



Molly Malone

In Dublin's fair city,
 Where the girls are so pretty,
 I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
 As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
 Through streets broad and narrow,
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"
 "Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh",
 Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

She was a fishmonger,
 But sure 'twas no wonder,
 For so were her father and mother before,
 And they each wheeled their barrow,
 Through streets broad and narrow,
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"
 "Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh",
 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!"
 "Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh",
 Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

Slow down