

Mac Wiseman "Jimmy Brown The Newsboy"

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I sell the morning paper, sir
My name is Jimmy Brown,
Everybody knows I am,
The Newsboy of the town.

You will hear me yelling "Morning Star",
As I run along the street,
I have no hat up - on my head,
No shoes upon my feet.
I have no hat up - on my head,
No shoes upon my feet

I'm awful cold and hungry, sir,
My clothes are worn and thin,
I wander 'bout from place to place,
My daily bread to win.

CHORUS

Never mind, sir, how I look,
Don't look at me and frown,
I sell the morning papers, sir,
My name is Jimmy Brown.
I sell the morning papers, sir,
My name is Jimmy Brown.

My Father died a drunkard, sir,
I've heard my Mother say, and
I am helping Mother, sir,
As I journey on my way.

Mother always tells me, sir,
I've nothing in this world to lose,
I'll get a place in Heaven, sir,
To sell the Gospel News.

(Chorus)

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