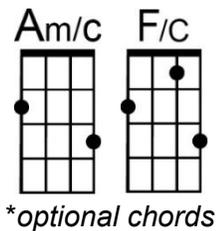
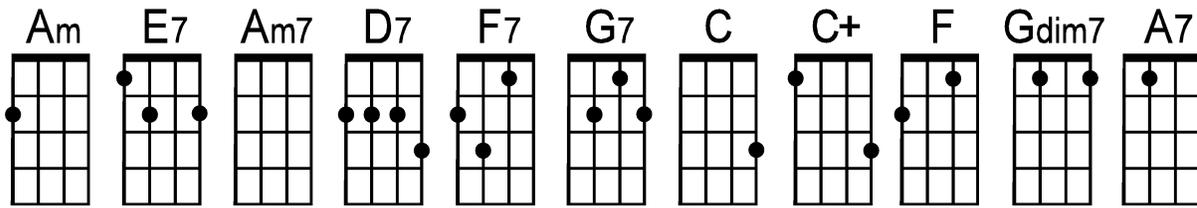


California, Here I Come (key of C)

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—— 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\ -- -- -- |
 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\ -- -- --
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— (Faster)

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\ -- -- --
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

(v5b - 10/28/25)