The Baby In The Sleeper - song lyrics

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THE BABY IN THE SLEEPER.
By Charles R. Berry.

'Twas midnight in the sleeper,
And all had gone to rest;
For four long days they'd travelled
Far from the golden West.

Weary, tired and wanting sleep,
They just begun to dose,
When long and loud, with piercing strength,
A baby e cry arose.

'Twas just a three months' baby,
With lungs enough for ten,
And one by one that youngster's cry
Awoke those sleeping men.

Then some began to curse and swear,
And from the curtain peep,
With "Darn the child! Confound that bratt
We've paid to get some sleep."

Trying to hush the little one,
His face with sorrow stamped,
Still up and down the sleeping car
The youthful father tramped.

Then a crusty Western magnate,
with anger in his eye,
Burst forth in furious temper
At the baby's piercing cry:

"Take the brat to mother,
She is the proper nurse;
I guess she's in another car,
Asleep without this curse."

"Where is its mother? Wake her!"
But the father sadly Bald:
"My wife is in her coffin
in the baggage car ahead."

Then a hush fell on the passengers,
The angry man grew mild;
"Go sit with her, my friend;
Give me your little child."