

## Cockles and Mussels

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In Dublin's fair city, where 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, alive oh "  
***Alive, alive o-oh ! Alive, alive o-oh !***  
***Crying, " Cockles and Mussels " alive ,alive oh !***

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder  
for so was 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 o-oh ! Alive, alive o-oh !***  
***Crying, " Cockles and Mussels " alive ,alive oh !***

But I was a Rover and sailed the seas over  
I bid my farewell to sweet Molly Malone.  
And as I was sailin' , the wild winds were waillin'  
crying, cockles and mussels alive, alive oh !  
***Alive, alive o-oh ! Alive, alive o-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 o-oh ! Alive, alive o-oh !***  
***Crying, " Cockles and Mussels " alive ,alive oh ! :!!***

