

# Swing Low

Hal Ketchum

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  
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  
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?

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