



MOLLY MALONE

^D
IN DUBLIN^{A7} FAIR CITY WHERE GIRLS ARE SO PRETTY

^D I FIRST SET MY EYES ON SWEET MOLLY MALONE ^{G A7}

^D
SHE WHEELED HER WHEELBARROW

^{A7}
THROUGH STREETS BROAD AND NARROW

^D CRYIN' COCKLES AD MUSSELS, ALIVE, ALIVE-O ^{G A7 D}

^{G A}
CHORUS: ALIVE, ALIVE-O, ALIVE, ALIVE-O

^D CRYIN' COCKLES AND MUSSELS, ALIVE, ALIVE-O ^{G A D}

^A
SHE WAS A FISHMONGER, AND SURE, IT WAS NO WONDER

^D FOR SO WERE HER FATHER AND MOTHER BEFORE ^{G A}

^D
THEY BOTH WHEELED THEIR WHEEL BARROWS

^A
THROUGH STREETS BROAD AND NARROW

^D CRYIN' COCKLES AND MUSSELS, ALIVE, ALIVE-O ^{G A D}

CHORUS

^A
SHE DIED OF THE FEVER, AND NO ONE COULD SAVE HER

^D AND THAT WAS THE END OF SWEET MOLLY MALONE ^{G A}

^D
NOW HER GHOST WHEELS HER BARROW

^A
THROUGH STREETS BROAD AND NARROW

^D CRYIN' COCKLES AND MUSSELS, ALIVE, ALIVE-O ^{G A D}

CHORUS (TWICE)