

# 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.