

# Uncle Pen

Bill Monroe

Oh, the people would come from far away  
They'd dance all night till the break of day  
When the caller hollered do-se-do  
You knew Uncle Pen was ready to go  
Late in the evening about sundown  
High on the hill above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lord, how it would 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'  
The greatest of all was 'Jenny Lynn'  
To me that's where the fiddle begins  
Late in the evening about sundown  
High on the hill above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lord, 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  
They hung up his fiddle, they hung up his bow  
They knew it was time for him to go  
Late in the evening about sundown  
High on the hill above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lord, how it would ring  
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing  
Late in the evening about sundown  
High on the hill above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lord, how it would ring  
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing

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