



In Dublin's fair city, (melodi)  
where girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.

As she wheeled her wheelbarrow (bas)  
through streets broad and narrow  
Crying "Cockles and mussels  
alive, alive hoo!

**Alive alive hoo!** (melodi) **Alive alive hoo!** (bas)

**Crying cockles and mussels alive alive hoo!** (alle)

Now she was a fishmonger,  
and sure 'twas no wonder,  
for so were her father and mother before.

And they each wheeled their barrows  
thro' streets broad and narrow  
Crying: "Cockles and mussels,  
a-live a-live hoo!

**Alive alive hoo!** (melodi) **Alive alive hoo!** (bas)

**Crying cockles and mussels alive alive hoo!** (alle)

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 streets broad and narrow  
Crying: "Cockles and mussels  
alive alive hoo!

**:/:Alive alive hoo!** (melodi) **Alive alive hoo!** (bas)

**Crying cockles and mussels alive alive hoo! :/:** (alle)

(ALLE gentager **HELE omkvædet** med publikum)