

# Dolly Parton, Turn, Turn, Turn (To Everything There Is A Season)

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