

Bohemian Rhapsody

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY
Arranged by MARK BRYMER

(♩ = 76) *mf*

Soprano Alt Tenor Bass

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

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

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

26

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.

oo I some-times wish I'd ne-ver been born at all.

34 Brightly ($\text{♩} = 152$) *mf* unis.

I see a lit - tle sil-hou - et - to of a man, Sca - ra -
mf unis.

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

f

unis.

div. *mf* Gal-li - le - o *f* Gal-li - le - o
ve - ry ve - ry fright - ning me. unis. *mf* Gal-li - le - o Gal-li -

4

Gal - li - le - o Mag - ni - fi - co
 le - o Gal - li - le - o fi - ga - ro co
co

47

I'm just a poor boy and no - bo - dy loves me. He's just a poor boy
mf
unis.

from a poor fa - mi - ly, spare him his life from this
f

54

mons - tro - si - ty. En - sy come, en - sy go, will you let me go, *Bis -
ff *p*

mil - lah! No! Let him go! Bis - mil - lah! We
ff

We will not let you go.
 Let him go! Bis - mil - lah! We will not let you go.
Bis - mil - lah! We

will not let you go. Let me go! -
Let me go!

Bis - mil - lah! We will not let you go.

64 oh, oh,
oh,

Let me go! — Will not let you go. Will not let me go. Let me go. —

unis.

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

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

Slower ($\text{♩} = 144$)

me, for me, for me! *div.*

75 unis. f — 3 — 3 —
So you think you can

unis. f — 3 — 3 —

stone me and spit in my eye. —

83 3 — 3 —
So you think you can

unis. 3 —

*Pronounced Bis - mil - läh

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 —

rit. unis. **mf** **100** Slower ($\text{♩} = 72$)
 — oo yeah oo yeah. No-thing real-ly mat-ters, a - ny - one can see.
 rit. **mf**

Freely ($\text{♩} = 68$)
 No-thing real-ly mat - ters, no-thing real-ly mat-ters to me. —
 rit. **mp**
 A - ny way the wind blows. —

***mp** **f** **ppp**
 ***mp** **f** **ppp**

*pronounced Be - ěl - ză - băb