

- 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 streets broad and narrow.
   Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!
  A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
   Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!
- 3. 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 a-live O! A-live a-live O!...

A-live a-live O!...

She was a fishmonger and sure it was no wonder For so were her father and mother before And they each wheeled their barrows, through streets broad and narrow.
 Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O!...

Instrumental A B

