

# The Poor Little Newsgirl - song lyrics

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THE POOR LITTLE NEWSGIRL.  
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Only a poor little newsgirl,  
With face that is smiling and bright;  
Up at the gray of the morning.  
And toiling 'till far in the night.  
Blithely her papers she's calling:  
The Telegram, Journal, and News,  
"Help me. for mother is dying!  
Oh, please buy one, do not refuse!"

Chorus.  
Only a poor little newsgirl,  
Who wanders all day through the street;  
Calling her papers so blithely,  
With voice that is pleading and sweet.

Only a poor little newsgirl.  
Who wanders along 'mid the crowd;  
Wildly the snowflakes are falling.  
And wrapping the streets in a shroud!  
Hark to the voice that is pleading:  
"My mother is starving at home,  
Please buy a paper to help me.  
From morning till night do I roam. " -Chorus.

Only a poor little newsgirl,  
I With face that is pallid and cold!  
Clasping her papers so tightly,  
When rays of the morning unfold;  
Hurries the crowd thro' the city,  
With never a thought of the dead;  
Pity the poor little newsgirl,  
Who sleeps in her soft icy bed.-Chorus