

Leon Russell "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

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