

Up Into the Pear Tree

Heather Dale

The young Madonna Lydia went out to take a stroll
Upon the arm of Don Ambruglio, her newly wedded lord.
Their serving man was Pyrrhus that day, as chance
befell
and though he was the husband's man, he longed to be
her man as well.

Sweetly said Madonna with a twinkle in her eye,
"I see a tree hung low with fruit; and oh! The highest
one is ripe."
The Don looked sagely upward, and he nodded his assent
And so the servant stripped to shirt and hose, and up
the tree he went.

Up into the pear tree was handsome Pyrrhus sent
And there he thought of a clever plan, and this is how
it went

When the noble pair below were seated on the ground,
From up above, young Pyrrhus made a show of shyly
looking down
"My lord, I cannot blame you -- but it seems to me
unwise
To kiss your wife so boldly here, and right before a
servant's eyes!"

Ambruglio was taken aback, "My boy, what's that you
say?
My wife and I are sitting here, and not entwined in
Cupid's play."
Said Pyrrhus, soul of innocence, "My eyes cannot agree.
But here, come up and take my place, my lord - perhaps
it is the tree."

So up into the pear tree the foolish husband went
While Pyrrhus thought of the prize below and hastened
his descent

There's nothing quite as pleasant as a summer's warm
embrace
And when the Don looked down he saw the ardent lovers
face to face
But to his cries the two below said simply, "What's the
fuss?
Just as before, a yard or more still separates the two
of us."

The Don gasped, "It's a miracle! Let's cry it in the
town!"
But with a smile, Madonna said, "I think that you
should cut it down;
What good's a tree which lays a doubt on wives of good
repute?
But Pyrrhus here has earned my gratitude for fetching
me my fruit!"

So Pyrrhus felled the pear tree, as was his first

intent

And once he'd finished his sweaty work, his vigour was
all but spent.

The wondrous tree was lost; Ambruglio ne'er guessed the
game

But still the tale went far and wide and garnered him a
certain fame

Lydia was happy with this pleasant stroke of luck
And always called upon her Pyrrhus when she had some
fruit to pluck.

And up into her pear tree was handsome Pyrrhus sent
For there he'd thought of a clever plan, and that was
how it went.