

## **The Orange and the Green**

**Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen.  
My father, he was Orange and me mother, she was green.**

**My father was an Ulster man, proud Protestant was he.  
My mother was a Catholic girl, from county Cork was she.  
They were married in two churches, lived happily enough,  
Until the day that I was born and things got rather 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.**

**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.**