

Uncle Pen

[Rose Maddox](#)

The people would come from far away they'd dance all night till the break of day
When they'd call and holler do-se-do we knew Uncle Pen was ready to go
Late in the evenin' about sundown high on the hill and above the tour
Uncle Pen played the fiddle and oh how it could ring
You could hear it talk you could hear it sing

He played an old tune called Soldier's Joy and the one they called Boston Boy
And the greatest of all was Ginny Lynn to me that's where fiddlin' begin
Late in the evenin'...

I'll never forget that mournful day when Uncle Pen was called away
They hang up his fiddle they hang up his bow they know it was time for him to go
Late in the evenin'...

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