

**1. In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone  
as she wheeled her wheelbarrow  
through streets broad and narrow  
crying: Cockles and mussels, a-live, a-live, oh!**

*Refrein:*

**A-live, a-live, oh! [2x]**

**Crying: Cockles and mussels, a-live, a-live, oh!**

**2. She was a fishmonger, but sure 't was no wonder,  
for so were her father and mother before  
and they each wheeled their barrow  
through streets broad and narrow  
crying: Cockles and mussels, a-live, a-live, oh!**

*Refrein:*

**3. She died of the 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, a-live, a-live, oh!**

*Refrein:*