

Molly Malone



In Dublins fair city where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
As she wheels her wheelbarrow through the streets broad and narrow,
crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!

Traditional, die
tragische
Geschichte der
schönen Molly
Malone, deren Geist
immer mal wieder in
Dublins Straßen zu
sehen ist...

Chorus: Alive, alive, oh! Alive, alive, oh!
Crying cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!

She was a fishmonger;
but sure it was no wonder,
for so where her father and mother before;
and they both wheeled their barrow through the streets
broad and narrow ,
crying cockles and mussels alive, alive, oh!
Chorus...

She died of a fever,
and no one could save her,
and that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
But her ghost wheels her barrow, through the streets broad and narrow,
crying cockles and mussels alive, alive, oh!
Chorus...