Precious Memories

John B. F. Wright, Lonnie B. Combs

1. Precious mem'ries, un-seen an-gels, Sent from somewhere to my soul; How they lin-ger, ev-er near me, And the sa-cred years; And old home scenes of my childhood, In fond mem-hold; As I pon-der, hope grows fond-er, Precious mem'ries past un-fold. Precious mem'ries, how they linger, How they ever flood my soul; in the stillness of the midnight, Precious, sacred scenes un-fold.

2. Precious fa-ther, lov-ing moth-er, Fly a-cross the lone-ly flood; I still see, I still hear, They are fond to heap on my heart; And my soul is glad at the thought, In the old homestead; And fond to hear, As I pour my heart out, Precious mem'ries, how they ever flood my soul.

3. As I trav-el on life's path-way, Know not what the years may hold; I think of the home scenes, The dear home scenes, In the old homestead, In the old homestead, And fond to hear, As I pour my heart out, Precious mem'ries, how they ever flood my soul.

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