

In Dublin's Fair City (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 a-live a-live Oh

Chorus

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

She was a fishmonger, and sure twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows,
through streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels a-live a -live oh

Chorus

She died of a fever, and no one could save 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

Chorus