

# To-Day

Poem By  
John Bennett

Music By  
Carrie Jacobs-Bond

High  
\* Medium  
Low

60  
2-Net

# TO-DAY

3

Words by  
JOHN BENNETT

Music by  
CARRIE JACOBS - BOND



Moderato

*mp*

To - day, dear heart, but just to - day, The sun - shine o - ver

*p*

all, The ros - es crim - son - ing the air, A -

*mf*

long the gar - den wall. Then let the dream and dream - er

*mf*

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die; ——— What - e'er shall be, shall be; To -

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with a half note 'die;' followed by a long rest, then the lyrics 'What - e'er shall be, shall be;' and ends with 'To -'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) at the end of the system.

day will still be thine and mine, To all E - ter - ni -

The second system continues the vocal line with 'day will still be thine and mine, To all E - ter - ni -'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support, ending with a dynamic marking of *p*.

*poco rit.*  
ty. ———

*a tempo*  
*poco rit.* *mf*

The third system shows the vocal line ending with 'ty. ———'. The piano accompaniment features a tempo change from *poco rit.* to *a tempo*, then back to *poco rit.* with a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). The piano part includes complex chordal textures and moving lines.

*p*  
And, oh! the lit-tle, lit-tle while This world shall last for us, There

The fourth system begins with the vocal line: 'And, oh! the lit-tle, lit-tle while This world shall last for us, There'. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) and continues with intricate harmonic and melodic patterns.

is no way to keep it, dear, But just to spend it, thus. There

*mf*  
is no hand may stop the sand From flow - ing fast a -

*poco rit.* *p a tempo*  
way, But his, who turns the whole glass down, And dreams, 'tis all to -

*poco rit.* *a tempo* *p*  
day. But, oh! there is no glo-ry, dear, When all the world is

done; There is no splen-dor last-eth out The



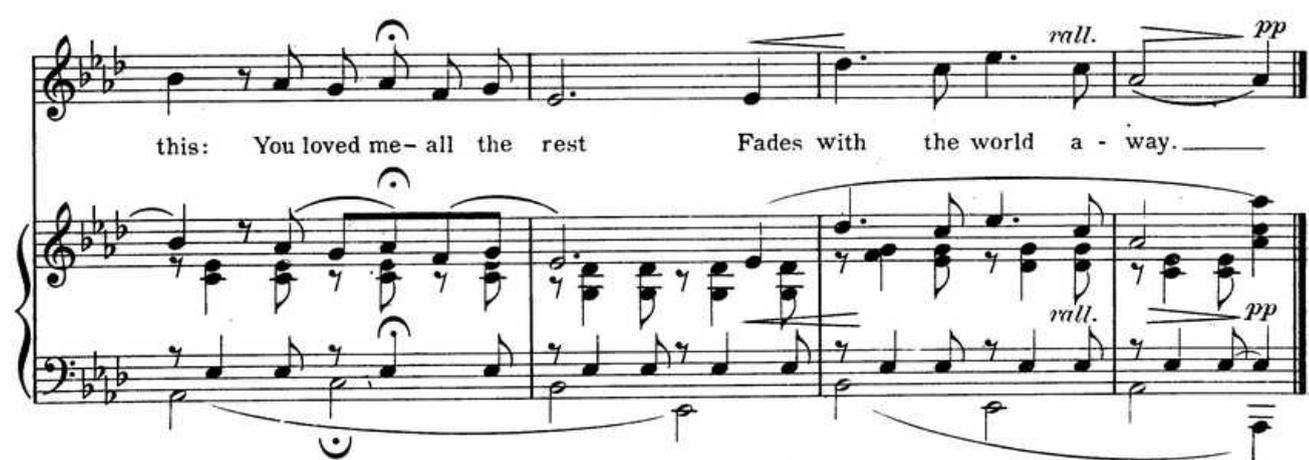
set - ting of the sun; There is no thing that lasts, not



one, When we have turned to clay, But



this: You loved me- all the rest Fades with the world a - way.



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