Marty Meehan's

3rd Annual
St. Patrick's Day Celebration

Lowell Sheraton
March 14, 1998
Lowell, Massachusetts
Cead mia Failte and thank you for attending my Third Annual St. Patrick’s Day Celebration. As many of you know, the Irish heritage runs deep in my family. It is for this reason that I have become increasingly involved in a variety of issues pertaining to Ireland.

Since I was elected to Congress, I have been involved in key issues of importance to Irish Americans and have been a strong supporter of the peace process in Northern Ireland. Over the past year, I have traveled to Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic twice to advance the cause of economic development as a path to peace. As an active member of the Congressional Ad Hoc Committee for Irish Affairs, I have worked with my colleagues in Congress to introduce and strengthen legislation that is pertinent to securing a lasting peace in Ireland.

Back in 1993, I, along with other members of the Irish caucus, asked President Clinton to become more involved in trying to stop the violence that has divided the Irish for centuries. As a result of the organized pressure from Capitol Hill, the President has increased the involvement of the United States in the peace process.

As you can see, Ireland and my other priorities, including tobacco and pushing for campaign finance reform, have kept me busy in Washington and in the district.

I look forward to spending this morning with you.

Beanach,
(Best Wishes)

Marty

Marty

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PROGRAM

Breakfast Served
8:30 a.m.
Benediction by Bishop McNamara

Welcome
9:00 a.m.
"The Blarney" with host Marty Meehan

Speaking Program and Sing Along

with emcee Paul Sullivan
and music by Frosty Morn and Matt Malone

- The Honorable John F. Kerry, U.S. Senate
- Brian Donnelly, candidate for Governor
- Patricia McGovern, candidate for Governor
- Dorothy Kelly Gay, candidate for Lt. Governor
- Warren Tofran, candidate for Lt. Governor
- Lois Pines, candidate for Attorney General
- Tom Reilly, candidate for Attorney General
- Shannon O’Brien, candidate for Treasurer
- Mike Callahan
- Bill Flaherty

Recognition of Special Guests

Produced by The Marty Meehan for Congress Committee
75 Princeton Street, North Chelmsford, MA 01863
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Danny Boy

Oh Danny Boy the pipes the pipes are calling
From Glen to Glen and down the mountainside,
The summer's gone and all the flowers are dying
Tis you Tis you must go and I must bide

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow --
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh Danny boy, Oh Danny boy, I love you so.

But when ye come and all the flowers dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an' ave there to me.

And I should feel, though soft you tread above me
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be
For you will bend and tell me that you love me
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

Back to first verse

When Irish Eyes Are Smilin'

When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure it's like a morn in Spring,
In the lil of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing,
When Irish hearts are happy,
All the world seems bright and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure they steal your heart away.

Wearing of the Green

"O Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground!
No more Saint Patrick's Day we'll keep, his color can't be seen
For there's a cruel law ag'in the Wearin' O' the Green."
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"
"She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
For they're hanging men and women there for the Wearin' O' the Green."

"So if the color we must wear be England's cruel red
Let it remind us of the blood that Irishmen have shed;
And pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod
But never fear, 'twill take root there, through underfoot 'tis trod.
When laws can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow
And when the leaves in summer-time their colors dare not show,
Then I will change the color too I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to the Wearin' O' the Green."
**Wild Irish Rose**

My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flower that grows,
You may search everywhere,
But none can compare with my wild Irish rose.
My wild Irish rose, the dearest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

**Four Green Fields**

What did I have, said the fine old woman
What did I have, this proud old woman did say
I had four green fields, each one was a jewel
But strangers came and tried to take them from me
I had fine strong sons, who fought to save my jewels
They fought and they died, and that was my grief said she

Long time ago, said the fine old woman
Long time ago, this proud old woman did say
There was war and death, plundering and pillage
My children starved, by mountain, valley and sea
And their wailing cries, they shook the very heavens
My four green fields ran red with their blood, said she

What have I now, said the fine old woman
What have I now, this proud old woman did say
I have four green fields, one of them's in bondage
In stranger's hands, that tried to take it from me
But my sons had sons, as brave as were their fathers
My fourth green field will bloom once again said she

**I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen**

I'll take you home again, Kathleen,
Across the ocean wild and wide
To where your heart has ever been,
Since you were first my bonnie bride.
The roses all have left your cheek,
I've watched them fade away and die;
Your voice is sad when e'er you speak,
And tears bedim your loving eyes.

Chorus:

Oh! I will take you back, Kathleen,
To where your heart will fall no pain,
And when the fields are fresh and green,
I'll take you to your home again!

I know you love me, Kathleen, dear,
Your heart was ever fond and true.
I always feel when you are near
That life holds nothing, dear, but you.
The smiles that once you gave to me
I scarcely ever see them now,
Though many, many times I see
A dark'ning shadow on your brow.

Chorus

To that dear home beyond the sea
My Kathleen shall again return.
And when thy old friends welcome thee
Thy loving heart will cease to yearn.
Where laughs the little silver stream
Beside your mother's humble cot,
And brightest rays of sunshine gleam
There all your grief will be forgot