

Uncle Pen

Eric Weissberg

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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