

## The Old Orange Flute

The Clancy Brothers

The Old Orange Flute  
In the county Tyrone, in the town of Dungannon  
Where many a ruckus meself had a hand in  
Bob Williamson lived there, a weaver by trade  
And all of us thought him a stout-hearted blade.  
On the twelfth of July as it yearly did come  
Bob played on the flute to the sound of the drum  
You can talk of your fiddles, your harp or your lute  
But there's nothing could sound like the Old Orange Flute.  
But the treacherous scoundrel, he took us all in  
For he married a Papish named Bridget McGinn  
Turned Papish himself and forsook the Old Cause  
That gave us our freedom, religion and laws.  
And the boys in the county made such a stir on it  
They forced Bob to flee to the province of Connaught;  
Took with him his wife and his fixins, to boot,  
And along with the rest went the Old Orange Flute.  
Each Sunday at mass, to atone for past deeds,  
Bob said Paters and Aves and counted his beads  
Till one Sunday morn, at the priest's own require  
Bob went for to play with the flutes in the choir.  
He went for to play with the flutes in the mass  
But the instrument quivered and cried."O Alas!"  
And blow as he would, though he made a great noise,  
The flute would play only "The Protestant Boys".  
Bob jumped up and huffed, and was all in a flutter.  
He pitched the old flute in the best holy water;  
He thought that this charm would bring some other sound,  
When he tried it again, it played "Croppies Lie Down!"  
And for all he would finger and twiddle and blow  
For to play Papish music, the flute would not go;  
"Kick the Pope" to "Boyne Water" was all it would sound  
Not one Papish bleat in it could e'er be found.  
At a council of priests that was held the next day  
They decided to banish the Old Flute away;  
They couldn't knock heresy out of it's head  
So they bought Bob another to play in it's stead.  
And the Old Flute was doomed, and it's fate was pathetic  
'Twas fastened and burnt at the stake as heretic.  
As the flames rose around it, you could hear a strange noise  
'Twas the Old Flute still a-whistlin' "The Protestant Boys".