

# Uncle Pen

Richard Greene

Oh, the people would come from far away  
To dance all night to the break of day  
When the caller would holler, "Do Si Do"  
They knew Uncle Pen was ready to go  
Late in the evening, 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 the "Jennie Lynn"  
To me, that's where the fiddlin' begins  
Late in the evening, 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 old 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 evening, 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 evening, 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

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