

## **"Turn, Turn, Turn" by the Byrds**

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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 to 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 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 to every purpose, under Heaven

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