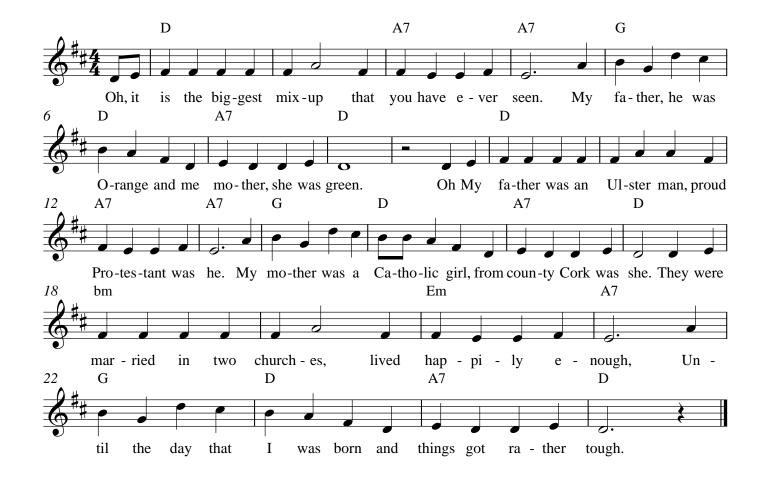
The Orange and the Green

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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.

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 Heros of The Boyne

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.