

Molly Malone - Traditional

There's no real Molly Malone - she's just the figment of a songwriter's imagination, and song became so entrenched in tradition that it is now the unofficial anthem of the city of Dublin, where they have installed a statue of her, forever wheeling her barrow.

C Am Dm G
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,

C Em Dm G
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,

C Am Dm G
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow, Through streets broad and narrow,

C Em G C
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

=====CHORUS

C Am Dm G
"Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive, oh,"

C Em G C
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".

=====

C Am Dm G
She was a fishmonger, And sure 'twas no wonder,

C Em Dm G
For so were her father and mother before,

C Am Dm G
As they each wheeled their barrow, Through streets broad and narrow,

C Em G C
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

CHORUS

C Am Dm G
She died of a fever, And no one could save her,

C Em Dm G
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.

C Am Dm G
Now her ghost wheels her barrow, Through streets broad and narrow,

C Em G C
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

CHORUS

C Em G C
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

