

Jimmie Brown the Newsboy

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

I sell the morning papers sir, my name is Jimmy Brown
Everybody knows that I'm the newsboy of the town
You can hear me yelling Morning Star running along the street
Got no hat upon my head, no shoes upon my feet
Never mind sir how I look don't look at me and frown
Sell the morning papers sir my name is Jimmy Brown
I'm awful cold and hungry sir my clothes is mighty thin
I wander about from place to place my daily bread to win
My father died a drunkard sir I've heard my mother say
I am helping mother sir as I journey on my way
My mother always tells me sir, nothing in the world to lose
I'll get a place in heaven sir to sell the gospel news
I sell the morning papers sir my name is Jimmy Brown
Everybody knows that I'm the newsboy of the town
You can hear me yelling Morning Star running along the street
Got no hat upon my head, no shoes upon my feet

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