Molly Malone

Uisce Beatha

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
I first laid my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheel barrow
Through the 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 it was no wonder
For so was her father and mother before
And they all wheeled their barrows
Through the 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 could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive, alive oh

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