Christians and the Pagans by Dars Williams (1996)

G5 G5 G G G C(½) G(½) Am Am D D D D

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

G   C   Am   D
So the Christians and the Pagans sat together at the table,
G   C   Am   D
Finding faith and common ground the best that they were able,
G   C   Am   D
And just before the meal was served, hands were held and prayers were said,
G   C   Am   D   G   C(½) G/B(½) Am D G G
Sending hope for peace on earth to all their gods and goddesses.

The **f**ood was great, the **t**ree plugged in, the **m**eal had gone with**o**ut a hitch,
Till **T**immy turned to **A**mber and said, "**I**s it true that **y**ou're a witch?"
His **m**om jumped up and **s**aid, "The pies are **b**urning," and she **h**it the kitchen,
And **i**t was Jane who **s**poke, she said, "It's **t**rue, your cousin's **n**ot a Christian,"
"But **w**e love trees, we **l**ove the snow, the **f**riends we have, the **w**orld we share,
And **y**ou find magic **f**rom your God, and **w**e find magic **e**verywhere."

So the **C**hristians and the **P**agans sat to**g**ether at the **t**able,
Finding faith and **c**ommon ground the **b**est that they were **a**ble,
And **w**here does magic **c**ome from? I think **m**agic's in the **l**earning,
'Cause now when **C**hristians sit with **P**agans only **p**umpkin pies are **b**ur-ning.

When **A**mber tried to **d**o the dishes, her **a**unt said, "Really, **n**o, don't bother."
Amber's uncle **s**aw how Amber **l**ooked like Tim and **l**ike her father.
He **t**hought about his **b**rother, how they **h**adn't spoken **i**n a year,
He **t**hought he'd call him **u**p and say, "It's **C**hristmas and your **d**aughter's here."
He **t**hought of fathers, **s**ons and brothers, **s**aw his own son **t**ug his sleeve, saying,
"**C**an I be a **P**agan?" Dad said, "**W**e'll discuss it **w**hen they leave."

So the **C**hristians and the **P**agans sat to**g**ether at the **t**able,
Finding faith and **c**ommon ground the **b**est that they were **a**ble,
Lighting trees in **d**arkness, learning **n**ew ways from the **o**ld, and
Making sense of **h**istory and **d**rawing warmth out **o**f the cold.

G C(½) G/B(½) Am D G