

Turn, Turn, Turn (The Byrds)

C F C G C F C G
To everything turn, turn, turn, There is a season turn, turn, turn,
F Em Dm G C F C
And a time for every purpose under heaven

G C
A time to be born, a time to die

G C
A time to plant, a time to reap

G C
A time to kill, a time to heal

F Em Dm-G C F C
A time to laugh, a time to weep

C F C G C F C G
To everything turn, turn, turn, There is a season turn, turn, turn,
F Em Dm G C F C
And a time for every purpose under heaven

G C
A time to build up, a time to break down

G C
A time to dance, a time to mourn

G C
. . . A time to cast away stones

F Em Dm G C F C
A time to gather stones together

C F C G C F C G
To everything turn, turn, turn, There is a season turn, turn, turn,
F Em Dm G C F C
And a time for every purpose under heaven

A time of love, a time of 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 for every purpose under heaven

A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to rend, a time to sew
A time of love, a time of hate
A time of peace I swear it's not too late

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