

The Irish Collection



Molly Malone (traditional)

1 In Dublin's fair city, where the maids are so pretty,

I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma - lone.

As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow,

Crying "Cockles and mussels, a - live, a - live O!"

Ch A - live, alive O, a - live, alive O,
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, a - live O!"

2 She was a fishmonger, for sure 'twas no wonder,

For so were her father and mother be - fore.

They each wheeled their barrow,

Through streets broad and narrow,

Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, a - live O!" **[CHORUS]**

3 She died of a fever, and no one could save her,

And that was the end of sweet Molly Ma - lone.

Her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,

Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, a - live O!" **[CHORUS]**

A very popular song possibly composed in mid-19th century Edinburgh by a James Yorkston, or perhaps the USA.

