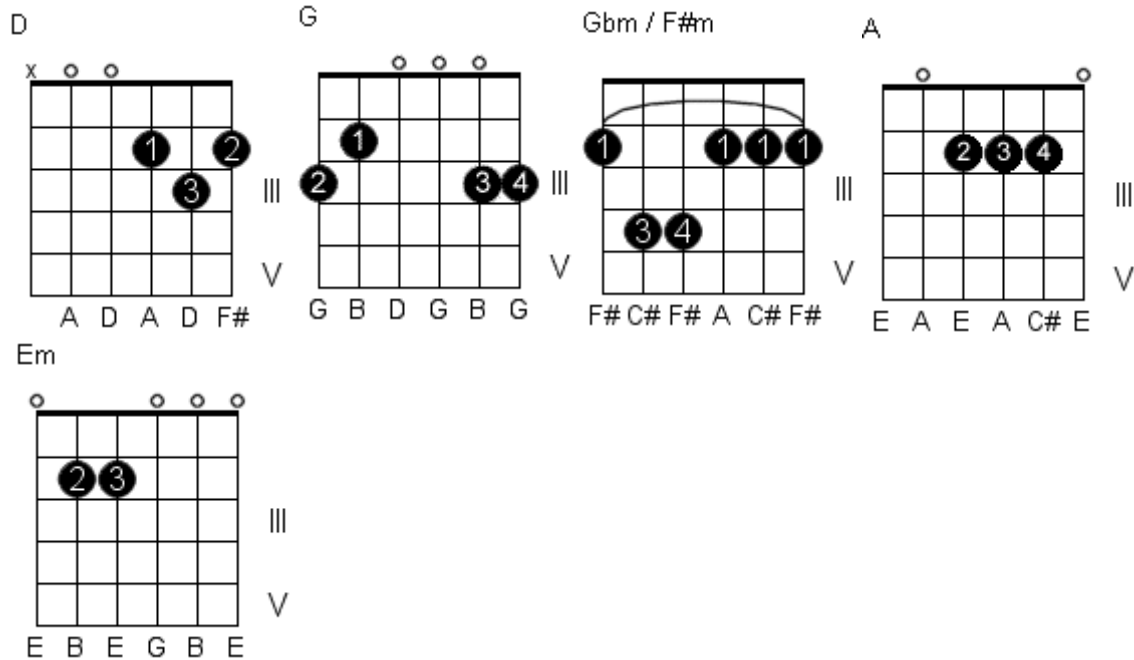


"Turn Turn Turn" by Bob Dylan



To every [D] thing, [G]turn, [F#m]turn, [A] turn,
 There is a [D]season, [G]turn, [F#m]turn, [A]turn,
 And a [G]time [F#m]to every [Em]purpose [A]under [D]heaven

A time to be [A]born, a time to [D]die
 A time to [A]plant, a time to [D]reap
 A time to [A]kill, a time to [D]heal
 A time to [G]laugh[F#m], A [Em] [A]time to [D]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 to love, a time to hate