

## St. Patrick's Day "The Orange And The Green"

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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.

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.

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