

# Molly Malone

## The Irish Tenors

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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