MOLLY MALLONE

Irish traditional

In Dublins fair city where the girls are so pretty I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone She wheel'd her wheel barrow Thro' 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 mother and father before
And they both wheeled their barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

She died of a fever
No one could relieve 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"