

# 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