

Bohemian Rhapsody

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY
Arranged by MARK BRYMER

(♩ = 76) *mf*

Sopran
Alt

Tenor
Bass

Is this the real life? Is this just fan-ta-sy? Caught in a land-slide, and no es-

unis.

6 *unis. Slower* (♩ = 72)

cape from re - a - li - ty. O - pen your eyes, look up to the skies, and see,

unis.

I'm just a poor boy, I need no sym-pa-thy

poor, poor boy, be-cause I'm ea-sy come, ea-sy go,

unis.

Choir I, Choir II 13 *A* -ny way the wind blows

lit-tle high, lit-tle low. Oo, the wind blows does-n't real-ly mat-ter to

p

unis. 18 *mf*

me, to me. Ma-ma my time has come, sends shi-vers down my spine, bo-dy's

unis. *mf*

a - ching all the time. - Good - bye, - ev-'ry - bo - dy, I've got to go, got - ta

leave you all be - hind, and face the truth, Ma - ma - oo the wind blows
a - ny way the wind blows

I don't wan - na die, - unis.
I some - times wish I'd ne - ver been born at all.

34 Brightly (♩ = 152)
I see a lit - tle sil - hou - et - to of a man, Sca - ra -

mouche, Sca - ra - mouche, will you do the fan - dan - go. Thun - der - bolt and light - 'ning

ve - ry ve - ry fright - 'ning me. Gal - li - le - o Gal - li - le - o

Will not let you go. Let me go! Will not let me go. Let me go. oh, oh, oh,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no. Oh ma-ma mi-a, ma-ma mi-a. Ma-ma

mi-a, let me go. *Beel-ze-bub has a de-vil put a-side for

me, for me, for me! So you think you can

stone me and spit in my eye. So you think you can

*Pronounced Bis - mil - lah

love me and leave me to die. Oh ba-by, can't do this to me,

ba-by. Just got-ta get out, just got-ta get right out-ta here.. Oo

oo yeah oo yeah. No-thing real-ly mat-ters, a-ny-one can see.

No-thing real-ly mat-ters, no-thing real-ly mat-ters to me.

A-ny way the wind blows.

*pronounced Bē - ěl - zā - būb