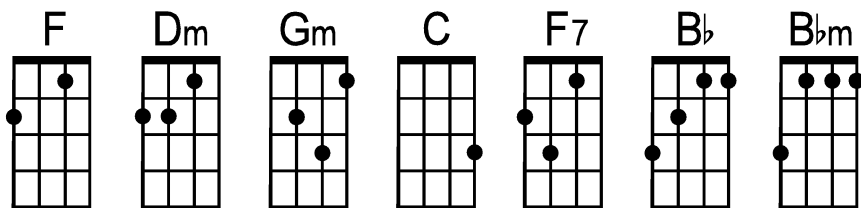


# Today (Key of F with no key change)

by Randy Sparks (1964)



**Intro:** F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .

(sing c)

**Chorus:** | F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
 To-day— while the blos-soms still cling— to the vine—  
 . | F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
 I'll taste your straw-ber-ries, I'll drink your sweet wine—  
 | F . . | F7 . . | Bb . . | Bbm . . |  
 A mill-ion to-mor-rows shall all— pass a-way—  
 F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . . | . . .  
 Ere I for-get— all the joy— that is mine—  
 | F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . . |  
 To-day—

F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
 I'll— be a dan-dy and I'll— be a ro-ver—  
 | F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
 You'll know— who I am— by the song— that I sing—  
 | F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
 I'll feast— at your ta-ble— I'll sleep— in your clo-ver  
 | Bb . . | C . . | F . . | C . .  
 Who cares— what the mor-row shall bring—

**Chorus:** | F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
 To-day— while the blos-soms still cling— to the vine—  
 . | F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
 I'll taste your straw-ber-ries, I'll drink your sweet wine—  
 | F . . | F7 . . | Bb . . | Bbm . . |  
 A mill-ion to-mor-rows shall all— pass a-way—  
 F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . . | . . .  
 Ere I for-get— all the joy— that is mi—I—ne—  
 | F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | C . .  
 To-day—

. | **F** . . | **Dm** . . | **Gm** . . | **C** .  
 I can't— be con-ten—ted with yes—ter—day's glor—y  
 . | **F** . . | **Dm** . . | **Gm** . . | **C** . .  
 I can't— live on prom-is—es win—ter— to spring—  
 | **F** . . | **Dm** . . | **Gm** . . | **C** . .  
 To-day— is my mo—ment and now— is my stor—y  
 | **Bb** . . | **C** . . | **F** . . | **C** . .  
 I'll laugh— and I'll cry— and I'll sing—

**Chorus:** | **F** . . | **Dm** . . | **Gm** . . | **C** .  
 To-day— while the blos-soms still cling— to the vine—  
 . | **F** . . | **Dm** . . | **Gm** . . | **C** . .  
 I'll taste your straw-ber-ries, I'll drink your sweet wine—  
 | **F** . . | **F7** . . | **Bb** . . | **Bbm** . . |  
 A mill-ion to-mor-rows shall all— pass a-way—  
**F** . . | **Dm** . . | **Gm** . . | **C** . . | . . .  
 Ere I for-get— all the joy— that is mi— I—ne—  
 | **F** . . | **Dm** . . | **Gm** . . | **C** . . | **F\**  
 To-day—

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

(v3d - 4/23/23)