Alive alive oh alive alive ohh Singing cockles and mussels alive alive ohhh

In Dublin's fair city
where the girls are so pretty
I once met a girl named sweet Molly Malone
and she wheeled her wheel barrow
through the streets broad and narrow
singing cockles and mussels alive alive oh

She was a fish monger and sure was no wonder so were her mother and father before and they wheeled their wheel barrow through the streets broad and narrow singing cockles and mussels alive alive oh

She died of a fever and so one could save her and that was the end of sweet Molly Malone now her ghost wheels her barrow through the streets broad and narrow singing cockles and mussels alive alive oh

Alive alive oh alive alive ohh Singing cockles and mussels alive alive ohhh