

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 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, t'was no wonder
For so were her mother and father before
And they all wheeled their barrow
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 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
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"
Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"