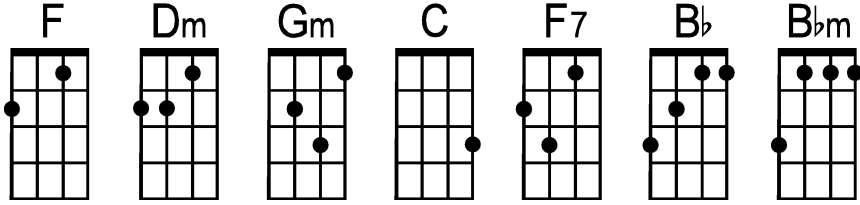


# Today (Key of F with no key change)

by Randy Sparks (The New Christie Minstrels) 1964



**Intro:** F . . | Dm . . | Gm . . | 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— ine—  
| 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 . . . | (hold)  
 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—ine—  
 | F . . . | Dm . . . | Gm . . . | C . . . | F\