

Turn! Turn! Turn!

(To Everything There is a Season)

The Byrds

To everything turn, turn, turn
There is a season turn, turn, turn
And a time to every purpose under heaven

A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time the heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep

To everything turn, turn, turn
There is a season turn, turn, turn
And a time to every purpose under heaven

A time to build up, a time to break down
A time to dance, a time to mourn
A time to cast away stones
A time to gather stones together

To everything turn, turn, turn
There is a season turn, turn, turn
And a time to every purpose under heaven

A time to love, a time to hate
A time of war, a time of peace
A time you may embrace

A time to refrain from embracing

To everything turn, turn, turn
There is a season turn, turn, turn
And a time to every purpose under heaven

A time to grain, a time to lose
A time to mend, a time to sew
A time for love, a time for hate
A time for peace, I swear it's not too late