

City Of Chicago

Luka Bloom

In 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 this 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 dreaming
Of the hills of Donegal

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

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