

The Orange and the Green

The Irish Rovers

Oh it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
My father he was orange and my mother she was green

Oh my father was an Ulsterman, 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

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Baptised 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 William while my mother called me Pat

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With mother every Sunday to mass I'd proudly stroll
Then after that the orange lads would try to save my soul
For both sides tried to claim me, but I was smart because
I played the flute or played the harp, depending where I was

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One day my ma's relations came round to visit me
Just as my father's kinfolk were all sittin' 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

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Now 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 both passed on, god rest them, but left me caught between
That awful color problem of the orange and the green

Oh it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
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Yes it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen
My father he was orange and my mother she was green