

## “Uncle Pen”

Oh, the people would come from far away  
To dance all night till the break of day  
When the caller hollered, “do-si-do”  
They knew Uncle Pen was ready to go

### Chorus:

Late in the evening about sundown  
High on the hill and above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, oh, how it'd ring  
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing

Well, he played an old tune he called the “Soldier's Joy”  
And he played the one he called the “Boston Boy”  
Greatest of all was the “Jennie Lynn”  
To me, that's where the fiddlin' begins

### (Chorus)

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

### (Chorus)