

# Molly Malone



In Dub - lin's fair ci - ty, where the girls are so  
 pret - ty, I first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma -  
 lone. As she wheeled her wheel - bar - row, through streets broad and  
 nar - row, cry - ing: "Cock - les and mus - sels, a - live, a - live  
 oh! A - live, a - live o - h! A -  
 live, a - live o - h!" Cry - ing: "Cock - les and  
 mus - sels, a - live, a - live oh!"

1. In Dublin's fair City  
 Where the girls are so pretty  
 I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone  
 As she wheel'd her wheel barrow  
 Through streets broad and narrow  
 Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive oh!
2. She was a fishmonger  
 But sure 'twas no wonder  
 For so were her father and mother before  
 And they each wheel'd their barrow  
 Through streets broad and narrow  
 Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive oh!
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, alive oh!

1. In Dublin's fair city  
 Where the girls have small titties  
 T'was there that I first met sweet Molly Malone  
 You could have her for a penny,  
 And be one of many  
 But for sixpence she would act alive, alive oh!
2. She was a street walker  
 And sure t'was no wonder  
 For so were her mother and grandmother too  
 With a mattress on the barrow  
 Thru streets broad and narrow  
 And for sixpence they would act alive, alive oh!
3. She died of a fever  
 And no one could save her  
 T'was caught from a folkie from Ontario  
 Now her ghost wheels the barrow  
 Thru streets broad and narrow  
 But a ghost can't be had - That's alive, alive oh!