Molly Malone
Traditional folk (c. 1876)


In Dub-lin’s fair cit-y— where the girls— are so pret-ty—
C . . |Em . . |Dm . . |G . .
I first— set my eyes— on sweet Mol-ly— Ma- lone—

As she wheeled her wheel bar-row down streets— broad and nar-row
Crying "cock-les— and mus-sels, a—live— a—live— o—"

Crying "cock-les— and mus-sels, a—live— a—live— o—"

She was— a fish-mong-er— and sure— ‘twas no won-der—
C . . |Em . . |Dm . . |G . .
For so— were her fath-er— and moth-er— be-fore—
They each— wheeled their bar-row— down streets— broad and nar-row—
Crying "cock-les— and mus-sels, a—live— a—live— o—"

Crying "cock-les— and mus-sels, a—live— a—live— o—"

She died— of a fe- ver— and no one— could save her—
C . . |Em . . |Dm . . |G . .
And that— was the end of— sweet Mol-ly— Ma-lone—
Now her ghost wheels her bar-row— down streets broad and nar-row—
Crying "cock-les— and mus-sels, a—live— a—live— o—"

Crying "cock-les— and mus-sels, a—live— a—live— o—"

San Jose Ukulele Club