

John Mellencamp, Grandma's Theme

Was a dark stormy night
As the train rattled on
All the passengers had gone to bed
Except a young man with a baby in his arms
Who sat there with a bowed-down head

The innocent one began crying just then
As though its poor heart would break
One angry man said, "Make that child stop its noise
For it's keeping all of us awake."

[Grandma's Theme is a part of the traditional song listed below:]

[The Baggage Coach Ahead]

On a dark and stormy night as the train rolled on
All passengers gone to bed,
Except a young man with a babe on his arm
Sat sadly with bowed down head;
Just then the babe commenced crying
As though its poor heart would break.
One angry man said, "Make that child stop its noise,
For it's keeping us all awake."

"Put it out," said another, "Don't keep it in here;
We've paid for our berth and want rest."
But never a word said the man with the child,
As he fondled it close to his breast.
"Oh where is its mother? Go take it to her,"
One lady then softly said.
"I wish I could," was the man's sad reply.
"But she's dead in the coach ahead."
As the train rolled onward, a husband set in tears,
Thinking of the happiness of just a few short years.
Baby's face brings pictures of a cherished hope now dead,
But baby's cries can't awaken her in the baggage coach ahead.
Every eye filled with tears as the story he told
Of a wife who was faithful and true;
He told how he'd saved up his earnings for years,
Just to build a home for two;
How when heaven had sent them their sweet little babe,
Their young happy lives were blest;
His heart seemed to break when he mentioned her name,
And in tears tried to tell them the rest.

Every woman arose to assist with the child;
There were mothers and wives on that train.
And soon was the little one sleeping in peace,
With no thought of sorrow or pain.
Next morn at the station he bade all goodbye,
"God bless you," he softly said,
Each one had a story to tell in their homes
Of the baggage coach ahead.