

Jimmy Brown The Newsboy-Carter A P Crd

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Jimmy Brown the Newsboy  
A.P.Carter

F

1. You will hear me yelling "Morning Star" as I
2. Never mind, sir, how I look, Don't
3. Mother always tells me sir, I've

C7

run along the street; I have no hat upon my head, No  
look at me and frown; I sell the morning papers sir, My  
nothin' in the world to lose; I'll get aplace in Heaven sir, To

F

shoes upon my feet. I'm awful cold and hungry sir, My  
name is Jimmie Brown. My father was a drunkard sir, I've  
sell the Gospel News. So, never mind, sir how I look, Don't

C7

clothes are torn and thin; I wander about from  
heard my mother say; And I am helping  
look at me and frown; I sell the morning

F

place to place, my daily bread to win,  
mother, sir, as I journey on my way.  
papers, sir, my name is Jimmie Brown.

chorus:

F

C7

I sell the morning papers, sir, My name is Jimmie Brown; Most

F

every-body knows I am the Newsboy of the town.