

Molly Malone

One of the most iconic song from Dublin in Ireland. It is also remembered fondly by schoolchildren of my generation in classrooms throughout the English speaking world in the 1940s and 50; especially where there were Irish immigrants. Find out more here: [Molly Malone - Wikipedia](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Molly_Malone)

C Am Dm G C
 In Dub - lin's fair ci - ty, Where the girls are so pret - ty, I first set my eyes on sweet
 G7 G C Am Dm G
 Mol - ly Ma - lone, As she wheel'd her wheel - bar - row, Through the streets broad and nar - row, Cry - ing,
 C G7 C
 "Co - ckles and mus - sels, a - live, a - live, oh!" "A - live, a - live, o - oh, A -
 Dm G7 C G7 C
 live, a - live, o - oh!" Cry - ing, "Co - ckles and mus - sels, a - live, a - live, oh!"

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, 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 were her father and mother before
 And they each wheel'd their barrow,
 Through streets broad and narrow,
 Crying "Cockles and mussels alive, alive 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, alive, alive, oh!" *Chorus*