

Molly Malone

Joni Mitchell

In Dublin's fair city
Where girls are so pretty
It was there that I first met sweet Molly Malone
She wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Now she was a fishmonger
And sure, t'was no wonder
For her father and mother
Were fishmongers too
And they both wheeled their barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Now she died of a fever
And no one could save her
Was then that I lost sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh
Alive, alive, oh
Crying "cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"