



In Dublin's fair city,
where the girls are so pretty
'twas there that I first met Molly Malone.
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
through streets broad and narrow
Crying "Cockles and mussels
alive, alive hoo!

Alive alive hoo! Alive alive hoo!
Crying cockles and mussels alive alive hoo !

Now she was a fishmonger
and sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her mother and father before.
And they each wheeled their barrows
thro' streets broad and narrow
Crying: "Cockles and mussels,
a-live a-live hoo!

Alive alive hoo.....

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 hoo!

Alive alive hoo.....