

UNCLE PEN-CRD

Bill Monroe

G

Oh, the people would come from far away

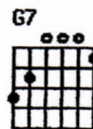
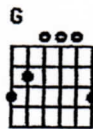
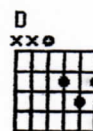
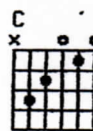
D G

They'd dance all night till the break of day

When the caller hollered "do-si-do"

D G G7

You knew Uncle Pen was ready to go.



CHORUS

C G

Late in the ev'nin' a- bout sundown

D G

High on the hill and a- bove the town

Well Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lordy, how it would ring

D G

You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing.

He played an old piece he called "Soldier's Joy"

And the one he called "Boston Boy"

G The greatest of all was "Jenny Lynn"

To me that's where fidd'lin' began.

CHORUS

G

I'll never forget that mournful day

When Uncle Pen was called away

G They hung up his fiddle, they hung up his bow

They knew it was time for him to go.

CHORUS