

Cockles and Mussels

In Dublin's fair city, where the 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 Oh" CHORUS

CHORUS

Alive Alive Oh, Alive Alive Oh

Crying "Cockles and Mussels Alive Alive Oh"

She was a fishmonger and sure 'twas no wonder

For so was her father and mother before.

And they both wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow

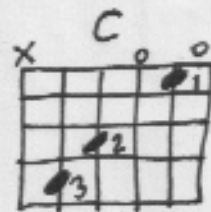
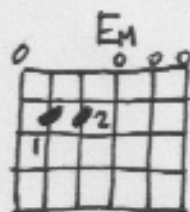
Crying "Cockles and Mussels Alive Alive Oh" CHORUS (REPEAT)

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 Oh" CHORUS (REPEAT)



WHISTLE

D | G G G | G B G G | A A A | A C A | B A G | D' C B | B A G | (A) D |
 6 3 3 3 3 1 3 3 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 3 5 2 1 1 2 3 2 6

| G G G | G B G G | A A A | A C B A | B D' C | B D' C | B G A | (G) |
 3 3 3 3 1 3 3 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 5 2 1 5 2 1 3 2 3