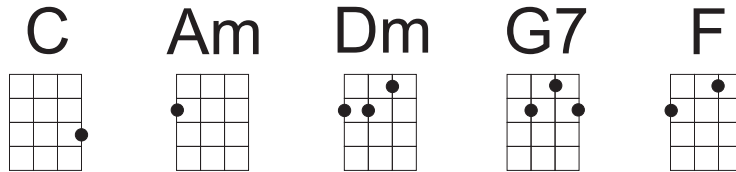


Molly Malone



In [C] Dublin's fair [Am] city, where the [Dm] girls are so [G7] pretty,
I [C] first set my [Am] eyes on sweet [F] Molly Ma[G7]lone
As she [C] wheeled her wheel [Am] barrow
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G7] narrow
Crying [C] cockles [Am] and [C] mussels, [Am] a[C]live, [G7] alive [C] o

Chorus:

A[C]live, alive [Am] o, a[Dm]live, alive [G7] o
Crying [C] cockles [Am] and [C] mussels,
[Am] a[C]live, [G7] alive [C]o

She [C] was a fish [Am] monger,
but [Dm] sure 'twas no [G7] wonder
For [C] so were her [Am] father and [F] mother be[G7]fore
And they [C] each wheeled their [Am] barrow
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G7] narrow
Crying [C] cockles [Am] and [C] mussels,
[Am] a[C]live, a[G7]live [C] o

Chorus

She [C] died of a [Am] fever, and [Dm] no one could [G7] save her
And [C] that was the [Am] end of sweet [F] Molly Ma[G7]lone
But her [C] ghost wheels her [Am] barrow
Through [Dm] streets broad and [G7] narrow
Crying [C] cockles [Am] and [C] mussels,
[Am] a[C]live, [G7] alive [C] o

Chorus