



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 hoo!

Alive alive hoo! (bas) ***Alive alive hoo!*** (tenor)
Crying cockles and mussels alive alive hoo ! alle

Now she was a fishmonger,
and sure 'twas no wonder,
for so were her father and mother 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..... (gentages med publikum)