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 goLate 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 singWell, 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' beginsLate 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 singI'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 goLate 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 singLate 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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