

## **Black Happy**

### **"Uncle Penn"**

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To dance all night the break of day  
With a caller and a holler do-si-do  
We knew uncle Pen was ready to go  
Early in the evening about sundown  
High on the hill and above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lord how it ring  
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing  
Well he played another tune called soldier's joy  
And played the one called the Boston Boy  
First of all was Jenny Lynn  
For me that's where the fiddle begins  
I'll never forget that mournful day  
When uncle pen was called away  
He hung his fiddle and hang up his bow  
He knew it was time for him to go

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