

Turn, Turn, Turn.....The Byrds (Pete Seeger)

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

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 rend, 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