

TURN, TURN, TURN

The Byrds, 1966

Intro: D Em D D Dsus2

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

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

CHORUS

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 rend, a time to sew

A time for love, a time for hate

A time for peace, I swear it's not too late

CHORUS

G Dm riff F G G Dm riff F G

riff (on A string): 0 2 3

