

## **Paddy Schmidt**

### **"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  
She wheeled her wheel-barrow  
through the streets broad and narrow  
Crying Cockles and mussels alive alive-o  
She was a fishmonger  
and sure it was no wonder  
For so were her father and mother before  
And they both wheeled their barrow  
through streets broad and narrow  
Crying Cockles and mussels alive alive-o  
She died of a favour  
and sure no one could save her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
And her ghost wheels her barrow  
through streets broad and narrow  
Crying Cockles and mussels alive alive-o  
Alive, alive-o alive alive-o  
Crying Cockles and mussels alive alive-o

