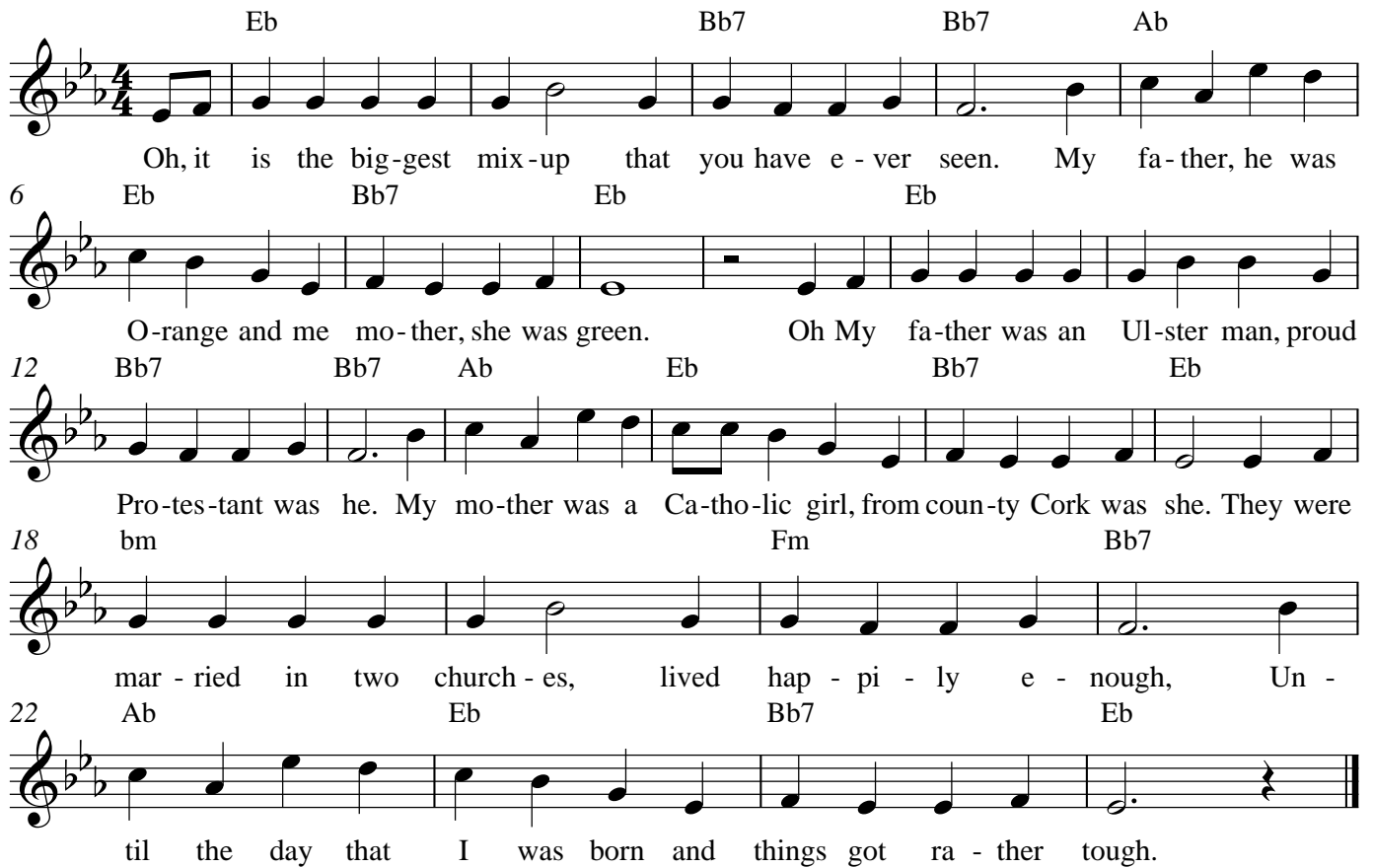


The Orange and the Green

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Oh, it is the big-gest mix-up that you have e-ver seen. My fa-ther, he was
6 Oh O-range and me mo-ther, she was green. Oh My fa-ther was an Ul-ster man, proud
12 Pro-tes-tant was he. My mo-ther was a Ca-tho-lic girl, from coun-ty Cork was she. They were
18 mar-ried in two church-es, lived hap-pi-ly e-nough, Un-
22 til the day that I was born and things got ra-ther tough.

Baptized by Father Riley, I was rushed away by car,
To be made a little Orangeman, my father's shining star.
I was christened "David Anthony," but still, inspite of that,
To me father, I was William, while my mother called me Pat.

With Mother every Sunday, to Mass I'd proudly stroll.
Then after that, the Orange lodge would try to save my soul.
For both sides tried to claim me, but i was smart because
I'd play the flute or play the harp, depending where I was.

Now when I'd sing those rebel songs, much to me mother's joy,
Me father would jump up and say, "Look here would you me boy.
That's quite enough of that lot", he'd then toss me a coin
And he'd have me sing the Orange Flute or the Heros of The Boyne

One day me Ma's relations came round to visit me.
Just as my father's kinfolk were all sitting down to tea.
We tried to smooth things over, but they all began to fight.
And me, being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight.

My parents never could agree about my type of school.
My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool.
They've both passed on, God rest 'em, but left me caught between
That awful color problem of the Orange and the Green.