

Cledus T. Judd, Hazel's Homemade Hallelujah Punch

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