

# Uncle Pen

## Hank Williams Jr.

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!  
Instrumental break.

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!  
Instrumental break.

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!  
Instrumental break.

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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written by MONROE, BILL

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