

Turn! Turn! Turn!

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 that 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 sow,
a time for love, a time for hate,
a time for peace, I swear it's not too late.

The Byrds