

## Precious Memories

Aretha Franklin

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 of my childhood  
In fond memory appear.

In the stillness of the midnight  
Echoes from the past I hear  
Old-time singing, gladness bringing  
From that lovely land somewhere.

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