

Phish, Uncle Pen

Oh, the people would come from far and away,
They'd dance all night 'till the break of day,
When the caller would holler "Do-si-do,"
You knew Uncle Pen was ready to go.

Late in the evening about sun down,
High on the hill and above the town,
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, lord a how it'd ring,
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing.

Oh, he played an old piece he called Soldier's Joy,
And he had one he called Boston Boy,

The greatest of all was Ginny Lyn,
To me that's where the fiddlin begin.

(chorus)

Oh, I'll never forget that mournful day,
When Uncle Pen was called away,
They hung up his fiddle, they hung up his bow,
You knew it was time for him to go.

(chorus)