

# Molly Malone

Composer

## In Dublin's Fair City

Where the girls are so pretty  
 I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone  
 As she wheel'd her wheel barrow  
 Through streets broad and narrow  
 Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive o!

*Alive, alive o!, alive, alive o!*  
*Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive o!*

She was a fishmonger  
 But sure 'twas no wonder  
 For so were her father and mother before  
 And they each wheel'd their barrow

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

	I	-		vi	-		ii	-		V	-	
	I	-		IV	-		II	-		V	-	
	I	-		vi	-		ii	-		V	-	
	I	IV		I	IV		I	V		I	-	