

# COCKLES AND MUSSELS

*Chanson traditionnelle irlandaise*



2. She was a fishmonger,  
But sure 'twas no wonder,  
For so were her father and mother before,  
And they each wheel'd their barrow  
Thro' streets broad and narrow...

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  
Thro' streets broad and narrow...