

Uncle Benny

Roger Whittaker

Uncle Benny
never had a penny,
only had his old banjo.
Never had a job,
never earned a bob,
always free to come and go.
He played the banjo gaily, boys,
for anyone he'd meet.
Benny was a fellow who could
sweep girls off their feet.

He'd set their toes a-tapping with his songs,
making friends who'd join him as he slowly strolled along.
There was Michael Flynn played violin
while Clancy played the flute,
and Tommy McManis gave the old cornet a toot.

Uncle Benny
never had a penny,
only had his old banjo.
Fat around the middle,
always on the fiddle,
no one ever seemed to know.
In the clubs and the pubs around the town,
up and down the street,
Benny was a fellow who could
sweep girls off their feet.

He'd set their toes a-tapping with his songs,
making friends who'd join him as he slowly strolled along.
There was Jack McBass who played the bass
while Danny played the drum,
and everyone watching would clap their hands and hum.

Uncle Benny
never had a penny,
only had his old banjo.
Singing at the fair,
silver in his hair,
Uncle Benny had to go.
He failed it on a high note
in his final show,
and I never knew what happened to
Benny's old banjo.