

# May the Turtle Be Unbroken

Words: Gary McGath, Copyright 2007

Music: "Will the Circle Be Unbroken"

Note: This is how the story might have been retold many years later.  
For the "real" story, read Terry Pratchett's *Small Gods*.

Gather round and hear a story  
Of a time from long ago,  
Of how Om came to his glory  
And the people came to know.

In the days when priests were wicked  
And the people were deceived,  
Om looked sadly on his nation.  
All felt fear but none believed.

*Chorus:*

May the Turtle be unbroken  
By and by, Om, by and by.  
Guide the Turtle as it hurtles  
From the sky, Om, from the sky.

From his realm up in the heavens,  
From his dwelling near the sun,  
Om came down here as a Turtle,  
Spoke to Brutha, the Chosen One.

Brutha was a humble servant,  
But his faith was strong and true,  
And he listened to the Turtle,  
And he learned what he must do.

*Chorus*

Deacon Vorbis held great power,  
And his heart was dark and cold.  
Vorbis claimed to be a Prophet,  
Like the ones from days of old.

He and Brutha crossed the desert,  
And to bishop did Brutha rise.  
Vorbis now was Cenobiarch;  
Brutha knew his words were lies.

*Chorus*

He told Vorbis he was wicked;  
Vorbis bound him up in chains,  
He said, "Brutha, none can fight me.  
You will die now for your pains."

Brutha only smiled at Vorbis,  
Then he looked up at the sky.  
He said, "Vorbis, you're mistaken.  
I am sorry. You will die."

*Chorus*

And when Brutha's words were spoken,  
Fell the Turtle, like a shot,  
And the Turtle was unbroken.  
As for Vorbis—he was not.

When the people saw what happened,  
All at once now they believed.  
They knew Brutha for a prophet,  
And his teaching they received.

*Chorus*