

Christmas Dinner, Country Style

Bing Crosby

Mother, Mother, everybody's starvin'
Mother, Mother, let's eat

Hold your horses, got a million courses
And I'm fixin' a treat

Jeremiah, go and help your mother
Jane and Jonah, you too
Hezekiah, go and get your brother
Then fetch Amy and Sue

Mother, mother, everybody's happy
Got a reason to smile

'Cause you know that I'm about to serve a
Christmas dinner country style
Christmas dinner country style

Everybody sit and bow your head
We'll all say grace and then break bread

Put your napkin on your lap
While Judd pours cider from the tap

Oh don't that turkey look divine
Well promenade it down the line
Plenty of dark, we're long on white
So allemande the platter to your right

Now sashay along that country ham
And double-sashay the marshmallow yams
Swing to the left some chestnut stuffin'
And swing to the right, a Huckleberry muffin

Time for your partner to reach across
And do-si-do the cranberry sauce

Have another helpin' one and all
And you and the rhubarb swing to the wall
Pass a little drumstick, if you please

And promenade the pretty black-eyed peas

When you've all sashayed and do-si-doed
So much turkey you're 'bout to explode
But you still gotta swing to the pickled quince
Choose your pie either pumpkin or mince

Oh the dinner was grand, to say the least
So honor the lady who cooked the feast

Mother, Mother, thank you for the dinner
All the fixin's were great

Nothin' to it, mighty glad to do it
Seeing how much you ate

Jeremiah, go and get your fiddle
Come on Father, let's dance
I'm too full of turkey and of stuffin'
I ain't taking a chance

It's a very merry, merry Christmas
Got a reason to smile
Mother, Mother everybody loved
Your Christmas dinner country style
Christmas dinner country style!

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