Turn, Turn, Turn or to Everything There is a Season

Turn, Turn, Turn or to Everything There is a Season
(adapted from Ecclesiastes by Pete Seeger)

To everything, turn, turn, turn
There is a season, turn, turn, turn
And a time for 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

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

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

A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to rend, a time to sew
A time of love, a time of hate
A time of peace, I swear it's not too late

sung by Judy Collins on her Third Album; also by the Byrds; also by the entire 1960s folk scene. RG
SOF