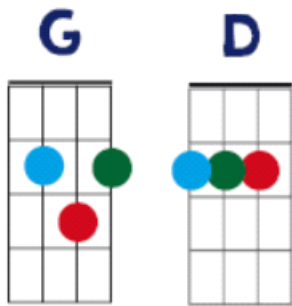


Molly Malone

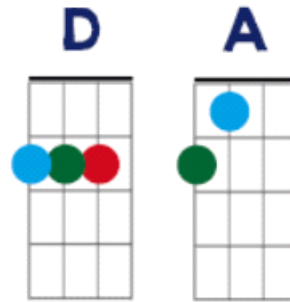
Traditional Irish



In **(G)** Dublin's fair city
Where the **(D)** girls are so pretty
I **(G)** first set my eyes on sweet
 (D) Molly Malone
As she **(G)** wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through **(D)** streets broad and narrow
Crying, **(G)** "Cockles and mussels,
a**(D)**live, alive, **(G)** oh!"
A(G)live, alive, oh! A(D)live, alive, oh!
Crying, (G)"Cockles and mussels,
a(D)live, alive, (G) oh"

She **(G)** was a fishmonger
And **(D)** sure 'twas no wonder
For **(G)** so were her father and
 (D) mother before
They **(G)** both wheeled their barrows
Through **(D)** streets broad and narrow
Crying, **(G)** "Cockles and mussels,
a**(D)**live, alive, **(G)** oh!"
A(G)live, alive, oh! A(D)live, alive, oh!
Crying, (G)"Cockles and mussels,
a(D)live, alive, (G) oh"

She **(G)** died of a fever
And **(D)** no one could save her
And **(G)** that was the end of sweet
 (D) Molly Malone
But her **(G)** ghost wheels her barrow
Through **(D)** streets broad and narrow
Crying, **(G)** "Cockles and mussels,
a**(D)**live, alive, **(G)** oh!"
A(G)live, alive, oh! A(D)live, alive, oh!
Crying, (G)"Cockles and mussels,
a(D)live, alive, (G) oh"



In **(D)** Dublin's fair city
Where the **(A)** girls are so pretty
I **(D)** first set my eyes on sweet
 (A) Molly Malone
As she **(D)** wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through **(A)** streets broad and narrow
Crying, **(D)** "Cockles and mussels,
a**(A)**live, alive, **(D)** oh!"
A(D)live, alive, oh! A(A)live, alive, oh!
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She **(D)** was a fishmonger
And **(A)** sure 'twas no wonder
For **(D)** so were her father and
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