Precious Memories

Brenda Lee

As I travel down life's pathway,
Know not what the years may hold.
As I ponder, hopes grow fonder,
Precious memories flood my soul

Precious father, loving mother,
Glide across the lonely years.
And old homes scenes of my childhood
In fond memory appears.

Precious memories, how they linger
How they ever flood my soul.
In the stillness of the midnight,
Precious sacred scenes unfold.

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