

# Cockles and Mussels

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Irish Trad.

A F#m Bm E7 A

In Du-blin's fair ci - ty, where the girls are so pret - ty I first set my

6 Bm E7 A

eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone As she wheeled her wheel -

10 F#m Bm E A

bar - row Through streets broad and nar - row Cry - ing cock - les and

14 D A E7 A Bm

mus - sels a - live a - live O! A - live a - live O! A - live a - live

20 E7 A D A E7 A

O! Cry - ing cock - les and mus - sels a - live a - live O!

2. She was a fishmonger and sure it was no wonder  
For so were her father and mother before  
And they both wheeled their barrows  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

3. She died of a fever and no one could save her  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
Now her ghost wheels her barrow  
Through streets broad and narrow  
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!