

# Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty

I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.

She wheeled a wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow  
crying cockles and mussels, A-live, A-live, oh.

Refr.:

A-live, a-live oh a-live, a-live oh, crying cockles and mussels,  
a-live, a-live oh

She was a fishmonger, but sure t'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 a-live, a-live oh.

Refrain:

She died of a fever no one could relieve her,

and that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.

But her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,

crying cockles and mussels a-live, a-live oh

Refrain: