Respectfully dedicated to the Members of "The Corner Club" of Boston.

"Come to the land of Bohemia."
(The Land Where Nobody Goes Home.)

Words by
REN. SHIELDS.

Music by
GEO. EVANS.

Tempo di Valse.

If you are worried with your business cares, And ev'ry thing
Now, in Bohemian, there should you abide, You'll find it a

seems to go wrong, If you are troubled with
great place to dwell, Not only Bohemians a

family affairs, And life seems to you no sweet song,
lone there reside, There's Irish and Germans as well;

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I know a land that is happy and gay,
Where sweet music
Crowds of good fellows, and each one all right,
You'll know by the

softly they hum,
A place where they'll drive all your
clasp of their hand,
Why I'd rather be in Boh-

troubles away, I will take you there if you will come.
hein-ia to-night, Than be any-where else in this land.

CHORUS.

Come to the land of Boh-em-ia, come where the lights brightly shine,

Come to the land of Bohemia.
Come where that fellow makes love to his cello, O, come where all good fellows dine;  
Come where the girls are fairer,

Over the Würzburg foam;  
Come to the land of Bohemia, The land where nobody goes home.