

# Christmas Dinner, Country Style

## Bing Crosby

Mother, Mother, everybody's starving.  
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. Ho! Everbody sit and bow your heads  
We'll all say grace and then break bread. La, la, la, lala, la, la Put your napkin on your lap  
While Jud 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 the chestnut stuffin',  
And a' 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. Well you've all sashayed and do-si-doed  
So much turkey you're 'bout to explode. But you've still got to swing to the pickled quince.  
Choose your pie either punkin or mince. Ho! 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 fixins were great. Nothin' to it, mightly glad to do it,  
Seein' how much you ate! Jeremiah, go and get your fiddle.  
Come on, Father, let's dance. I'm too full of turkey and the stuffing.  
I ain't takin' a chance. It's a very, very merry Christmas.  
Got a reason to smile. Mother, Mother, everybody loved your  
Christmas dinner country style. Christmas dinner country style.

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