

UNCLE PEN



Words and music by Bill Monroe

CHORUS

[C] Late in the ev'nin' a-[G] bout sundown
High on the hill and a-[D] bove the town [G]
Well Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lordy, how it would ring
You could hear it talk, you could [D] hear it sing. [G]

[G] Oh, the people would come from far away
They'd dance all night till the [D] break of day [G]
When the caller hollered "do-si-do"
You knew Uncle Pen was [D] ready to go. [G] [G7]

CHORUS

[C] Late in the ev'nin' a-[G] bout sundown
High on the hill and a-[D] bove the town [G]
Well Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lordy, how it would ring
You could hear it talk, you could [D] hear it sing. [G]

He played an old piece he called "Soldier's Joy"
And the one he called "Boston Boy"
The greatest of all was "Jenny Lynn"
To me that's where fidd'lin' began.

CHORUS

[C] Late in the ev'nin' a-[G] bout sundown
High on the hill and a-[D] bove the town [G]
Well Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lordy, how it would ring
You could hear it talk, you could [D] hear it sing. [G]

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

CHORUS

[C] Late in the ev'nin' a-[G] bout sundown
High on the hill and a-[D] bove the town [G]
Well Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lordy, how it would ring
You could hear it talk, you could [D] hear it sing. [G]