



Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so
pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through
streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no
wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheeled their barrow through
streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

She died of a fever and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow through
streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

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