

# Buck Owens, Uncle Pen

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' 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  
The greatest of all was Jenny Lind  
To me, that's where the fiddlin' began.

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.

--- Instrumental ---

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' 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...