

MOLLY MALONE BY TRADITIONAL

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3ouqhCtIh2g>

Listen to the song and fill in the missing Word.

In Dublin's _____ city, where the girls are so _____
I first set my _____ on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow _____ streets
broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

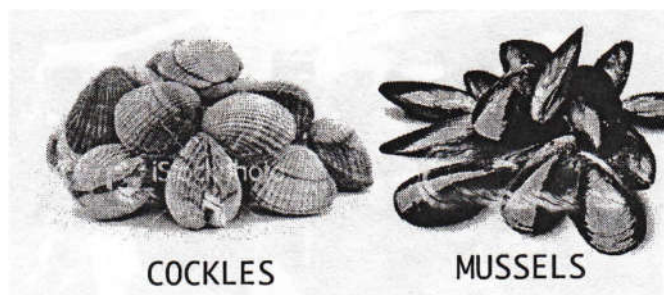
A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

She was a fishmonger and sure it was no _____
for so were her _____ and _____ before
and they both _____ their barrows through
streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

She _____ of a fever and no one could
_____ her
and that was the end of _____ Molly
Malone.
Now her _____ wheels her barrow
_____ streets broad and narrow
crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!
A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!



BROAD ≠ NARROW

BROAD = LARGE

VOCABULARY

- To wheel (verb) to push a vehicle with wheels.
- Wheelbarrow (noun) a small carrier with one wheel at the front, and two legs and two handles at the back.
- To cry (verb) to speak or say something loudly.
- Fishmonger (noun) someone who sells fish and shellfish.
- Fever (noun) a high body temperature that happens when someone is sick.

MOLLY MALONE BY TRADITIONAL

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

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!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!

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!

A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!
A-live a-live O! A-live a-live O!
Crying cockles and mussels alive a-live O!