

# Hal Ketchum, Swing Low

I met her at the mission,  
Living just this side of sin.  
Her mouth was soft and when she spoke,  
Lord, I fell right in.  
She had a baby in a blanket,  
A dollar and a half.  
She looked a little leery,  
She let out a little laugh.

Opened up my overcoat,  
Invited them inside.  
Two fragile little flowers,  
With nowhere left to hide.  
She said her old man left her,  
Just before the baby came.  
I could feel the tears well up inside,  
Each time she spoke his name.

Swing low, swing low,  
Sweet angel face.  
Why would such a simple child,  
Come to such a place?

We talked until the wind died down,  
The baby woke and stirred.  
She made a little hushing sound,  
Spoke some magic word.  
The baby yawned and smiled at me,  
But she said: "We can't stay."  
She thanked me for my kindness,  
Turned and walked away.

Swing low, swing low,  
Sweet angel face.  
Why would such a simple child,  
Come to such a place?

I think about them all the time,  
And hope they found their home.  
Seems that it's my calling now,  
To walk these streets alone.  
Sometimes when the wind is right,  
I can smell her sweet perfume.  
I think about the warm embrace,  
That ended all too soon.

Swing low, swing low,  
Sweet angel face.  
Why would such a simple child,  
Come to such a place?  
Oh, oh, oh, why would such a simple child,  
Come to such a place?