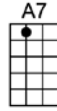
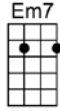
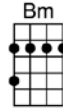
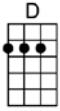
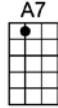
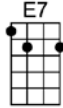
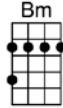
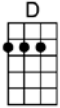


COCKLES AND MUSSELS (ALLAN SHERMAN PARODY)

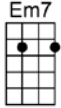
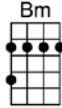
3/4 123 12



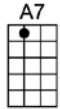
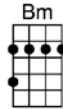
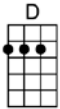
She wheels her wheel-barrow through streets that are narrow.



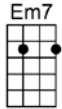
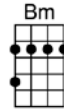
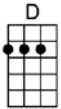
Her barrow is narrow, her hips are too wide.



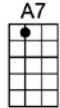
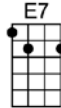
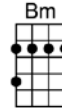
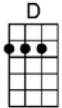
So, wher-ever she wheels it, the neighborhood feels it.



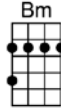
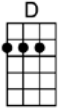
Her girld keeps scraping the homes on each side.



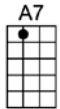
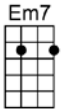
In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,



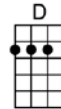
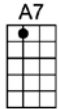
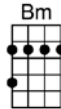
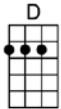
My Molly stands out 'cause she weighs eighteen stone. [spoken: That's 256 pounds.]



I don't mind her fat, but...



It's not only that, but...



She's cock-eyed and muscle-bound Molly Ma - lone.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS (MOLLY MALONE)

3/4 123 12

D Bm Em7 A7
In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,

D Bm E7 A7
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma-lone,

D Bm Em7 A7
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow through streets broad and narrow,

D Bm A7 D
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

CHORUS:

D Bm Em7 A7
"A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!"
D Bm A7 D
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

D Bm Em7 A7
She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder,

D Bm E7 A7
For so were her father and mother be-fore,

D Bm Em7 A7
And they each wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow,

D Bm A7 D
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

(CHORUS)

D Bm Em7 A7
She died of a fever, and no one could save her.

D Bm E7 A7
And that was the end of sweet Molly Ma-lone,

D Bm Em7 A7
But her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,

D Bm A7 D
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

(CHORUS)