In the Baggage Coach Ahead.

SONG and REFRAIN.

Moderato espressivo.

Words and Music by GUSSIE L. DAVIS.

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one began crying just then, As though its poor heart would
sent them this sweet little babe, Their young happy lives were
break, ... One angry man said, "Make that child stop its noise, for its
blessed, ... His heart seemed to break when he mentioned her name, and in
keep ing all of us awake," ... "Put it out" said another, "Don't
tears tried to tell them the rest, ... Every woman arose to as -
keep it in here, We've paid for our berths and want rest," ... But
sist with the child, There were mothers and wives on that train, ... And
In the baggage coach ahead. 4—8.
never a word said the man with the child, As he fondled it close to his
soon was the little one sleeping in peace, With no thought of sorrow or
breast. . . . . . .

lady then softly said, . . . . . . . "I wish that I could" was the
bless you," he softly said, . . . . . . Each one had a story to

man's sad reply, "But she's dead, in the coach ahead." . . . .
tell in their home, Of the baggage coach ahead." . . . .

In the baggage coach ahead. 4-4.
I---

REFRAIN.

While the train rolled on-ward, A hus-ban-d sat in tears... 

Think-ing of the hap-pi-ness, Of just a few short years... For

ba-by's face brings pic-tures of A cher-ish-ed hope that's dead... But

ba-by's cries can't wak-en her, In the bag-gage coach a-head... 

In the bag-gage coach ahead. 4-5.