

The Old Orange Flute

C G7 C

In the County Tyrone near the town of Dungannon,

F G7

Where many the ructions meself had a hand in,

C Em F C

Bob Williamson lived, a weaver by trade,

F G7 C

And all of us thought him a stout Orange blade.

C F

On the twelfth of July as it yearly did come,

C G7

Bob played with his flute to the sound of a drum.

F Em F C

You may talk of your harp, your piano or lute,

F G7 C

But there's none can compare with the old orange flute.

Now Bob, the deceiver, he took us all in,
He married a Papist named Bridget McGinn,
Turned Papish himself, and forsook the old cause,
That gave us our freedom, religion, and laws.
Now the boys of the place made some comment upon it,
And Bob had to fly to the province of Connaught,
He fled with his wife and his fixings to boot,
And along with the latter, his old Orange flute.

At the chapel on Sunday to atone for past deeds,
Said paters and aves and counted his beads,
'Till after some time at the priest's own desire,
He went with the old flute to play in the choir.
He went with the old flute for to play for the mass,
But the instrument shivered, and sighed, oh, alas,
And try though he would, though it made a great noise,
The flute would play only "The Protestant Boys."

Bob jumped and he started and got in a flutter,
And threw the old flute in the blessed holy water,
He thought that this charm would bring some other sound,
When he tried it again, it played "Croppies Lie Down."
Now for all he could whistle and finger and blow,
To play Papish music he found it no go,
"Kick the Pope," and "Boil Water" it freely would sound,
But one Papish squeak in it couldn't be found.

At the council of priests that was held the next day,
They decided to banish the old flute away,
They couldn't knock heresy out of its head,
So they bought Bob a new one to play in its stead.
Now the old flute was doomed, and its fate was pathetic,
'Twas fastened and burned at the stake as heretic,
As the flames soared around it, they heard a strange noise,
'Twas the old flute still whistling "The Protestant Boys."
Toora lu, toora lay, oh, it's six miles

from Bangor to Donnahadee.