Precious Memories

Precious memories, unseen angels, sent from somewhere to my soul;
How they linger ever near me, how they ever flood my soul;
In the stillness of the midnight, precious sacred scenes unfold.

Precious memories, unseen angels, sent from somewhere to my soul;
How they linger ever near me, and the sacred past unfold.
Precious memories, how they linger, how they ever flood my soul;
In the stillness of the midnight, precious sacred scenes unfold.

Precious father, loving mother, fly across the lonely years;
And old home scenes of my childhood in fond memory appear;
In the stillness of the midnight, echoes from the past I hear;
Oldtime singing, gladness bringing, from that lovely land somewhere.

As I travel on life's pathway knowing not what the years may bring,
As I ponder, hope grows stronger, precious memories flood my soul.

—Lomax Comb & J. B. Wright