

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-se-
do we 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 and oh how it would ring
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing

Well, he played an old tune called Soldier's Joy and the one they called Boston Boy
And the greatest of all was Jenny Lind to me that's where fiddlin' begin

Late in the evening about sundown high on the hill and above the town
Uncle Pen played the fiddle and oh 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 hang up his fiddle they hang up his bow they know 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 and oh how it would ring
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing