## Don't carry it all by The Decemberists

Here we come to a turning of the season Witness to the arc towards the sun And neighbors' blessed burden within reason Becomes a burden born of all and one And nobody, nobody knows Let the yoke fall from our shoulders Don't carry it all, don't carry it all We are all our hands and holders Beneath this bold and brilliant sun And this I swear to all Monument to (1)\_\_\_\_\_ beneath the arbors Upon a plinth that towers towards the trees But every vessel pitching hard to starboard Lay its head on summer's freckled knees And nobody, nobody knows Let the yoke fall (2)\_\_\_\_\_ our shoulders Don't carry it all, don't carry it all We are all our hands and holders Beneath this (3)\_\_\_\_\_ and brilliant sun And this I (4)\_\_\_\_\_ to all

And this I swear to all And there a wreath of trillium and ivy Laid upon the (5)\_\_\_\_\_ of a boy Lazy Will the long (6)\_\_\_\_\_ from its high beam Return this quiet searcher to the soil So raise a glass to turnings of the season And watch it as it arcs towards the sun And you must bear your neighbor's burden within reason And your labors will be (7)\_\_\_\_\_ when all is done And nobody, nobody knows Let the yoke fall from our shoulders Don't carry it all, don't carry it all We are all our hands and holders \_\_\_\_\_ this bold and brilliant sun (8)\_ And (9)\_\_\_\_\_ I swear to all And this I swear to all And this I swear to all



- 1. build
- 2. from
- 3. bold
- 4. swear
- 5. body
- 6. come
- 7. born
- 8. Beneath
- 9. this

## Fill in the gaps