

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?