

MOLLY MALONE
A traditional Irish song.



In Dublin's fair *country* *city* *town*
where the girls are so *hungry* *pretty* *happy*
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel- *football – glass – barrow*
Through *houses – streets – cars* 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	it was no wander
and sure	and mother before.
for so were her father	a fishmonger
Through streets	wheeled their barrow,
And they each	broad and narrow,

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

"ALIVE, ALIVE, OH,
ALIVE, ALIVE, OH",
CRYING "COCKLES AND MUSSELS, ALIVE, ALIVE, OH".

She of a fever,

And no could save her,

And that the end of sweet Molly Malone.

Now her wheels her barrow,

Through streets broad and narrow,

Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

"ALIVE, ALIVE, OH,

ALIVE, ALIVE, OH",

CRYING "COCKLES AND MUSSELS, ALIVE, ALIVE, OH".