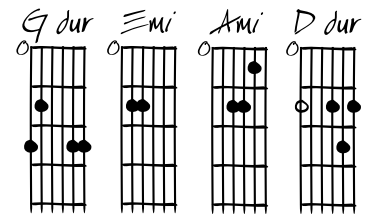




1, **In Dublin's fair city**
 where the girls are so pretty
 I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
 As she wheels her wheel barrow
 through the streets broad and narrow
 Crying cockles and mussels alive alive-o



R, **Alive alive-o, alive alive-o**
 Alive alive-o
 Crying cockles and mussels alive alive-o

2, **She was a fishmonger but sure 'twas no wonder**
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrow
through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive alive-o

R, **Alive alive-o, alive alive-o**
Crying cockles and mussels alive alive-o

3, **She died of a fever and no one could save her**
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive alive-o

R, **Alive alive-o, alive alive-o**
Crying cockles and mussels alive alive-o