

# Old-Time Religion

## (Pete Seeger version)

Words & Music:  
Traditional American / new lyrics by Pete Seeger

*Now, if you want to be precise about it, a good chunk of the theology below is dated, stereotyped and incorrect. But, the rhymes and humor are quite intact. If this truly offends any fellow Pagans enough to spend your energy on it, then drop me a line and I will move this one, too. Else, share a laugh with the Gods.*

          C                                  F                                  C  
We will pray to Aphrodite, she's beautiful but flighty.  
          G                                  F          G                  C  
In her silken see-thru nightie she's good enough for me.

We will pray to Zarathrustra, pray just like we used-to,  
I'm a Zarathrustra booster, he's good enough for me.

We will pray just like the Druids, drinking strange fermented fluids,  
Go dancing naked through the woods, they're good enough for me.

We will pray to the god Buddha, of gods there is none cuter,  
Come in silver, brass or pewter, he's good enough for me.

We will pray with those Egyptians, who built pyramids to put our crypts in  
Covered up with strange inscriptions, they're good enough for me.

We will pray to Ra and Ahmen just like Tutankhamen,  
And teach our friends embalming, they're good enough for me.

Hare Krishna he must be laughed on, to see me dressed in saffron,  
With my hair only half-on he's good enough for me.

I will rise up at early morning, when my Lord gives me the warning,  
That the solar age is dawning, he's good enough for me.

We won't worship like the Persians, we'll sacrifice no virgins,  
Please control your carnal urgin's, it's good enough for me.

We will all worship the Mother, not the womb of any other.  
Virgin, crone and mother, she's good enough for me.

We will pray for New Age Aquarians, and hang out in Planetariums,  
Lotta um are Unitarians, they're good enough for me.

We will pray to a god named Odin, in their wooden boats go floatin'  
Filled Europe with forbodin' he's good enough for me.

We will pray to the Quakers, oft confused with the Shakers,  
Of war they are not makers, they're good enough for me.

We will pray to the god Shiva, the one with many sleevea's  
Who destroys all disbelivas, he's good enough for me.

We will pray to Reverend Moony, all our friends will think we're loony.  
As we sing this crazy tune-y, but he's good enough for me.