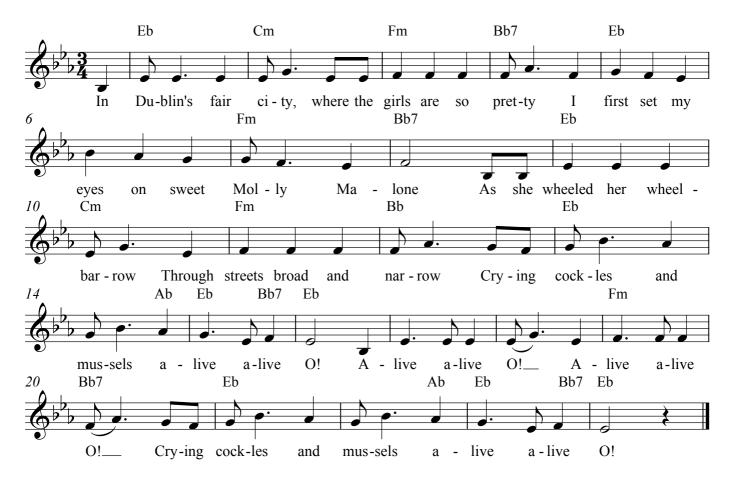
Cockles and Mussels

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Irish Trad.



2.She was a fishmonger and sure it was no wonder For so were her father and mother before And they both wheeled their barrows Through streets broad and narrow Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

3.She died of a fever and no one could save her And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone Now her ghost wheels her barrow Through streets broad and narrow Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!