

And this I swear to all

Fill in the gaps

Don't carry it all by The Decemberists

(1) we come to a turning of the season	And this I swear to all
Witness to the arc (2) the sun	And there a wreath of trillium and ivy
And neighbors' blessed burden within reason	Laid upon the (7) of a boy
Becomes a burden born of all and one	Lazy Will the long come from its high beam
And nobody, nobody knows	Return this quiet searcher to the soil
Let the yoke fall from our shoulders	So raise a glass to (8) of the season
Don't carry it all, don't carry it all	And watch it as it arcs towards the sun
We are all our (3) and holders	And you must bear
Beneath this bold and brilliant sun	your neighbor's burden within reason
And this I swear to all	And your labors will be born when all is done
(4) to build (5) the	And nobody, (9) knows
arbors	Let the yoke fall from our shoulders
Upon a plinth that towers towards the trees	Don't carry it all, don't carry it all
But every vessel pitching hard to starboard	We are all our hands and holders
Lay its head on summer's freckled knees	Beneath this bold and brilliant sun
And nobody, nobody knows	And this I swear to all
Let the (6) fall from our shoulders	And this I swear to all
Don't carry it all, don't carry it all	And this I swear to all
We are all our hands and holders	
Beneath this bold and brilliant sun	



- 1. Here
- 2. towards
- 3. hands
- 4. Monument
- 5. beneath
- 6. yoke
- 7. body
- 8. turnings
- 9. nobody

Fill in the gaps