

The Orange And The Green

The Wolfe Tones

Oh, my father was an Ulster man, proud Protestant was he;
My mother was a Catholic and from County Cork was she.
They were married in two churches, and lived happily enough;
Until the day that I was born, and things got rather tough.
Baptized by Father Reilly, I was rushed away by car
To be made a little Orangeman, my father's shining star.
I was christened David Anthony, but still in spite of that,
To my father I was Billy while my mother called me Pat.
Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
My father was an Orangeman, my mother she was Green.
Now, with mother every Sunday to Mass I'd proudly stroll,
And after that the Orange lads would try to save my soul.
And both sides tried to claim me but I was smart
because
I'd play the flute or play the harp depending where I was.
And when I'd sing those rebel songs, much to my mother's joy,
My father would jump up and say, "Look here, come here me boy!
That's quite enough of that, lad," he'd toss me o'er a coin,
He'd have me sing "The Orange Flute" and "The Heroes of the Boyne."
Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen,
My father was an Orangeman, my mother she was Green.
One day my ma's relations came 'round to visit me,
Just as my father's kinfolk were sitting down to tea;
We tried to smooth things over; they all began to fight,
And me being strictly neutral, I kicked 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 them, but I was left between
That awful color problem of the Orange and the Green
Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
My father was an Orangeman, my mother she was Green.
Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
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