

SWEET MOLLY MALONE



Adapted by Sylvia Fine,
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No girl was so fair in
The island of Erin
No maid could compare with sweet Molly Malone
She was a fishmonger
Thru Dublin she'd wander
Cryin' cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o.
Alive, alive-o, alive, alive-o
Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o.

She sang it so pretty
Thru all Dublin city
The children would follow wherever she'd go
She drove her wheel barrow
Thru streets wide and narrow
Cryin' cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o
Alive, alive-o, alive, alive-o
Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o.

The angels did free her
No more could they see her
But some there are still who hear Molly Malone
As she drives her wheelbarrow
Thru streets wide and narrow
Cryin' cockles and mussels
Alive, alive-o
A live, alive-o, alive alive-o.
Cockles and mussels
Alive, alive-o.