

And this I swear to all

Fill in the gaps

Don't carry it all by The Decemberists

| Here we come to a turning of the season | | And this I swear to all |
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| Witness to the arc (1) | the sun | And there a wreath of trillium and ivy |
| And neighbors' blessed burden within reason | | Laid upon the body of a boy |
| (2) 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 (5) 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 hands and holders | | And you must (6) |
| 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 |
| Monument to build beneath the arbors | | And nobody, nobody knows |
| Upon a plinth (3) (4) | towards the | Let the yoke fall from our shoulders |
| 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 k | nees | (7) this bold and brilliant sun |
| And nobody, nobody knows | | And (8) I swear to all |
| Let the yoke fall from our shoulders | | And (9) 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. towards
- 2. Becomes
- 3. that
- 4. towers
- 5. turnings
- 6. bear
- 7. Beneath
- 8. this
- 9. this

Fill in the gaps