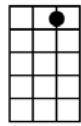
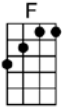


SING C

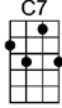
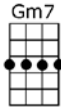
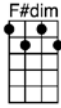


# CONSIDER YOURSELF<sub>(BAR)</sub>

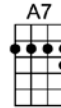
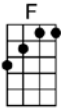
4/4 1...2...123



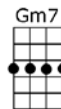
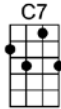
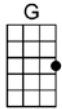
Con-sider yourself at home



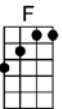
Consider yourself one of the fam-i-ly



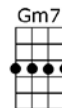
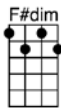
We've taken to you so strong



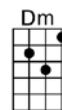
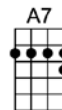
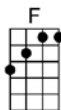
It's clear we're going to get a-long



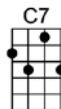
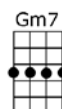
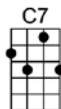
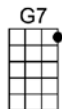
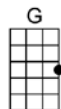
Con-sider yourself well in



Consider yourself part of the furniture

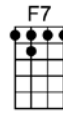
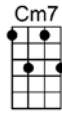


There isn't a lot to spare

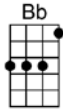
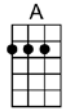
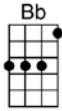


Who cares, what-ever we've got we share

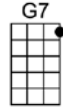
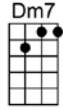
**p. 2 Consider Yourself**



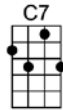
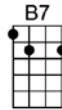
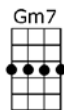
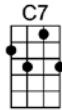
**If it should chance to be we should see some harder days**



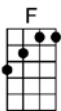
**Empty larder days, why grouse**



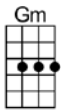
**Always a chance to meet somebody to foot the bill**



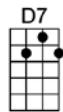
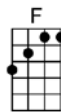
**Then the drinks are on the house**



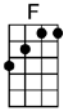
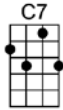
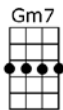
**Con-sider yourself our mate**



**We don't want to have no fuss**



**For after some consideration we can state**



**Con-sider yourself one of us**

# 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)