

T. Duggins **"Chicago"**

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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 the land
They journeyed not for glory, their motive wasn't greed
A voyage of survival across the stormy sea

To the city of Chicago, as the evening shadows fall
There are people dreaming of the hills of Donegal

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

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