

ALL SONGS WRITTEN BY COLIN MELOY  
Published by Osterozhna Music (BMI)

PRODUCED BY TUCKER MARTINE AND THE DECEMBERISTS  
RECORDED AND MIXED BY TUCKER MARTINE  
RECORDED SPRING/SUMMER 2010, PENDARVIS FARM, HAPPY VALLEY, OR AND FLORA, PORTLAND, OR  
MIXED AT FLORA, SEPTEMBER 2010  
ADDITIONAL VOCALS RECORDED AT SOUND FACTORY, HOLLYWOOD, CA  
ASSISTED BY RICH HIPPI AT PENDARVIS FARM  
ASSISTED BY CLINTON WELANDER AT SOUND FACTORY  
STUDIO INTERN: ANDY SCHICHTER  
MASTERED BY STEPHEN MARCUSSEN, MARCUSSEN MASTERING, HOLLYWOOD, CA

PHOTOGRAPHY: AUTUMN DE WILDE  
ILLUSTRATION AND LETTERING: CARSON ELLIS  
DESIGN: JERI HEIDEN, SMOG DESIGN, INC.

Peter Buck appears courtesy of Warner Bros. Records  
Annalisa Tonifelt appears courtesy of Sugar Hill Records, a Welk Music Group Company

MANAGEMENT: JASON COLTON AND RON LAFFITTE, RED LIGHT MANAGEMENT  
BOOKING: KEVIN FRENCH, PARADIGM AND MIKE GREEK, CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY  
LEGAL: GILLIAN BAR, CARROLL, GUIDO & GROFFMAN  
BUSINESS MANAGEMENT: DAVID WEISE, DWA  
PRODUCT MANAGER: DAN COHEN

THE DECEMBERISTS THANK EVERYONE INVOLVED IN THE MAKING OF THIS RECORD.  
ALSO: STU SMITH, SARAH TUCKER, LAURA VEIRS, THE IMPOSSIBLE PROJECT, CLIFF BURNSTEIN,  
CHAD CROUCH, CORRINA REPP, BETH SABBAGH, WENDY ROBINSON, KIMBERLY KENNEDY,  
LIONEL CONWAY, ROB STEVENSON, CEM KUROSMAN, NICOLE FRANTZ, GEOFF TRAVIS,  
RUTH PATTERSON, BEN AYRES, MARTIN MILLS, ALAN GARREN, CHRIS WALLA,  
TAYLOR BANCROFT, ARROW DE WILDE, MEGHAN GALLAGHER, NICK MIRAMONTES,  
ALI BERNIER, PAUL DALEN AND ESPECIALLY OUR FAMILIES: CARSON ELLIS, MARISSA MAIER,  
STEVE DRIZOS, SEANN MCKEEL, SARAH Z. DYKES, LOUISE B. MOEN, BIRCH QUERY,  
HANK MELOY, AND SCOUT FUNK.

SPECIAL THANKS GO TO SHERRY & SCOTT PENDARVIS

WWW.DECEMBERISTS.COM  
WWW.CAPITOLRECORDS.COM



THE DECEMBERISTS  
THE KING IS DEAD

Capitol Records  
WWW.DECEMBERISTS.COM  
WWW.CAPITOLRECORDS.COM  
Printed on 30% PCW recycled paper  
© 2010, 2011 Capitol Records © 2011 Capitol Records Manufactured by  
Capitol Records. Printed in U.S.A. 509999 47547 2 8

## DON'T CARRY IT ALL

Here we come to a turning of the season  
Witness to the arc towards the sun  
A neighbor's blessed burden within reason  
Becomes a burden borne 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*

A monument to build beneath the arbors  
Upon a plinth that towers t'wards the trees  
Let every vessel pitching hard to starboard  
Lay its head on summer's freckled knees

### CHORUS

A there a wreath of trillium and ivy  
Laid upon the body of a boy  
Lazy will the loam come from its hiding  
And 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 born when all is done

### CHORUS

COLIN MELOY: ACOUSTIC GUITAR, TENOR GUITAR, VOICE,  
HARMONICA, PUMP ORGAN  
CHRIS FUNK: BOUZOUKI, PEDAL STEEL  
JENNY CONLEE: ACCORDION  
NATE QUERY: BASS  
JOHN MOEN: THE DRUMS, TAMBOURINE  
PETER BUCK: MANDOLIN  
ANNALISA TORNFELT: VIOLIN  
GILLIAN WELCH: BACKING VOICE  
DAVE RAWLINGS: BACKING VOICE

## CALAMITY SONG

Had a dream  
You and me and the war of the end-times  
And I believe  
California succumbed to the fault line  
We heaved relief  
As scores of innocents died

*And the Andalusian tribes  
Setting the lay of Nebraska alight  
I am going to stand my ground  
'Til all that remain is the arms of the angels*

Hetty Green  
Queen of supply-side bonhomie bone-drab  
(Know what I mean?)  
On the road  
It's well advised that you follow your own bag  
In the year of the chewable Ambien tab

*And the Panamanian child  
Stands at the dowager empress' side  
And all that remain is the arms of the angels  
And all that remain is the arms of the angels*

*When you've receded into loam  
And they're picking at your bones  
We'll come home*

Quiet now,  
Will we gather to conjure the rain down?  
Will we now  
Build a civilization below ground?  
And I'll be crowned the community kick-it-around

### CHORUS

COLIN MELOY: ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOICE, PERCUSSION  
JENNY CONLEE: ORGAN, PIANO  
NATE QUERY: BASS  
JOHN MOEN: THE DRUMS  
PETER BUCK: 12-STRING ELECTRIC GUITAR  
TUCKER MARTINE: TAMBOURINE

## RISE TO ME

Big mountain, wide river  
There's an ancient pull  
These tree trunks, these stream beds  
Leave our bellies full

*They sing out:  
I am going to stand my ground  
You rise to me and I'll blow you down  
I am going to stand my ground  
You rise to me and I'll blow you down*

Hey Henry can you hear me?  
Let me see those eyes  
(This distance between us  
Can seem a mountain size

But boy:  
*You are going to stand your ground  
They rise to you, you blow them down  
Let me see you stand your ground  
If they rise to you, you blow them down*

My darling, my sweetheart  
I am in your sway  
To cold climes comes springtime  
So let me hear you say

My love:  
*I am going to stand my ground  
They rise to me and I'll blow them down  
I am going to stand my ground  
They rise to me and I'll blow them down*

COLIN MELOY: ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOICE, HARMONICA  
CHRIS FUNK: PEDAL STEEL  
JENNY CONLEE: PIANO  
NATE QUERY: BASS  
JOHN MOEN: THE DRUMS, TAMBOURINE  
GILLIAN WELCH: BACKING VOICE

## ROX IN THE BOX

Get the rocks in the box  
Get the water right down to your socks  
This bulkhead's built of fallen brethren bones

We all do what we can  
We endure our fellow man  
And we sing our songs to the headframes' creaks and moans

*And it's one two three  
On the wrong side of the lee  
What were you meant for?  
What were you meant for?  
And it's seven eight nine  
You get your shuffle back in line  
And if you ever make it to ten you won't make it again*

And you won't make a dime  
On this gray Granite Mountain Mine  
Of dirt you re made and to dirt you will return

So while we're living here  
Let's get this little one thing clear  
There's plenty of men to die; you don't jump your turn

### CHORUS

COLIN MELOY: ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOICE  
CHRIS FUNK: BOUZOUKI  
JENNY CONLEE: ACCORDION  
NATE QUERY: BASS  
JOHN MOEN: THE DRUMS  
ANNALISA TORNFELT: VIOLIN  
GILLIAN WELCH: BACKING VOICE

## JANUARY HYMN

On a winter's Sunday I go  
To clear away the snow  
And green the ground below

April all an ocean away  
Is this the better way to spend the day?  
Keeping the winter at bay

*What were the words I meant to say before you left?  
When I could see your breath lead  
Where you were going to  
Maybe I should just let it be  
And maybe it will all come back to me  
Sing: O January O*

How I lived a childhood in snow  
And all my teens in tow  
Stuffed in strata of clothes

Pale the winter days after dark  
Wandering the gray memorial park  
A fleeting beating of hearts

*What were the words I meant to say before she left?  
When I could see her breath lead  
Where she was going to  
Maybe I should just let it be  
And maybe it will all come back to me  
Sing: O January O*

COLIN MELOY: ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOICE  
CHRIS FUNK: OCTAVE GUITAR  
JENNY CONLEE: ORGAN  
JOHN MOEN: BACKING VOICE, SHAKER

## DOWN BY THE WATER

See this ancient riverbed  
See where all my folly's led  
Down by the water and down by the old main drag

I was just some tow-head teen  
Feeling 'round for fingers to get in between  
Down by the water and down by the old main drag

*The season rubs me wrong  
The summer swells anon  
So knock me down, tear me up  
But I would bear it all broken just to fill my cup  
Down by the water and down by the old main drag*

Sweet descend this rabble 'round  
The pretty little patter of a seaport town  
Rolling in the water and rolling down the old main drag

All dolled up in gabardine  
The lash-flashing Leda of pier nineteen  
Queen of the water and queen of the old main drag

### CHORUS

COLIN MELOY: ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOICE, HARMONICA  
JENNY CONLEE: ACCORDION  
NATE QUERY: BASS  
JOHN MOEN: THE DRUMS, TAMBOURINE  
PETER BUCK: ELECTRIC GUITAR, BARITONE GUITAR  
GILLIAN WELCH: BACKING VOICE

## ALL ARISE!

Baby wants a new spin  
Baby wants a broken heart  
Hear you found the lynchpin  
To keep it all from falling apart

But you keep on rolling  
Yes you keep on rolling  
Keep on rolling  
You keep on rolling

Better find a way  
Better kick it from your big brown eyes  
I hear it tightens up  
When you fall at the fifteenth try

Like a ship at ocean  
Like a ship at ocean  
Like a ship at ocean  
Like a ship at sea

*You spit thick and you cross your heart  
But the culvert's all run dry  
From keeping shotgun-shy  
All arise! I'll just be mine tonight*

So the dollar shop shoppers  
Broke the lock and they knocked you down  
Better call the coppers  
If you need someone to push you around

But you keep on stealing  
You keep on stealing  
Yes, you keep on stealing  
'Til there's nothing left to steal

### CHORUS

COLIN MELOY: ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOICE  
CHRIS FUNK: ELECTRIC GUITAR, BANJO  
JENNY CONLEE: PIANO  
NATE QUERY: BASS  
JOHN MOEN: THE DRUMS, TAMBOURINE  
ANNALISA TORNFELT: FIDDLE  
GILLIAN WELCH: BACKING VOICE

## JUNE HYMN

Here's a hymn to welcome in the day  
Heralding a summer's early sway  
And all the bulbs all coming in  
To begin

The thrushes bleating battle with the wrens  
Disrupts my reverie again

Pegging clothing on the line  
Training jasmine how to vine  
Up the arbor to your door  
And more

You're standing on the landing with the war  
You shouldered all the night before

*And once upon it  
The yellow bonnets  
Garland all the lawn  
And you were waking  
And day was breaking  
A panoply of song  
And summer comes to Springville Hill*

A barony of ivy in the trees  
Expanding out its empire by degrees  
And all the branches burst to bloom  
In the boom  
Heaven sent this cardinal maroon  
To decorate our living room

### CHORUS

And years from now when this old light  
Isn't ambling anymore  
Will I bring myself to write  
"I give my best to Springville Hill"

### CHORUS

COLIN MELOY: ACOUSTIC GUITAR, VOICE, HARMONICA  
JENNY CONLEE: ACCORDION, WURLITZER ELECTRIC PIANO  
NATE QUERY: BASS  
GILLIAN WELCH: BACKING VOICE  
DAVID RAWLINGS: BACKING VOICE

## THIS IS WHY WE FIGHT

Come the war  
Come the avarice  
Come the war  
Come hell

Come attrition  
Come the reek of bones  
Come attrition  
Come hell

*And this is why  
Why we fight  
Why we lie awake  
This is why  
This is why we fight  
And when we die  
We will die  
With our arms unbound  
This is why  
This is why we fight  
Come hell*

Bride of quiet  
Bride of all unquiet things  
Bride of quiet  
Bride of hell

Come the archers  
Come the infantry  
Come the archers  
Of hell

### CHORUS

*So come to me  
Come to me now  
Lay your arms around me  
This is why  
This is why we fight  
Come hell*

COLIN MELOY: 12-STRING ACOUSTIC GUITAR, 12-STRING  
ELECTRIC GUITAR, VOICE, HARMONICA, BARITONE  
GUITAR, PERCUSSION  
JENNY CONLEE: ORGAN  
NATE QUERY: BASS  
JOHN MOEN: THE DRUMS

## DEAR AVERY

Dear Avery  
I think of you only  
Were you waving  
Were you dead on the vine?

Oh Avery  
To think of you lonely  
Would I could just grab you  
By the nape of your neck

*There are times life will rattle your bones  
And will bend your limbs  
But you're still far and away the boy you've ever been  
So you bend back and shake at the frame  
Of the frame you made  
(But don't you shake alone)  
Please, Avery, come home*

Head strong  
You and your long arms  
Listing lazily  
On the cusp of your teens

But you were my Avery  
And when you needed saving  
I could just grab you  
By the nape of your neck

### CHORUS

COLIN MELOY: VOICE, ACOUSTIC GUITAR  
CHRIS FUNK: PEDAL STEEL  
JENNY CONLEE: WURLITZER ELECTRIC PIANO  
NATE QUERY: BASS, CELLO  
JOHN MOEN: THE DRUMS, SHAKER  
GILLIAN WELCH: BACKING VOICE  
DAVID RAWLINGS: BACKING VOICE  
LAURA VEIRS: BACKING VOICE

All tracks © 2010, 2011 Osterozhna Music (BMI). All Rights Reserved.  
Used By Permission.

