

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

THRU' STREETS, BROAD AND NARROW

CRYING COCKLES AND MUSSELS A-LIVE A-LIVE-O

A-LIVE A-LIVE-O A-LIVE A-LIVE-O, CRYING

COCKLES AND MUSSELS A-LIVE A-LIVE-O

SHE WAS A FISH MONGER WAS THAT ANY WONDER

SO WAS HER FATHER AND MOTHER BEFORE

THEY BOTH WHEELED THEIR BARROW

THRU' STREETS, BROAD AND NARROW

CRYING COCKLES AND MUSSELS A-LIVE A-LIVE-O

A-LIVE A-LIVE-O A-LIVE A-LIVE-O, CRYING

COCKLES AND MUSSELS A-LIVE A-LIVE-O

SHE DIED OF THE FEVER AND NO ONE COULD SAVE HER

AND THAT WAS THE END OF SWEET MOLLY MALONE

NOW HER GHOST WHEELS HER BARROW

THRU' STREETS, BROAD AND NARROW

CRYING COCKLES AND MUSSELS A-LIVE A-LIVE-O

A-LIVE A-LIVE-O A-LIVE A-LIVE-O, CRYING

COCKLES AND MUSSELS A-LIVE A-LIVE-O