California, Here I Come (key of C)
by Bud DeSylva and Joseph Meyers (1921)

(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———
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 . D7 . |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:**

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Ca–li–for–nia, here I——come——right back where I started from
Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun———
C . D7 . |G7\ (--- Tacet ---- -----)
Each morning at dawn, 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———!
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**Final Chorus (increase tempo)**

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Ca–li–for–nia, here I——come——right back where I started from
Where bowers of flowers bloom in the sun———
C . D7 . |G7\ (--- Tacet ---- -----)
Each morning at dawn, 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———!
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**slowly**

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Dm\ A7\ Dm\ D7\ |E7\ -- Am/c\ (hold)
O ——pen up your Gold-en Gate———
Am\ |F . F/c\ G7\ |C . . . C\nSan Jose Ukulele Club
(v5 - 10/21/19)
Cali—for–nia, here I come———!
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