

Molly Malone

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 the streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive,
oh"

Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive,
oh"

She was a fishmonger
And it was no wonder
For so were her mother and father
before
And they wheeled their wheelbarrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive,
oh"

Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive,
oh"

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 the streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive,
oh"

Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive,
oh"



www.songs.rossendalememorychoir.org

In Partnership with

