In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels
alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O!
A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels
alive a-live O!

She was a fishmonger and sure it was no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows
through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels
alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O!
A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels
alive a-live O!

She died of a fever and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels
alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!
A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!