  
How can earth such wretches hold!  
"Of what earthly use to me  
Can such brutes," he mutters, "be?  
Do they earn their vittles? No!  
'Tis high time I let 'em go.  
What you don't want, fling away!  
Them's my sentiments, I say!"  
O'er the pond he silent bends,  
For to drown them he intends.  
With their legs the quadrupeds  
Kick and squirm, – can't move their heads  
And the inner voice speaks out:  
How 't will end we gravely doubt.  
*Hubs!* – an airy curve one makes;  
*Plish!* – a headlong dive he takes.  
Hubs! – the second follows suit;  
*Plum!* – the wave engulfs the brute.  
"That's well ended," Caspar cries,  
Puffs away and homeward hies.  
But, as often happens, here too  
Things don't go as they appear to.  
Paul and Peter, – so 'twas fated, —  
Naked in the bushes waited  
For a swim; and they descry  
What was done by wicked Sly.  
And like frogs they dove, *kechunk*,  
Where the poor young dogs had sunk.  
Quickly each one with his hand  
Drags a little dog to land.  
"Plish, I'll call my dog," cried Paul;  
"Plum," said Peter, "mine I'll call."  
Paul and Peter then with pleasure,  
Tenderly took each his treasure,  
And, with speed and joy past telling,

Steered for the parental dwelling.

## CHAPTER II

Papa Fittig, calm and cosy,  
Mamma Fittig, round and rosy,  
Arm in arm sit peaceful there —  
Troubled by no speck of care —  
On the bench before the door;  
For the summer day is o'er,  
And the supper hour is near,  
And the lads will soon be here.  
Soon they burst upon the view,  
Plish and Plum are with them too.  
Fittig thinks a dog a plague:  
"Nah!" he cries, — "excuse, I beg!"  
But mamma with soft looks pleaded:  
"Let them, Fittig!" — and succeeded.  
Evening milk, fresh and delicious,  
On the table stood in dishes.  
Joyfully they haste indoors;  
Plish and Plum ahead, of course.  
Mercy! look! right in the sweet  
Cream each wretch has set his feet;  
And the noise their lapping makes  
Shows what comfort each one takes.  
At the window peeps old Sly,  
Chuckles loud and says: "My eye!  
This is very bad, he! he!  
Very bad, but not for me!!"

## CHAPTER III

When night came, all worn and tired,  
As if nothing had transpired,  
Paul and Peter in their chamber  
Lay there, wrapt in peaceful slumber,  
A soft snoring through their noses  
Shows how tranquilly each dozes.  
But not so with Plish and Plum!  
They sit ill-at-ease and glum,  
Not being lodged to suit their mind,  
To turn in they too inclined.  
Plish, the dog's old rule to follow,  
Turns round thrice, his bed to hollow;  
Plum, however, shows a mind  
More affectionately inclined.  
When we dream of perfect rest  
Comes full many a troublous guest.  
"March!" With this harsh word the pets.  
Turn their outward summersets  
Coolness wakes activity;  
Time well-filled glides pleasantly.  
Means of sport are handy too,  
Here a stocking – there a shoe.  
These, before the morning glow,  
Curious changes undergo.  
When he comes the boys to wake,  
And beholds the frightful wreck,  
Pale the father cries: "This will  
Be a monstrous heavy bill!"  
Vengeful claws are in the air;

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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