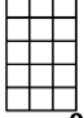
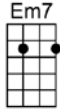
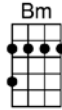
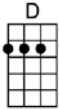


SING A

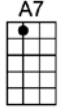
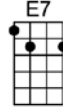
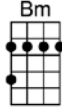
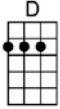


COCKLES AND MUSSELS (MOLLY MALONE)

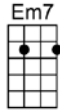
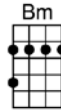
3/4 123 12



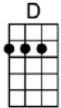
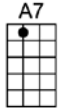
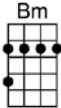
In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,



I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Ma-lone,

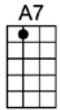
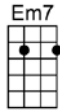
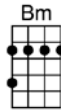


As she wheeled her wheel-barrow through streets broad and narrow,

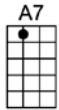
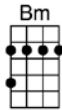
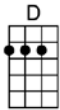


Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

CHORUS:

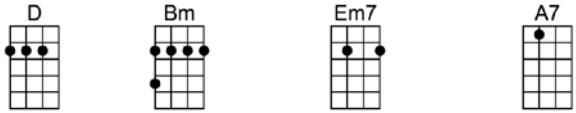


"A-live, alive-o! A-live, alive-o!"

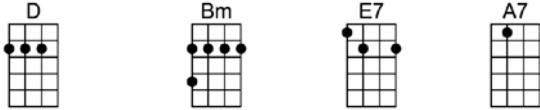


Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

p.2 Cockles and Mussels



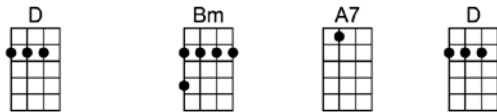
She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no wonder,



For so were her father and mother be-fore,

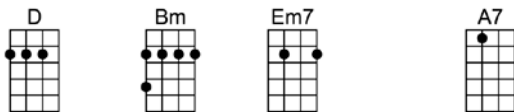


And they each wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow,

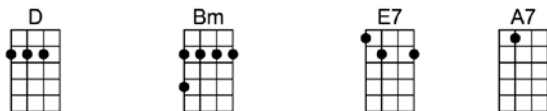


Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, alive-o!"

(CHORUS)



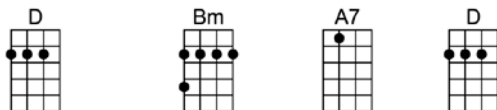
She died of a fever, and no one could save her.



And that was the end of sweet Molly Ma-lone,



But her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,



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

(CHORUS)

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)