

Molly Malone

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Irish traditional

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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
Cryin' cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!

Refrain:
Alive, alive oh! Alive, alive oh!
Cryin' cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!

She was a fishmonger, but sure't was no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
As they each wheeled there barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Cryin' cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!

[Refrain]

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
Cryin' cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!