Precious Memories

Jean Shepard

Precious memories, unseen angels,
Sent from somewhere to my soul.
How they linger, ever near me,
And the sacred past unfolds.
Chorus
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 appears
Chorus
I remember Mother praying
Father too, on bended knee
the sun is sinking, shadows falling
but their prayers still follow me
Chorus
Precious memories fill my soul.

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