

Cockles and Mussels

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Irish Trad.

D Bm Em A7 D
In Du-blin's fair ci - ty, where the girls are so pret - ty I first set my
6 Em A7 D
eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone As she wheeled her wheel -
10 Bm Em A D
bar - row Through streets broad and nar - row Cry - ing cock - les and
14 G D A7 D Em
mus - sels a - live a - live O! A - live a - live O! A - live a - live
20 A7 D G D A7 D
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!