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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