

## 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** **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 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 ! »