

Molly Malone

(Cockles and Mussels)

Irish folksong

F Dm7 B6 C7

In Dub - lin's fair cit - y, where girls are so pret - ty, I
She was a fish - mon - ger but sure 'Twas no won - der, and

F Dm7 G7 C7 F

first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone, as she pushed her wheel -
so were her fa - ther and moth - er be - fore. And they each wheeled their

F7 B6 Bm6 F Dm7

bar-row thro' streets broad and nar-row cry-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels, a -
bar-row thro' streets broad and nar-row cry-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels, a -

G7 C7 F F7 Gm

live, a - live, oh! A - live, a - live, oh! A - live, a - live,
live, a - live, oh!

Gdim F Dm7 G7 C7 F

oh!" - Cry-ing "Cock - les and mus - sels, a - live, a - live, oh!"

She died of the fever, and nothing could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
But her ghost drives the barrow through streets wide and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels! alive, alive oh!"