Molly Malone

G Em Am D
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
G Em Am D
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
G Em Am D
She wheeled a wheelbarrow through streets, broad and narrow,
G Em Am D
Crying: « Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O ! »

G Em Am D
Alive, alive O ! Alive, alive O !
G Em Am D G
Crying: « Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O ! »

G Em Am D
She was a fishmonger, and sure t'was no wonder
G Em Am D
For so were her father and mother before.
G Em Am D
And they all wheeled their barrows through streets, broad and narrow,
G Em Am D G
Crying: « Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O ! »

G Em Am D
Alive, alive O ! Alive, alive O !
G Em Am D G
Crying: « Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O ! »

G Em Am D
She died of a fever, and no one to grieve her,
G Em Am D
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
G Em Am D
Now her ghost wheels her barrow through streets, broad and narrow,
G Em Am D G
Crying: « Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O ! »

G Em Am D
Alive, alive O ! Alive, alive O !
G Em Am D G
Crying: « Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O ! »