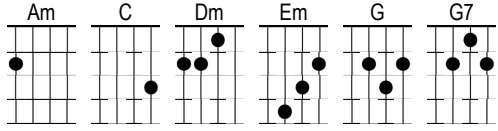


Molly Malone (Cockles And Mussels)

The Dubliners



In **C** Dublin's fair **Am** city, where the **Dm** girls are so **G7** pretty
I **C** first set my **Am** eyes on sweet **Dm** Molly Ma**G**lone
As she **C** wheeled her wheel **Am**barrow, through **Dm** streets broad and **G7**
narrow
Crying **C** cockles and **Em** mussels, a **C:d-Du**live, a **G↓**live-**C**o
A **C**live, alive-**Am**o, a **Dm**live, alive-**G7**o
Crying **C** cockles and **Em** mussels, a **C:d-Du**live, a **G↓**live-**C**o |
She **C** was a fish **Am**monger, and **Dm** sure twas no **G7** wonder
For **C** so were her **Am** father and **Dm** mother be**G**fore
And they **C** both wheeled their **Am** barrows, through **Dm** streets broad and **G7**
narrow
Crying **C** cockles and **Em** mussels, a **C:d-Du**live, a **G↓**live-**C**o
A **C**live, alive-**Am**o, a **Dm**live, alive-**G7**o
Crying **C** cockles and **Em** mussels, a **C:d-Du**live, a **G↓**live-**C**o |
She **C** died of a **Am** fever, and **Dm** no one could **G7** save her
And **C** that was the **Am** end of sweet **Dm** Molly Ma**G**lone
Now her **C** ghost wheels her **Am** barrow, through **Dm** streets broad and **G7**
narrow
Crying **C** cockles and **Em** mussels, a **C:d-Du**live, a **G↓**live-**C**o

A **C**live, alive-**Am**o, a **Dm**live, alive-**G7**o
Crying **C** cockles and **Em** mussels, a **C:d-Du**live, a **G↓**live-**C**o

A **C**live, alive-**Am**o, a **Dm**live, alive-**G7**o
Crying **C** cockles and **Em** mussels, a **C:d-Du**live, a **G↓**live-**C**o



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