**Cockles and Mussels (In Dublin’s Fair City / Molly Malone)**

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty

I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone

She wheeled a wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

*Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh*

*Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"*

She was a fishmonger and sure, t'was no wonder

For so were her father and mother before

And they all wheeled their barrows

Through streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

*Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh*

*Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"*

She died of a fever and no-one to grieve her

And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone

Now her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow

Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

*Alive, alive, oh, alive, alive, oh*

*Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"*