Sing a

**Chorus:**

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:**


Ca—li—for—nia, here I——come——right back where I started from


Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun———

C . . . |Cdim . |G7\ (--- Tacet --- -----) |

Each morning at dawning, birdies sing and every-thing


A sun-kissed miss said “Don’t be—late——” That’s why I can hard-ly wait


O——pen up your Gold-en Gate, Cali—for-nia here I come———!

**Chorus:**

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:**


Ca—li—for—nia, here I——come——right back where I started from


Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun———

C . . . |Cdim . |G7\ (--- Tacet --- -----) |

Each morning at dawning, birdies sing and every-thing

Dm . . . | E7 . Am . | F . . G7 | C . . . | O --- pen up your Gold-en Gate, Cali– for-nia here I come——!

Final Chorus (increase tempo)

Ca-li–for-nia, here I --- come--- right back where I started from

Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun—

C . Cdim . | G7 \ (---- Tacet ---- -----)
Each morning at dawning, birdies sing and every-thing

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------------!