

In Dub-lin's fair ci-ty, where the girls are so pret-ty, I first set my
 eyes on sweet Mol-ly Ma-lone. She wheeled a wheel barrow, through streets broad and
 narrow, crying: cockles and mussels, a - live, a live, oh! A - live, a-live, oh! A -
 live, a - live, oh! Cry-ing: cock-les and mus-sels, a - live, a-live, oh!

In Dublin's fair city,
 where the girls are so pretty,
 I first set my eyes
 on sweet Molly Malone.
 She wheeled a wheel barrow,
 through streets broad and narrow,
 crying: cockles and mussels,
 a live, a live, oh!
 Alive, alive, oh! Alive, alive, oh!
 Crying: cockles and mussels,
 a live, a live, oh!

She was a fish monger,
 but sure, 'twas no wonder.
 For so were her father
 and mother before.
 And they both wheeled their barrows,
 through streets broad and narrow,
 crying, Cockles and mussels,
 a-live, a-live, oh! ...

She died of a fever,
 no one could relieve her,
 and that was the end
 of sweet Molly Malone.
 But her ghost wheelies her barrow,
 through streets broad and narrow,
 crying, Cockles and mussels,
 a-live, a-live, oh! ...