

Uncle Pen

Buck Owens

Late in the evenin' 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 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 evenin'

Well he played an old tune called Soldier's Joy and the one they called Boston Boy
The greatest of all was Jenny Lind to me that's where the fiddlin' began
Late in the evenin'

Well I'll never forget that mournful day when Uncle Pen was called away
Hang up his fiddle hang up his bow knew it was time for him to go
Late in the evenin'