

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"

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME
Traditional Irish Folksong
Oh, the summertime is comin',
And the trees are sweetly
blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming
heather.
Chorus: **Will ye go, laddie, will ye go?
And we'll all go together
To pick wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming
heather.
Will ye go, laddie, will ye go?
I will build my love a bower
By yon crystal flowing fountain
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.
Chorus: :||
If my true love will not go
I can surely find another
Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming
heather.
Chorus: :||
(Oh, the summertime is comin' ...
Chorus: :||**

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