

Molly Malone

Cockles and Mussels

Irish Folk

G Em C D

In Dub - lin's fair cit - y where the girls are so pret - ty, I
 She was a fish - mon - ger, but — sure 'twas no won - der, for
 She died of a fe - ver, and — no one could save her, and

G Em C D G

first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone, as she pushed her wheel -
 so were her fa - ther and moth - er be - fore. And they each pushed their
 that was the end of sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone. But her ghost wheels her

Em C D G Em

bar-row thro' streets broad and nar-row cry-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels a -
 bar-row thro' streets broad and nar-row cry-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels a -
 bar-row thro' streets broad and nar-row cry-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels a -

C D G G Em C

live, a - live, oh!" A - live, a - live, oh! — A - live, a - live,
 live, a - live, oh!"
 live, a - live, oh!"

D G Em C D G

oh! — Cry-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels, a - live, a - live, oh!"