Cockles and Mussels - Irish Song

In Dublin's fair city Where girls are so pretty 'Twas there that I first met Miss Molly Malone She wheels her wheelbarrow 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"

Grows around the blooming By yon crystal flowing fountain f my true love will not go Vill ye go, laddie, will ye go≀ All the flowers of the mountain will build my love a bower can surely find another

Oh, the summertime is comin'... Where the wild mountain thyme







And the wild mountain thyme And the trees are sweetly

Grows around the blooming

Oh, the summertime is coming

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

By yon crystal flowing fountain Oh, the summertime is comin' Grows around the blooming All the flowers of the mountain and on it I will pile can surely find another my true love will not go





Oh, the summertime is comin' And the trees are sweetly

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME Traditional Irish Folksong

Cockles and Mussels - Irish Song

All around the blooming

To pick wild mountain thyme

In Dublin's fair city Where girls are so pretty 'Twas there that I first met Miss Molly Malone She wheels her wheelbarrow 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"

(Oh, the summertime is comin'... All around the blooming o pick wild mountain thyme

Grows around the blooming All the flowers of the mountain 3y yon crystal flowing fountain Vhere the wild mountain thyme my true love will not go can surely find another will build my love a bower





Grows around the blooming

And the wild mountain thyme

Will ye go, laddie, will ye

Oh, the summertime is comin And the trees are sweetly

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME
Traditional Irish Folksong

(Oh, the summertime is comin

Cockles and Mussels - Irish Song

All around the blooming

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Grows around the blooming All around the blooming o pick wild mountain thyme can surely find another my true love will not go

By yon crystal flowing fountain Will ye go, laddie, will ye go' All the flowers of the mountain will build my love a bower

Grows around the blooming And the wild mountain thymo Oh, the summertime is comin And the trees are sweetly

And we'll all go together

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME Traditional Irish Folksong