When it's prayer meeting time in the hollow,
In that vine covered shrine 'neath the pines,
When the one that I love
Sends a prayer up above,
Where we first told our love so divine.
'Til the day I go back to that hollow,
I would follow the old golden rule.
For it taught me to pray,
And to live for the day
When we'd meet in that hollow back home.

Lyrics
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Critical Commentary

Transcription by MB.

**HST notes:**
In the Professional Papers series:
Mrs. Bessie Gordon, age circa 40, Schofield.
Has known it for years and years - learned it from her mother.

K.G.