

City of Chicago

Christy Moore

In the city of Chicago
As the evening shadows fall
There are people dreamin
Of the hills of Donegal

1847 was the year it all began
Deadly pains of hunger drove a million from the land
They journeyed not for glory
Their motive wasn't greed
A voyage of survival across the stormy seas

To the city of Chicago
As the evening shadows fall
There are people dreamin
Of the hills of Donegal

Some of them knew fortune, and some of them knew fame
More of them knew hardship
They died upon the plain
They spread throughout the nation, They rode their railroad cars
Brought their songs and music to ease their lonely hearts

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Lyrics submitted by ava.

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