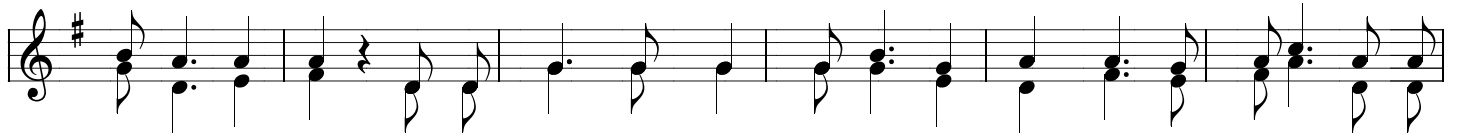


Cockles and mussels

From Ireland



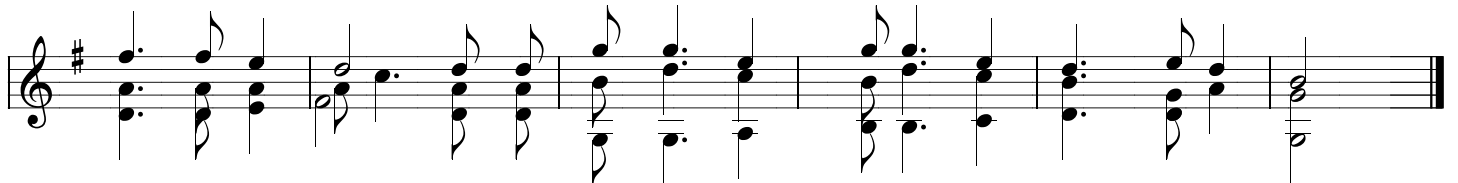
In Dublin's fair ci - ty, where the girls are so pretty, I first set my eyes on sweet
She was a fish - mon-ger, but sure't was no wonder, For so we-re fa - ther and
She died of a fe - ver, and no one could save her, And that was the end of sweet



Mol - ly Ma - lone, as she wheeled her wheel bar - row thro's streets broad and narrow, cry - ing:
mo - ther be - fore; And they each wheel'd there bar-row thro's streets broad and narrow,
Mol - ly Ma - lone; But her ghost wheels her bar - row thro's streets broad and narrow,



Cockles and mussels! A - live, a - live, O! A - live, a - live, O!_ A -



live, a - live, O!_ cry - ing: Cock les and mussels, a - live, a - live, O!