

# Emmylou Harris, Precious Memories

(Traditional)

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

Precious father, loving mother  
Glide across the lonely years  
And old home's scenes of my childhood  
Infond memories appears

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