

City of Chicago

Barry Moore (Luka Bloom)

Chorus: 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 was not greed,
A voyage of survival,
Across the stormy sea.

In 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,
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.

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