

The Dubliners, The orange and the 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.
Oh, it is the biggest mix-up
That you have ever seen.
My father, he was Orange
And me mother, She was green.
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.
Oh, it is the biggest mix-up...
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.
Oh, it is the biggest mix-up...
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 Heroes of The Boyne
Oh, it is the biggest mix-up...
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.
Oh, it is the biggest mix-up...
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.
Oh, it is the biggest mix-up...
Oh, it is the biggest mix-up