

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 towards the sun	And there a wreath of trillium and ivy
And neighbors' blessed burden within reason	Laid upon the body of a boy
Becomes a burden (2) of all and one	Lazy Will the long come from its high beam
And nobody, nobody knows	Return this quiet (7) to the soil
Let the yoke (3) from our shoulders	So raise a glass to turnings 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 bear
(4) this (5) 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 (6) the arbors	And nobody, nobody knows
Upon a plinth that towers towards the trees	Let the yoke fall from our shoulders
But every vessel pitching hard to starboard	Don't carry it all, don't carry it all
Lay its head on summer's freckled knees	We are all our hands and holders
And nobody, nobody knows	Beneath (8) bold and brilliant sun
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	And this I swear to all
Beneath this bold and brilliant sun	



1. Here

- 2. born
- 3. fall
- 4. Beneath
- 5. bold
- 6. beneath
- 7. searcher
- 8. this
- 9. this

Fill in the gaps