

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 wheels her barrow,  
 through streets broad and narrow,  
 crying, Cockles and mussels,  
 a-live, a-live, oh! ...