

# I left my heart in San Francisco

ton original

Ecrit en 1954 par George Cory sur des paroles de Douglas Cross

5

The love - li - ness of

*mf*  
Dom7 Fa7 Si♭M9 Si♭6/9 Dom7 Fa7

10

Par - is seems some how sad - ly gay The

Si♭M9 Si♭6/9 Dom7 Fa7 Si♭M9 Si♭6/9

15

glo - ry that was Rome is of an - oth - er

Lam7♭5 Ré7♭9 Solm Solm7M Do9sus Do9

20

day. I've been ter - ri - bly a - lone and for - got - ten in Man - hat - tan. I'm

Fa9sus Fa9 Dom7b5 Solm7b5 Solb9

25

go - ing home to my cit - y by the bay.

Fa/do Ré7/do Do9sus Do9 Fa9sus Fadim7

30

I left my heart in San Fran - cis - co

Fa9 Dom7 SibM9 Rébdim7 Dom7

35

High on a hill. it calls to me.

Fa9sus Fa7 SibM7 Dom7

40

To be where lit - tle ca - ble cars \_\_\_\_\_ climb half way to the stars! \_\_\_\_\_

Si♭M7 Dom7 Si♭M7 Si♭M6 Lam/do

\_\_\_\_\_ The morn - ing fog \_\_\_\_\_ may chill the air; I don't

Lam7 Ré7♭9 Solm7 Do9 Do7♭9 Fa9sus Fa9

45

care! my love waits there \_\_\_\_\_ in San Fran - cis - co, \_\_\_\_\_

Dom7 Fa7 Do♯dim7 Si♭M9 Do♯dim7 Dom7

50

a - bove the blue \_\_\_\_\_ and wind - y sea.

Fa9 Mi♭6/sol Fa7/la Mi♭/sol Ré Do/mi

When I come home to you, San Fran - sis - co

Ré7/fa# Ré7 Sol7#5 Sol9 Fa/la Sol/si Do9sus Solm7

your gol - den sun will shine for me!

Do9 Si9 Do9 Fa9sus Dom7 Fa7b5 Sib6 Lab13

I left my me!

Sib6/9 Dom7 Do#dim7 Sib6 Lab13 Sib6/9 SolbM9 Sib6/9

The loveliness of Paris  
 Seems somehow sadly gay,  
 The glory that was Rome  
 Is just another day,  
 I've been terribly alone  
 And forgotten in Manhattan,  
 I'm going home  
 To my city by the bay.  
 I left my heart in San Francisco,  
 High on a hill it calls to me  
 To be where little cable cars  
 Climb halfway to the stars.  
 The morning fog may chill the air,  
 I don't care.  
 My love waits there in San Francisco,  
 Above the blue and windy sea,  
 When I come home to you, San Francisco,  
 Your golden sun will shine for me.

L'amabilité de Paris  
 Semble de toutes façons d'une gaieté triste  
 La gloire de Rome  
 Est d'un autre jour  
 Je me suis senti terriblement seul  
 Et oublié à Manhattan  
 Je rentre chez moi  
 Dans ma ville près de la baie  
 J'ai laissé mon coeur à San Francisco  
 Du haut d'une colline, il m'appelle  
 Pour être où les tramways à crémaillère  
 S'élèvent à mi-chemin jusqu'aux étoiles  
 Le brouillard matinal peut refroidir l'air,  
 Je m'en moque  
 Mon amour attends là à San Francisco  
 Au-dessus de la mer bleue et agitée  
 Quand je viendrai à la maison pour toi, San Francisco  
 Ton soleil d'or brillera pour moi