

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