

**Andy M. Stewart**  
**"The Errant Apprentice"**

Visit "[The Errant Apprentice](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

When I was a young apprentice  
and less than compos mentis  
I took leave of all my senses  
with a maid I fell in love.  
Her ringlets so entwined me  
Aphrodite's smile did blind me  
Cupid's arrow struck behind me  
and her father owned a pub.  
It was there I met my nemesis  
in her father's licensed premises  
Like the Seraphim of Genesis  
sat Mary Anne Maguire.  
Arrayed in fine apparel  
astride a porter barrel  
She looked the kind of girl that  
would fill you with desire.

All the turtle doves were cooing  
as I took to my wooing  
Her Loveliness pursuing  
in the springtime of that year.  
But she thought I should be older  
and more gallant and much bolder  
In the uniform of a soldier  
'tis then she'd hold me dear.  
In extremis and euphoria  
I joined with Queen Victoria  
For a spell of death or gloria  
a-fighting with the Boers.  
To the wind I threw all caution  
I'll return with fame and fortune  
And together make a portion  
of matrimony's chores.

On the gravestone of her mother  
she swore she loved no other  
But I was to soon discover  
that she played me for a berk.  
For lady-luck had beached me  
and intelligence had reached me  
Whilst I'd been overseas she

had married to a Turk.  
Well me, I then deserted  
for to find the girl who'd flirted  
Back to Ireland I reverted  
for my jealousy was roused.  
In Maguire's Pub in Derry  
I found him making merry  
With his arms around my Mary  
as together they caroused.

So I took my time and waited  
until his thirst was sated  
And home he navigated  
through the streets of Derry town.  
At his lodgings he stood knocking  
and whilst they were unlocking  
I put a stone into a stocking  
on his head I brought it down.  
'Twas then the night's serenity  
was rent with loud obscenity  
And Ottoman profanity  
that I couldn't understand.  
With an oath he made to grab me  
with full intent to stab me  
But as he tried to kebab me  
I was screaming up the strand.

All around the town's perimeter  
he chased me with his scimitar  
A powerful passion limiter  
to an errant in his pride.  
Through the waterside he chased me  
to the Bridge of Foyle he raced me  
And at Derry Quay he faced me  
so I jumped into the tide.  
Sure bravery's no virtue  
when some heathen's trying to hurt you  
And all noble thoughts desert you  
when you see his curly knife.  
For there's many things worth trying for  
and occasionally worth lying for  
But there's bugger-all worth dying for  
so I'll stick to the soldier's life.

Visit [Andy M. Stewart](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.