

Judy Collins

"Turn! Turn! Turn!"

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(CHORUS)

To every thing, 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

(CHORUS)

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 every thing, turn, turn, turn

There is a season 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

(CHORUS)

A time to gain, a time to lose

A time to mend, a time to sew

A time for love, a time for hate

A time of peace, I swear

It's not too late

To every thing, turn, turn, turn

There is a season and a time

To every purpose under heaven

And a time to every

Purpose under heaven

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