

Unknown

"Molly Malone"

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MOLLY MALONE

In Dublin's fair city where girls are so pretty
Twas there that I first met sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through street broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"

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

Now she was a fishmonger and sure twas no wonder
For so were her mother and father before
And they each wheeled their barrows
Through streets broad and narrow
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 streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh"

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