

Heather Dale, Up Into The Pear Tree

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 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
There he thought of a clever plan and this is how it went
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 looking shyly 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 decent
And hastened his decent

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 cried "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 vigor was all but spent
His vigor 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
Oh there he'd thought of a clever plan, and that was how it went