

3- Cockles and Mussels (Molly Malone)



Estatua de Molly Malone en Dublín

The song tells the fictional tale of a **fishmonger** who plied her trade on the streets of Dublin, but who died young, of a fever. She is typically represented as a hawker by day and part-time prostitute by night. However, there is no evidence that the song is based on a real woman, of the 17th century or at any other time. The name "Molly" originated as a familiar version of the names Mary and Margaret.

According to some experts the song is from the **music hall style** of the period, and while one cannot wholly dismiss the possibility that it is "based on an older folk song", "neither melody nor words bear any relationship to the Irish tradition of street ballads." The song is in a familiar tragi-comic mode popular in this period.

Youtube: Cockles and Mussels – The Dubliners

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

| Original y traducción libre al español | |
|--|--|
| Versos originales en inglés | Traducción al español |
| <p>In Dublin's fair city, Where the girls are so pretty, I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone, As she wheeled her wheel-barrow, 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".</p> <p>She was a fishmonger, But sure 'twas no wonder, For so were her father and mother before, And they wheeled their barrows, Through the streets broad and narrow, Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!" (chorus)</p> <p>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 streets broad and narrow, Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!" (chorus)x2</p> | <p>En la linda ciudad de Dublín Donde las chicas son tan bonitas, Puse por primera vez el ojo en la dulce Molly Malone, Mientras empujaba su carro, Por las calles anchas y las estrechas... Gritando "¡Berberechos y mejillones vivos, vivos--O! ¡Vivos, vivos-O! ¡Vivos, vivos-O!" Gritando "¡Berberechos y mejillones vivos, vivos--O!"</p> <p>Era pescadera, Claro, no era un misterio Pues antes su padre y su madre lo eran Y cada uno empujaba su carro Por las calles anchas y las estrechas... Gritando "¡Berberechos y mejillones vivos, vivos--O!" (estribillo)</p> <p>Murió de una fiebre Y nadie la pudo salvar Y fue el fin de la dulce Molly Malone. Pero su fantasma empuja su carro Por las calles anchas y las estrechas... Gritando "¡Berberechos y mejillones vivos, vivos--O!" (estribillo)x2</p> |