

Uncle Pen

Porter Wagoner

Oh, the people would come from far away
They'd dance all night till the break of day
When the caller hollered do-si-do
You knew Uncle Pen was ready to go
Late in the evening about sundown
High on the hill and 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 and 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 and 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 and 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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