

Turn, Turn, Turn  
The Byrds

D G F#m \A 2x\*  
D G D G F#m \A 2x

D G F#m A  
To everything,(turn, turn, turn)  
D G F#m A  
there is a season:(turn, turn, turn)  
G F#m Em A D  
and a time to every purpose, under heaven

A D  
A time to be born, a time to die  
A D  
A time to plant, a time to reap  
A D  
A time to kill, a time to heal  
G F#m A D  
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

(Open Verse)

D G F#m A D G F#m A G F#m Em A D A D A D A D G F#m Em A D

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

D G D G F#m/A 4x