

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 wheel-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 was a fishmonger
And sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows
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"
Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"