

# The City Of Chicago

Christy Moore

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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