

## Leon Redbone

### "Uncle Pen"

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Oh, the people would come from miles away  
They'd dance all night till the break of day  
When the caller hollered, "Do-se-do"  
They knew it was time for Uncle Pen to go

Late in the evening about sundown  
High on the hills and above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, lord, he had it ring  
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing

He played an old piece he called "Soldier's Joy"  
And the one called "The Boston Boy"  
But the greatest of all was "Jenny Lynn"  
To me that is where the fiddle begins

Late in the evening about sundown  
High on the hills and above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, lord, he had it ring  
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing

I'll never forget that mournful day  
When Uncle Pen was called away  
He hung up his fiddle, he hung up his bow  
He knew it was time for him to go

Late in the evening about sundown  
High on the hills and above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, lord, he had it ring  
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing

Late in the evening about sundown  
High on the hills and above the town  
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