

Roy Acuff "Uncle Pen"

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

Oh, the people would come from far away
Dance all night till the break of day
When the caller hollered do-se-do
We knew Uncle Pen was ready to go

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

He played an old tune called 'Soldier's Joy'
And the one they called 'Boston Boy'
And the greatest of all was 'Jenny Lind'
To me that's where the fiddlin' began

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

I'll never forget that mournful day
When Uncle Pen was called away
Hang up his fiddle, they hang up his bow
They know it was time for him to go

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

Visit [Roy Acuff](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.