

Cockles and Mussels

C Am Dm G7
In Dublin fair city, where the maids are so pretty,
C Am Dm G7
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
C Am Dm G7
She wheels her wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow,
C Am Dm G7 C
crying cockles and mussels alive alive-o.

C Am Dm G
Alive alive-o, alive alive-o
C Am Dm G7 C
crying cockles and mussels alive alive-o.

She was a fishmonger, but shure 'twas no wonder,
for so was her father and mother before,
And they both wheeled their barrow, through streets broad and narrow,
crying cockles and mussels alive alive-o.

Alive alive-o, alive alive-o
crying cockles and mussels alive alive-o.

She died of a fever and noone could save her
and that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,
but her ghosts wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,
crying cockles and mussels alive alive-o.

||: *Alive alive-o, alive alive-o*
crying cockles and mussels alive alive-o. :||



En skulptur af Molly Malone fra Dublin