Molly Malone
Traditional folk (c. 1876)

Waltz (3/4 time)


In Dub-lin’s fair cit-y— where the girls— are so pret-ty—
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——!”


She was— a fish-mong-er— and sure— ‘twas no won-der—
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 fever— and no one— could save her—
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—!”

Chorus: “A-live—,  a-live—o-o—,  a-live—,  a-live—o-o—
Crying “cock-les— and mus-sels,  a-live— a-live— o—!”

“A-live—,  a-live—o-o—,  a-live—,  a-live—o-o—
Crying “cock-les— and mus-sels,  a-live— a-live— o—!”

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2 - 3/13/17)