

Black Hills Country Band, Uncle Penn

To dance all night the break of day
With a caller and a holler do-si-do
We knew uncle Pen was ready to go
Early in the evening about sundown
High on the hill and above the town
Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lord how it ring
You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing
Well he played another tune called soldier's joy
And played the one called the Boston Boy
First of all was Jenny Lynn
For me that's where the fiddle begins
I'll never forget that mournful day
When uncle pen was called away
He hung his fiddle and hang up his bow
He knew it was time for him to go