Today (Key of F)
by Randy Sparks (The New Christie Minstrels) 1964

To-day, while the blos-soms still cling to the vine, I'll taste your straw-ber-ries, I'll drink your sweet wine.
A mill-ion to-mor-rows shall all pass a-way, Ere I for-get all the joy that is mi--i--i--i--ine
F . . |Dm . . |Gm . . |C . . .
to-da--y---y

I'll be a dan-dy, and I'll be a ro-ver. You'll know who I am by the songs that I sing.
I'll fe-east at your ta--ble, I'll slee-ep in your clo-ver. Who ca-ares what the mor-row shall bri--i--ing?

To-day, while the blos-soms still cling to the vine, I'll taste your straw-ber-ries, I'll drink your sweet wine.
A mill-ion to-mor-rows shall all pass a-way, Ere I for-get all the joy that is mi--i--i--i--ine
F . . |Dm . . |Gm . . |C . . .
to-da--y---y

I ca'n't be con-ten-ted with ye--ester-day's glor-y, I ca'n't live on prom-is-es, win-ter to spring.
To-da-y is my mo-ment and now is my stor-y. I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll si--i--i--i--i--ing.

To-day, while the blos-soms still cling to the vine, I'll taste your straw-ber-ries, I'll drink your sweet wine.
A mill-ion to-mor-rows shall all pass a-way, Ere I for-get all the joy that is mi--i--i--i--ine
F . . |Dm . . |Gm . . |C . . .
to-da--y---y---y---y

San Jose Ukulele Club