Sing a Chorus:

When the win—try winds are blowing and the snow— is starting in the fall——

Then my eyes turn west—ward knowing that the place I love best of all—all—all

Ca—li—for—nia, I’ve been blue— since I’ve been a—way from you——

I can’t wait till I get going, even now I’m starting in a ca—all—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——!

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:

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-----!

**Final Chorus (increase tempo)**

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
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-----!

**(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
(v4d - 9/22/19)