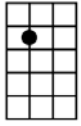
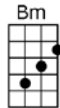
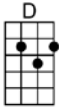


SING A

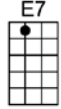
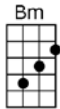
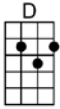


# COCKLES AND MUSSELS (MOLLY MALONE)(BAR)

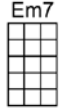
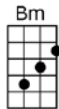
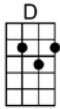
3/4 123 12



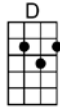
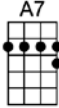
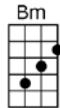
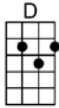
In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,



I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma-lone,

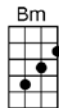
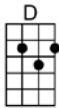


As she wheeled her wheel-barrow through streets broad and narrow,

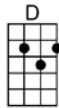
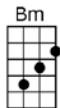
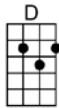


Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

## CHORUS:

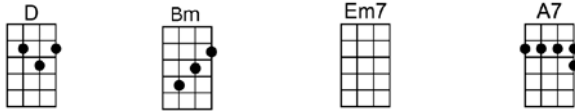


"A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!"

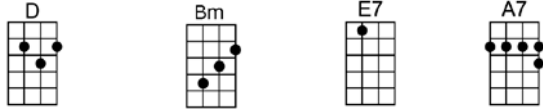


Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

## p.2 Cockles and Mussels



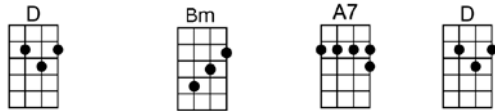
She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder,



For so were her father and mother be-fore,



And they each wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow,

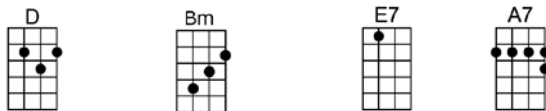


Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

**(CHORUS)**



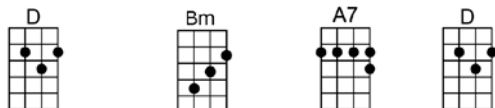
She died of a fever, and no one could save her.



And that was the end of sweet Molly Ma-lone,



But her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,



Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

**(CHORUS)**

# COCKLES AND MUSSELS (MOLLY MALONE)

3/4 123 12

D Bm Em7 A7  
In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,

D Bm E7 A7  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma-lone,

D Bm Em7 A7  
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow through streets broad and narrow,

D Bm A7 D  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

## CHORUS:

D Bm Em7 A7  
"A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!"  
D Bm A7 D  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

D Bm Em7 A7  
She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder,

D Bm E7 A7  
For so were her father and mother be-fore,

D Bm Em7 A7  
And they each wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow,

D Bm A7 D  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

## (CHORUS)

D Bm Em7 A7  
She died of a fever, and no one could save her.

D Bm E7 A7  
And that was the end of sweet Molly Ma-lone,

D Bm Em7 A7  
But her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,

D Bm A7 D  
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

## (CHORUS)