

## Porter Wagoner "Uncle Pen"

Visit "[Uncle Pen](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Oh, the people would come from faraway  
They'd dance all night till the break of day  
When the caller hollered, "Do-se-do"  
He knew uncle Pen was ready to go

Late in the evenin' about sundown  
High on the hill and above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, oh, how it would ring  
You can hear it talk, you can hear it sing

He played an old tune he called, "Soldier's joy"  
And the one he wrote called, "The Boston boy"  
But the greatest of all was, "Jenny Lynn"  
To me that's where the fiddle begins

Late in the evenin' about sundown  
High on the hill and above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, oh, how it would ring  
You can hear it talk, you can hear it sing

But I'll never forget that mournful day  
When uncle Pen was called away  
They hung up his fiddle and they hung up his bow  
I knew it was time for him to go

Late in the evenin' about sundown  
High on the hill and above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, oh, how it would ring  
You can hear it talk, you can hear it sing

Late in the evenin' about sundown  
High on the hill and above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, oh, how it would ring  
You can hear it talk, you can hear it sing

Visit [Porter Wagoner](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.