

Precious Memories

The memory of the just is blessed. Pro. 10:7

Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely... think on these things. Php. 4:8

1. Pre - cious mem-'ries, un - seen an - gels, Sent from some-where to my soul;
2. Pre - cious fa - ther, lov - ing moth - er, Fly a - cross the lone - ly years;
3. As I trav - el on life's path - way, Know not what the years may hold;

How they lin - ger, ev - er near me, And the sa - cred past un - fold.
And old home scenes of my child - hood, In fond mem - o - ry ap - pear.
As I pon - der, hope grows fond - er, Pre - cious mem-'ries flood my soul.

D.S.— In the still - ness of the mid - night, Pre - cious, sa - cred scenes un - fold.

Refrain Pre - cious mem-'ries, how they lin - ger, How they ev - er flood my soul; *D.S. al Fine*

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