

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, Precious Memories

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

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 from my childhood
In fond memory appear