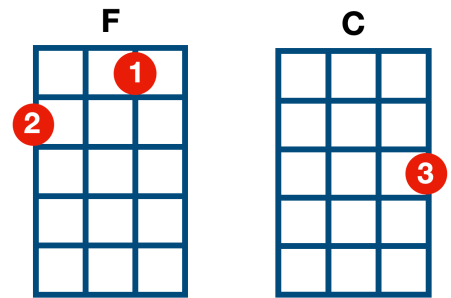


Cockles and Mussels Irish Folk Song

3



Verse 1

In **[F]** Dublin's fair city where **[C]** girls are so pretty
I **[F]** first set my eyes on sweet **[C]** Molly Malone
As she **[F]** wheeled her wheelbarrow, through **[C]** streets broad and narrow
Crying **[F]** "Cockles and mussels a-**[C]**-live, alive **[F]** oh!"

Chorus

A- **[F]** live, alive oh, a- **[C]** live, alive oh
Crying **[F]** "Cockles and mussels a-**[C]**-live, alive **[F]** oh!"

Verse 2

She **[F]** was a fishmonger and **[C]** sure 'twas no wonder
For **[F]** so were her father and her **[C]** mother before
And they **[F]** both wheeled their barrows, through **[C]** streets broad and narrow
Crying **[F]** "Cockles and mussels a **[C]** live, alive **[F]** oh!"

Verse 3

She **[F]** died of a fever, which **[C]** no-one could save her
And **[F]** that was the end of sweet **[C]** Molly Malone
Now her **[F]** ghost wheels her barrow, through **[C]** streets broad and narrow
Crying **[F]** "Cockles and mussels a-**[C]**-live, alive **[F]** oh!"