The Poor Little Newsboy - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE POOR LITTLE NEWSBOY.
Copyright, 1886, by T. B. Harms & Co.

'Twas a wee little boy trudging on thro' the night,
He ne'er stopped his work, tho' the tears dimmed his sight:
He sobbed out aloud as onward he went:
I've not sold a paper, I have not a cent!
His father was dead, his mother was ill,
And this little child was at work with a will;
To keep her from starving, and lest she should die,
He choked back his sobs and again came the cry:

Chorus.
Chronicle, Telegram, Star, or News,
The latest edition of each if you choose;
Some for a penney, and some for two,
So buy one, I'll thank you so much if you do.

So crying the news thro' the cold and the sleet,
He hears not the team dashing wild down the street;
A crash and a moan, and the little boy brave
Lies dying while striving his mother to save.
They carry him back midst darkness and gloom,
To his mother alone in the bare attic room,
And all thro' the night in his anguish and pain,
Rings out the clear voice still again and again:-Chorus.