

Christy Moore, The City Of Chicago

In the City of Chicago
As the evening shadows fall
There are people dreaming
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 sea

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

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