

Mary Hopkin

"Turn! Turn! Turn!"

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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.

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