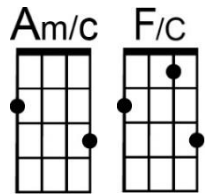
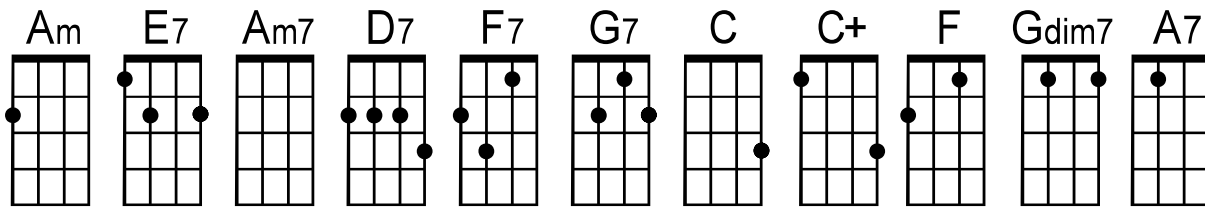


California, Here I Come (key of C)

by Bud DeSylva and Joseph Meyers (1921)



*optional chords

(sing a)

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-----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 . . . |
 . . . D7 . . | G7 |
 Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun-----
 C . . . D7 . . | 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\ -- |
 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
 . . . D7 . | G7 . . . |
 Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun—

C . . . D7 . | 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
 . . . D7 . | G7 . . . |
 Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun—

C . . . D7 . | 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—!