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

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

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

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

\[ \text{F . . Dm . . Gm . . C . . F . . Dm . . Gm . . C . .} \]
\[ \text{I can't be con-ten-ted with ye-ester-day's glor-y, I can't live on prom-is-es, win-ter to spring.} \]
\[ \text{To-da-y} \]
\[ \text{is my mo-ment and now} \]
\[ \text{is my stor-y. I'll laugh} \]
\[ \text{and I'll cry} \]
\[ \text{and I'll si--i-i-i-ing.} \]

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

\[ \text{San Jose Ukulele Club} \]