

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...