

# Bohemia.

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Words by  
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by  
JEROME KERN.

Tempo di  $\frac{3}{4}$  Bolero.

Voice.

Piano.

*f* *p*

In fol-ly and flir-ta-tion, I've a rep-u-ta-tion,  
Bo-he-mi-ans who bor-row, Say they'll pay to-mor-row,  
Ev-'ry-bo-dy knows Pra-line, In all the gay ca-fe's I'm  
But to-mor-row nev-er comes, So you may sit and twirl your  
seen, A-mong the stu-dents I'm a queen! I  
thumbs, While wait-ing for those lit-tle sums, The  
am a fav-'rite daugh-ter, Of the La-tin Quar-ter;  
friends who gai-ly toast you, Turn a-round and roast you!

Where good fel-lows laugh at care, The Ta-bar - in en-tran-cing,  
 Soon as you are out of view, There no-one's ev - er jea - lous,

Knows me for my dan-cing, Ev - 'ry night you'll find me there, In that Bo -  
 So the no vels-tell us, But I hav - nt found it true, Oh that Bo -

he - mi - a, the peo - ple praise in no - vels and in plays.  
 he - mi - a, is just a trap, it is not on the map. Oh it's a

Refrain. (DAREWSKI.)

ve - ry jol - ly place, if you can stand the pace, Bo - he - mi - a

he - mi - a

While you have a lot of mon - ey you have lots of

You can have a lot of fun!

fun, \_\_\_\_\_ If you will an - swer to a touch, You'll

Bo - he - mi - a

like it ve - ry much, Bo - he - mi - a And the

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mot-to there is, "All for one, and I'm that one!" *D.S.* one!"

*D.S.*