

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'