

# The Orange and the Green

Written by: Anthony Murphy



[CHORUS]

Oh, it [D] is the biggest [Bm] mixup that [A] you have ever seen  
Me [G] father he was [D] Orange, me [A] mother she was [D] green.

Oh, me [D] father was an [Bm] Ulsterman, proud [A] Protestant was he  
Me [G] mother was a [D] Catholic and from [A] County Cork was [D] she.  
They were married in two [Bm] churches and lived [A] happily enough  
Un [G] til the day that [D] I was born and [A] things got rather [D] tough.

Bap [D] tized by father [Bm] Reilly I was [A] rushed away by car  
To be [G] made a little [D] Orangeman, me [A] father's shining [D] star.  
I was christened David [Bm] Antony but [A] still in spite of that  
To me [G] father I was [D] Billy while me [A] mother called me [D] Pat.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

With [D] mother every [Bm] Sunday to [A] mass I'd proudly stroll  
And [G] after that the [D] Orange Lord would [A] try to save me [D] soul.  
And both sides tried to [Bm] claim me, but [A] I was smart because  
I'd [G] play the flute, I'd [D] play the harp de[A] pending were I [D] was

And [D] when I'd sing those [Bm] rebel songs much [A] to me mother's joy  
Me [G] father would jump [D] up and say "Look [A] here, now Bill me [D] boy!  
That's quite enough of [Bm] that lot.", he'd [A] toss me o'er a coin  
He'd [G] have me sing The [D] Orange Flute or the [A] Heroes of the [D] Boyne.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

One [D] day me Ma's re [Bm] lations came [A] round to visit me.  
Just [G] as my father's [D] kinfolk were [A] sitting down to [D] tea.  
We tried to smooth things [Bm] over, but they [A] all began to fight.  
And [G] me, being strictly [D] neutral, I kicked [A] everyone in [D] sight.

My [D] parents never [Bm] could agree a[A] bout my type of school.  
My [G] learning was all [D] done at home, that's [A] why I'm such a [D] fool.  
They've both passed on, God [Bm] rest 'em, but [A] I was left between  
That [G] awful colour [D] problem of the [A] Orange and the [D] Green.

[REPEAT CHORUS 2X]