

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

Intro: 1.2.3.12

(2min) (V1) 030317

In [C] Dublin's fair city where the [G7] girls are so pretty
I [C] first set my eyes on sweet [G7] Molly Malone.
As she [C] wheeled her wheelbarrow,
Through the [G7] streets broad and narrow,
Crying [C] "cockles and mussels [F] a-[C] live, a-[G7] live [C] oh!"

CHORUS:

A-[C] live, alive oh, a-[G7] live, alive oh
Crying [C] "cockles and mussels [F] a-[C] live, a-[G7] live [C] oh"

She [C] was a fishmonger and [G7] sure 'twas no wonder
For [C] so were her father and [G7] mother before;
And they'd [C] both wheeled their barrows,
Through the [G7] streets broad and narrow,
Crying [C] "cockles and mussels [F] a-[C] live, a-[G7] live [C] oh"

CHORUS:

A-[C] live, alive oh, a-[G7] live, alive oh
Crying [C] "cockles and mussels [F] a-[C] live, a-[G7] live [C] oh"

She [C] died of a fever, and [G7] sure none could save her,
And [C] that was the end of sweet Molly Ma-[G7]* lone. (2.3.1.2)
(slow agitato)

Now her [C] ghost wheels her barrow,
Through the [G7] streets broad and narrow,
Crying [C] "cockles and mussels [F] a-[C] live, a-[G7] live [C] oh"

CHORUS:

A-[C] live, alive oh, a-[G7] live, alive oh
Crying [C] "cockles and mussels [F] a-[C] live, a-[G7] live [C] oh"