

## Cockles and Mussels (Molly Malone)

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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 the 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 the mother before

And they wheeled their barrow

Through the streets broad and narrow

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

**Alive, alive, oh—, ...**

She died of a fever, And no one could save her

And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone

Now her ghost wheels her barrow

Through the streets broad and narrow

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

**Alive, alive, oh—, ...**

**Alive, alive, oh—, ...**