

The Christians And The Pagans

Words & Music:
Dar Williams

A D A Bm E

A D Bm E
Amber called her uncle. Said, "We're up here for the holiday.
Jane and I were having Solstice, now we need a place to stay."
And her Christ-loving uncle watched his wife hang Mary on the tree
He watched his son hang candy canes all made with red dye #3
A Bm D E
He told his niece, "It's Christmas Eve. I know our life is not your style."
She said, "Christmas is like Solstice and we miss you and it's been an while."

A D Bm E
So, the Christians and the Pagans sit together at the table.
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able.

A Bm D E
Just before the meal was served, hands were held and prayers were said.
Sending hope for peace on earth to all their God and Goddesses.

The food was great, the tree plugged in, the meal had gone without a hitch,
'Til Timmy turned to Amber and said, "Is it true that you're a witch?"
His mom jumped up and said, "The pies are burning!" and she hit the kitchen.
And it was Jane who spoke. She said, "It's true your cousin's not a Christian.
But we love trees. We love the snow. The friends we have the world we share.
And you find magic in your gods and we find magic everywhere."

So the Christians and the pagans sit together at the table.
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able.
Where does magic come from? I think that magic's in the learning
'Cause now when Christians sit with pagans, only pumpkin pies are burning.

When Amber tried to do the dishes, her aunt said, "Really, no, don't bother."
Amber's uncle saw how Amber looked like Tim and like her father.
He thought about his brother. How they hadn't spoken in a year.
He thought he'd call him up and say, "It's Christmas and your daughter's here."
He thought of other sons and brothers saw his young son tug his sleeve
Saying, "Can I be a Pagan?" Dad said, "We'll discuss it when they leave."

So the Christians and the pagans sit together at the table.
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able.
Lighting trees in darkness learning new ways from the old.
Making sense of history and drawing warmth out of the cold.