In the Baggage Coach Ahead.

SONG and REFRAIN.

Moderato expressivo.

1. On a dark stormy night, as the train rattled on, all the passengers
2. Ev'ry eye filled with tears, when his story he told, of a wife who was

had gone to bed... Except one young man with a babe in his
faithful and true... He told how he'd saved all his earnings for

arms who sat there with a bowed down head... The innocent
years, just to build up a home for two... How, when Heaven had

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 a-wake,”... “Put it out” said another, “Don’t
tears tried to tell them the rest, ... Ev'ry wo-man a rose 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 4-3.
ne'er 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, "Where is its mother go take it to her," this a
pain, Next morn at a station, he bade all goodbye, "God

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."
While the train rolled onward, A husband sat in tears...

Thinking of the happiness, Of just a few short years... For

baby's face brings pictures of A cherished hope that's dead... But

baby's cries can't waken her, In the baggage coach ahead...