

# The Upper California

John Taylor,  
1808-1887

Traditional folk song  
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

The up - per Cal - i - for - nia Oh  
We'll reign, we'll rule and tri - umph And

4

that's the land for me! It lies be-tween the moun - tains And great Pa - cif - ic  
God shall be our King; The plains, the hills and val - leys Shall with ho - san - nahs

9

Sea: The saints can be sup - por - ted there, And taste the sweets of  
ring: Our tow'rs and tem - ples there shall rise A - long the great Pa -

13

lib - er - ty In Up - per Cal - i - for - nia. Oh that's the land for me! Oh  
cif - ic Sea. In Up - per Cal - i for - nia. Oh

18

that's the land for me! Oh that's the land for me!

23

We'll go and lift our stand-ard. We'll go there and be free; We'll  
 We'll ask our cou - sin Le - muel To join us heart and hand, And

28

go to Cal - i - for - nia And have our Jub - i - lee, A  
 spread a - broad the cur - tains, Through out fair Zi - on's land; 'Till

32

land that blooms with beau - ty rare, A land of life and lib - er - ty. With  
 this is done we'll pitch our tents A - long the great Pa - ci - fic Sea In

36

flocks and herds a - bound - ing. Oh that's the land for me! Oh  
 Up - per Cal - i - for - nia. Oh that's the land for me!

40

that's the land for me! Oh that's the land for me.

45

We'll burst off all our fet - ters And break the Gen - tile  
Then join with me, my bre - thren; And let us has - ten

49

yoke, For long is has be - set us, But now it shall be  
there; We'll lift our glo - rious stan - dard And raise our house of

53

broke; No more shall Ja - cob bow his neck; Hence - forth he shall be  
pray - er. We'll call on all the na - tions round To join our stan - dard

57

great and free. In Up - per Cal - i - for - nia. Oh that's the land for  
and be free In Up - per Cal - i - for - nia. Oh that's the land for

61

me! Oh that's the land for me! Oh that's the land for me!