

# Christy Moore, City Of Chicago

To the City of Chicago,  
As the evening shadows fall,  
There are people dreaming,  
Of the hills of Donegal.

Eighteen forty seven,  
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,  
Just a voyage of survival,  
Accross the stormy sea.

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Of the hills of Donegal.

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

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Of the hills of Donegal.