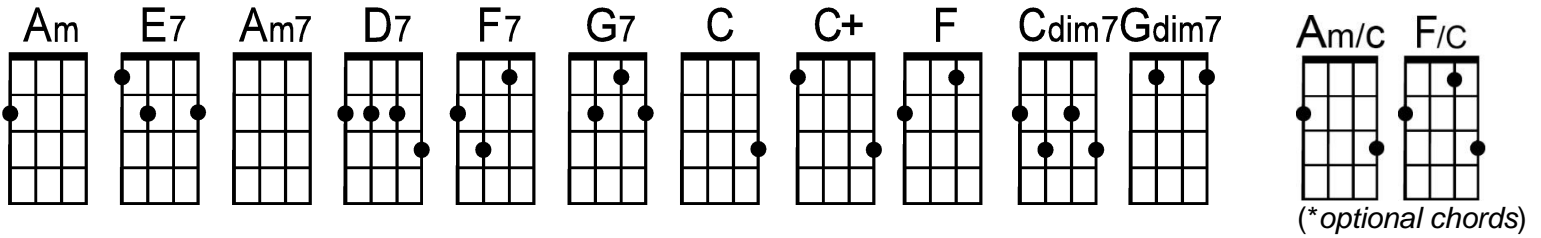


# California, Here I Come (key of C)

by Bud DeSylva and Joseph Meyers (1921)



## Slow

Am\ . E7\ . | Am7\ . D7\ . | Am\ . F7\ . | Am\ . . . |  
 When the win-try winds are blowing and the snow is starting in the fall  
 Am\ . E7\ . | Am7\ . D7\ . | Am\ . E7\ . | Am\ . G7\ . |  
 Then my eyes turn west-ward knowing that the place, I love best of all  
 C\ . C+\ . | F\ . . . | G7\ . . . | F\ . E7\ . |  
 Ca-li-for-nia, I've been blue, since I've been a-way from you  
 Am\ . E7\ . | Am7\ . D7\ . | Am\ . E7\ . | Am\ . G7\ . |  
 I can't wait till I get going, even now I'm starting in a ca-----all.

**Chorus:** C . C+ . | F . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |  
 Ca-li-for-nia, here I come, right back where I started from  
 . . . Cdim . | G7 . . . |  
 Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun  
 C . . . Cdim . | G7 . . . |  
 Each morning, at dawning, birdies sing and every-thing  
 | C . . . C+ . | F . . . | G7 . F . | Gdim . A7 . |  
 A sun-kissed miss said "Don't be late," that's why I can hard-ly wait,  
 Dm\ A7\ Dm\ D7\ | E7\ E7\ Am/c\ Am\ | F . F/c\ G7\ | C . . . |  
 O- pen up your Gold- en Gate, Cali- for-nia, here I come!

Am\ . E7\ . | Am7\ . D7\ . | Am\ . F7\ . | Am\ . . . |  
 An- y- one who likes to wander ought to keep this saying in his mind,  
 Am\ . E7\ . | Am7\ . D7\ . | Am\ . E7\ . | Am\ . G7\ . |  
 "Ab-sence makes the heart grow fonder" of that good old place you leave be-hind.  
 C\ . C+\ . | F\ . . . | G7\ . . . | F\ . E7\ . |  
 When you've hit the trail a-while, seems you rare-ly see a smile  
 Am\ . E7\ . | Am7\ . D7\ . | Am\ . E7\ . | Am\ . G7\ . |  
 That's why I must fly out yonder where a frown is mighty hard to fi-----ind.

**Chorus:** C . C+ . | F . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . |  
 Ca-li-for-nia, here I come, right back where I started from  
 . . . Cdim . | G7 . . . |  
 Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun  
 C . . . Cdim . | G7 . . . |  
 Each morning, at dawning, birdies sing and every-thing

|C . C+ . |F . . . |G7 . F . |Gdim . A7 . |  
 A sun-kissed miss said "Don't be late," that's why I can hard-ly wait,  
 Dm\ A7\ Dm\ D7\ |E7\ E7\ Am/c\ Am\ |F . F/c\ G7\ |C . . . |  
 O- pen up your Gold- en Gate, Cali- for- nia, here I come!

**Final Chorus (increase tempo)**

**Chorus:** C . C+ . |F . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . |  
 Ca- li- for- nia, here I come, right back where I started from  
 . . . Cdim . |G7 . . . |  
 Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun  
 C . Cdim . |G7 . . . |  
 Each morning, at dawning, birdies sing and every-thing  
 |C . C+ . |F . . . |G7 . F . |Gdim . A7 . |  
 A sun-kissed miss said "Don't be late," that's why I can hard-ly wait,  
 Dm\ A7\ Dm\ D7\ |E7\ E7\ Am/c\ Am\ |F . F/c\ G7\ |C . . . |  
 O- pen up your Gold- en Gate, Cali- for- nia, here I come!

**(slowly)**

Dm\ A7\ Dm\ D7\ |E7\ E7\ Am/c\ Am\ |F . F/c\ G7\ |C . . C\  
 O- pen up your Gold- en Gate, Cali- for- nia, here I come-----!

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
 (v3 - 11/6/16)