

## Various Artists "Uncle Pen"

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Oh, the people would come from far away  
To dance all night till break of day  
When the caller would holler 'Do Si Do'  
They knew Uncle Pen was ready to go

Late in the evenin' about sundown  
High on the hill an' above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lord, how it rang  
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing

Well, he played an old tune they called the 'Soldier's  
Joy'  
And he played the one they called the 'Boston Boy'  
Greatest of all was 'Jennie Lynn'  
To me that's where the fiddlin' begins

Late in the evenin' about sundown  
High on the hill an' above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lord, how it rang  
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 and he hung up his bow  
And he knew it was time for him to go

Late in the evenin' about sundown  
High on the hill an' above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lord, how it rang  
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing

Late in the evenin' about sundown  
High on the hill an' above the town  
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