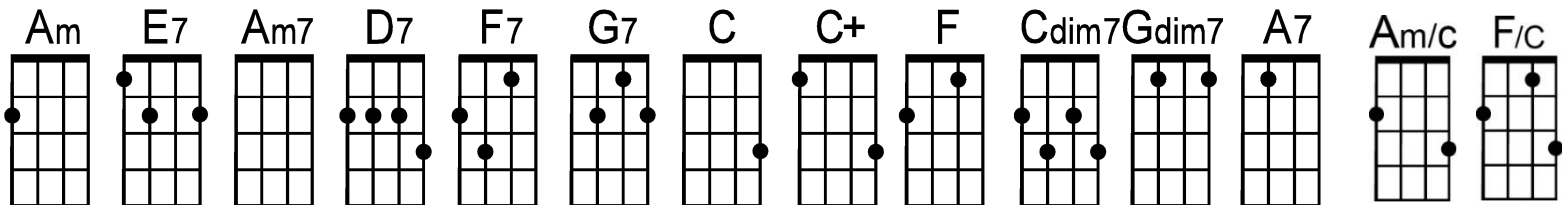


California, Here I Come (key of C)

by Bud DeSylva and Joseph Meyers (1921)



Sing a
Slow

*optional chords

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----- 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\ (---- *Tacet* ---- ----)
 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 . . . | E7 . Am . | F . . . 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\ . |
 "Absence 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\ (---- *Tacet* ---- ----)
 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 . . . |E7 . Am . |F . . . G7 |C . . . |
O—pen up your Gold-en Gate, Cali— for-nia here I come—!

Final Chorus (increase tempo)

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\ (---- *Tacet* ----)
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 . . . |E7 . Am . |F . . . G7 |C . . . |
O—pen up your Gold-en Gate, Cali— for-nia here I come—!

(slowly)

Dm\ A7\ Dm\ D7\ |E7\ -- Am/c\ (*hold*)
O—pen up your Gold—en Gate—

Am\ |F . F/c\ G7\ |C . . C\
Cali— for—nia, here I come—!

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v4c - 4/24/18)