

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