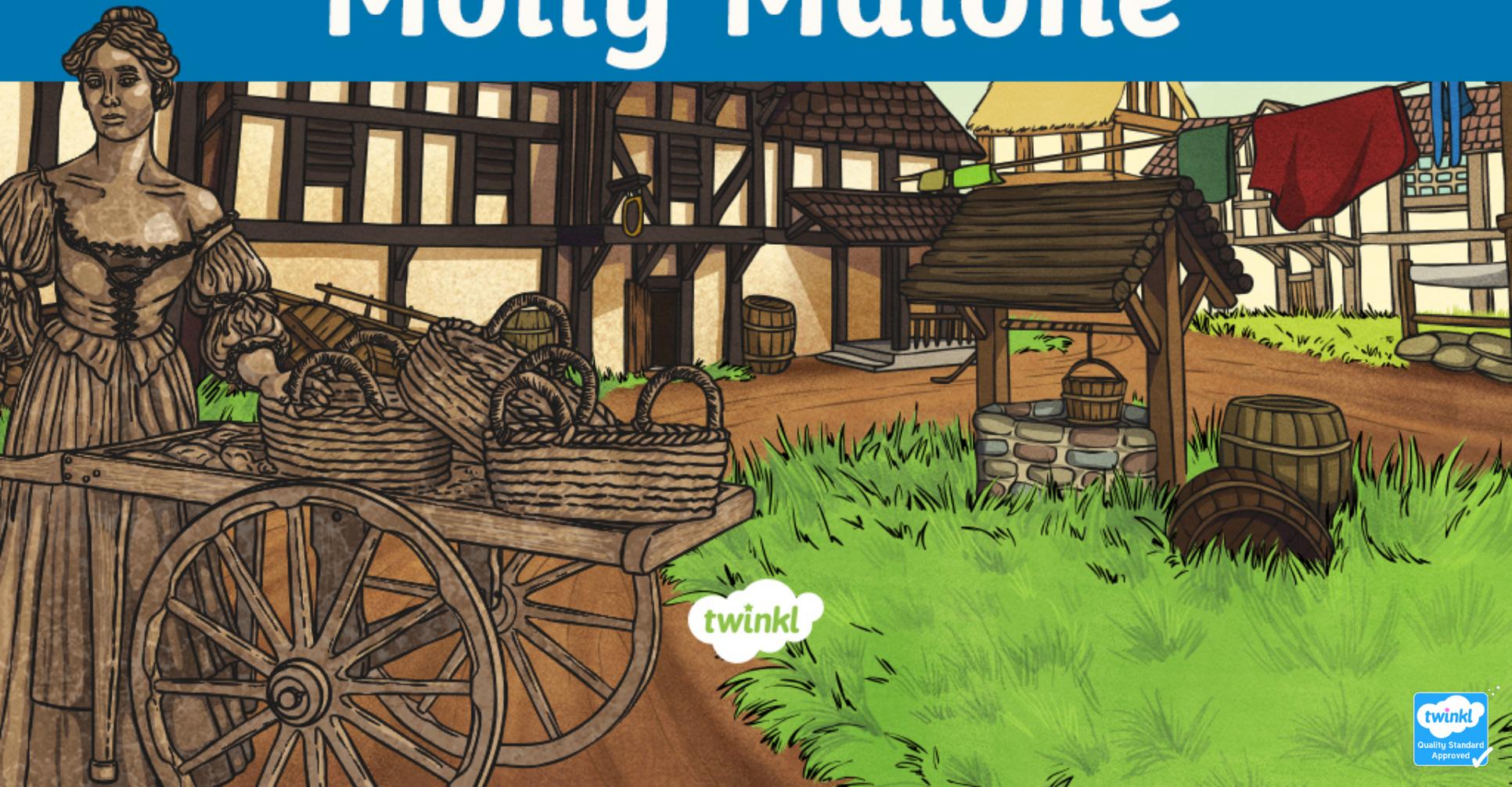
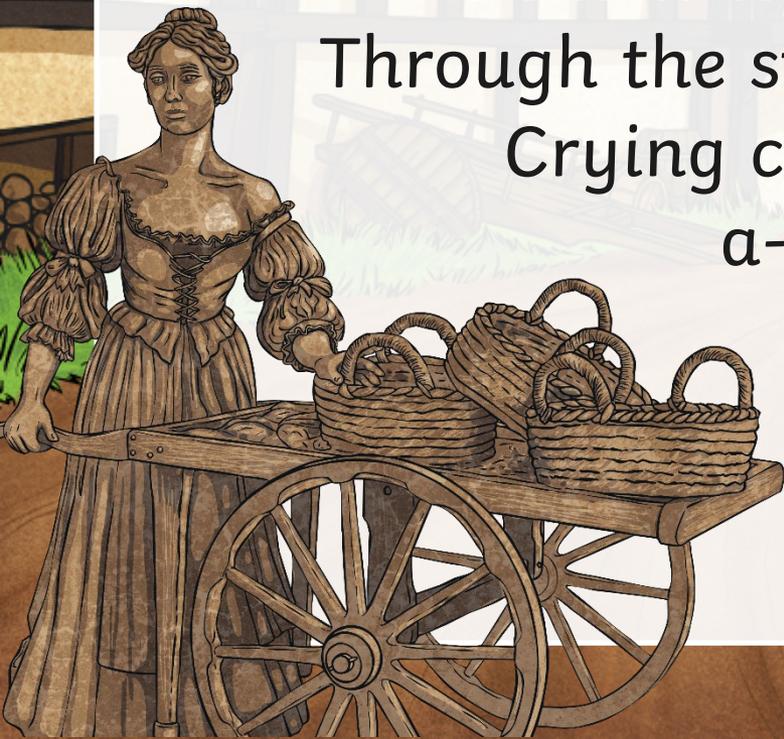


Molly Malone



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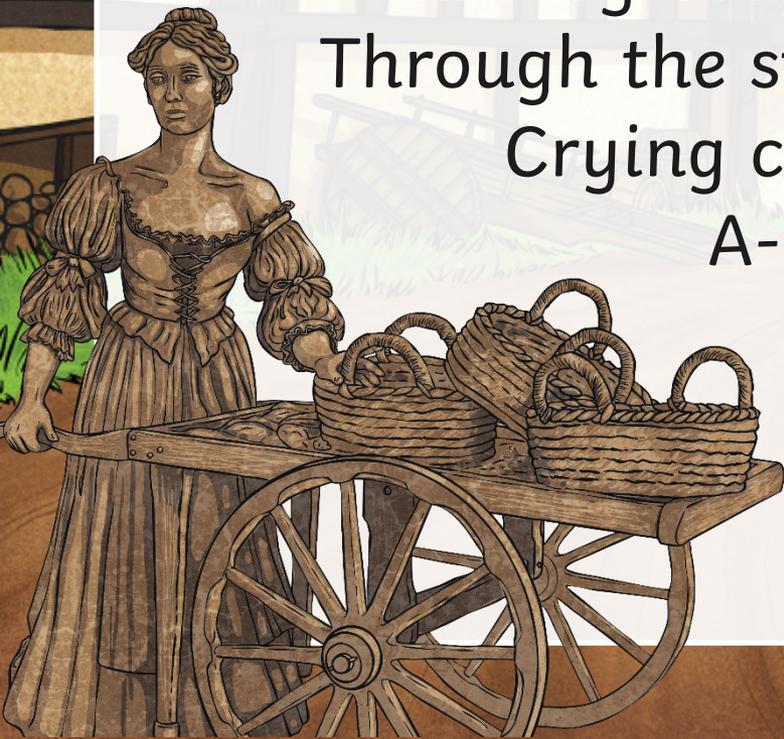
In Dublin's fair city,
Where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow,
Through the streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels,
a-live a-live O!



**A-live a-live O,
A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels,
A-live a-live O!**



She was a fishmonger,
And sure it was no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before.
And they both wheeled their barrows,
Through the streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels,
A-live, a-live O!



**A-live a-live O,
A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels,
A-live a-live O!**



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,
A-live, a-live O!



**A-live a-live O,
A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels,
A-live a-live O!**





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