



I'm ve - ry cold and hun-gry, sir, My clothes are worn and thin, I



wan-der on from place to place, My dai - ly bread to win; But



nev - er mind, sir, how I look, Don't sneer at me or frown, I'm



sell - ing pa - pers for I am, The news - boy Jim - mie Brown.



ev - 'ry bod - y knows I am the "poor boy of the town."