

**Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics**  
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**Uncle Pen**

Oh, the people would come far away  
They'd dance all night till the break of day  
When the caller hollered, Dosedo  
He'd knew Uncle Pen was redy to go

Late in the evening about sundown  
High on the hiss above the town  
Uncle Pen played the fiddle  
Oh, how it would ring  
You can hear it take, you can hear it sing

He played an old piece called soldier's joy  
And in the morning told the folsome boy  
The greatest of all was Jenny Lynn  
To me that's worse when women begin

\* Refrain

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

\* Refrain