


# Precious Memories

John B. F. Wright, Lonnie B. Combs

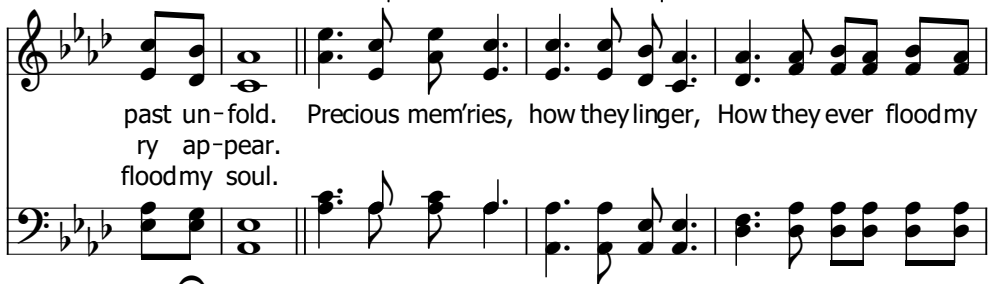
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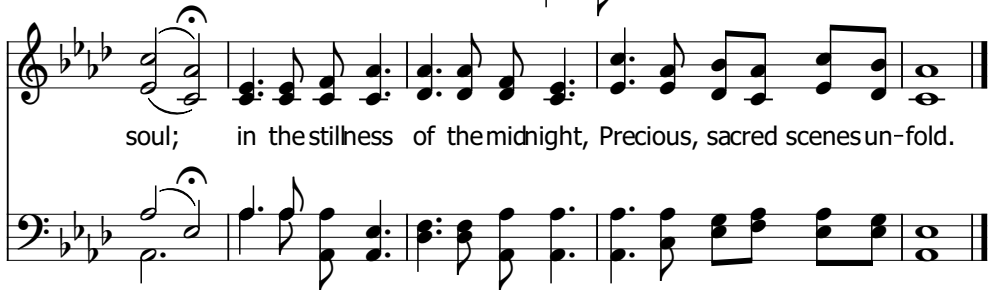
1. Precious mem'ries, un-seen an-gels, Sent from somewhere to my  
2. Precious fa-ther, lov-ing moth-er, Fly a-cross the lone-ly  
3. As I trav-el on life's path-way, Know not what the years may



soul; How they lin-ger, ev-er near me, And the sa-cred  
years; And old homescenes of my childhood, In fond mem-o-  
hold; As I pon-der, hope grows fond-er, Pre-cious mem'ries



past un-fold. Precious mem'ries, how they linger, How they ever flood my  
ry ap-pear.  
flood my soul.



soul; in the stillness of the midnight, Precious, sacred scenes un-fold.