

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

"Jimmie Brown the Newsboy"

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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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