

# Hazel's Homemade Hallelujah Punch

Cledus T. Judd

Richard Fagan-Chris Clark

At the Christmas pot luck dinner  
At the Holy Roller Hall  
They don't allow no drinkin  
Of any alch-ee-hol  
So my Aunt Hazel makes a juice  
Without the use of liquor  
And every year  
It seems to disappear  
A little quicker

CHORUS

It's Hazel's homemade Hallelujah Punch  
Guaranteed to spread some Christmas cheer  
Fill the cup  
And drink it up  
It doesn't take too much  
Of Hazel's homemade Hallelujah Punch

When everyone's done eatin'  
And they're had a glass or two  
The strangest things start happenin'  
Just like they always do  
The spirit of the season  
Flows throughout the congregation  
There must be some magic in that bowl  
To cause such a sensation

CHORUS

She swears there's nothing in it  
But the juice of fruits and berries  
Some raisins, dates, a few yeast cakes, and maraschino cherries  
She corks up two five-gallon jugs  
And seals them every spring  
And when she opens them up for Christmas  
The cheer starts to sing  
Ah

HALLELUJAH  
HALLELUJAH  
HALLELUJAH  
HALLELUJAH  
Hallelujah punch

Aunt Hazel makes  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
An amazing punch  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
You'll hurl your lunch  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
If you drink too much  
Hallelujah

Hallelujah

And every sip tastes better and better

And better

And better

Hallelujah

Hallelujah

CHORUS

Hazel's homemade Hallelujah punch