

Uncle Pen

Hank Williams Jr.

A

Well, the people would come from far away

A **E** **A**

Dance all night to the break of day

A

Caller he d holler out Do Si Do

A **E** **A**

You knew Uncle Pen was rarín to go

D

A

Late in the evening, about sundown

A

High on the hill and above the town

A

Uncle Pen played the fiddle, Lord, how it rang

A

You could hear it talk, you could hear it sing

End of chorus riff

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E|-----  
B|-----  
G|-----2--  
D|-----2h4---  
A|-0-2h3h4-----  
E|-----
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Instrumental break

Look out boys

Well, he played an old tune they called the Soldier s Joy

And I learned one called the Boston Boy

Greatest of all was the Jennie Lynn

And to me that s where the fiddlin begins

Chorus

Aw, jump in there, Rick

Instrumental break

Well, I ll never forget that mournful day

When old Uncle Pen was called away

He hung up his fiddle and he hung up his bow

He knew it was time for him to go

Chorus

Instrumental break.

Chorus