

Bill Monroe, Jimmy Brown The Newsboy

I sell the morning paper, Sir, my name is Jimmy Brown
Everybody knows that I'm the newsboy of the town

You can hear me yelling "Morning Star", as I run along the street
I've got no hat upon my head, no shoes upon my feet
I sell the morning paper, Sir, my name is Jimmy Brown
Everybody knows that I'm the newsboy of the town

Never mind, Sir, how I look, don't look at me and frown
I sell the morning paper, Sir, my name is Jimmy Brown
I'm awful cold and hungry, Sir, my clothes are mighty thin
I wander 'bout from place to place, my daily bread to win

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My father was a drunkard, Sir, I've heard my mother say
And I am helping my Mother, Sir, as I journey on my way
My mother always tells me, Sir, I've nothing in the world to lose
I'll get a place in Heaven, Sir, selling the "Gospel News";

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