Bohemian Rhapsody

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY

Arranged by MARK BRYMER

Duration: ca. 4:15

With conviction (\( \dot{\nu} = \text{ca. 76} \))

Soprano I

Soprano II

Alto I

Alto II

Piano

Is this the real life? Is this just fan-ta-sy?

With conviction (\( \dot{\nu} = \text{ca. 76} \))

Bb

C7

Bb/C C7

Caught in a land-slide, no es-cape from re-al-i-ty.

F7

Cm7/F

F7

Bb

Cm7/Bb Bb

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hal Leonard.com/choral
Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see,

I’m just a poor boy, I need no sympathy

poor, poor boy, because I’m

easy come, easy go, little high, little low.

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY – SSAA
Oo, the wind blows
doesn’t really matter to me,
to me.

Ma-ma my

time has come,

sends shivers down my spine,
bod-ys

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY – SSAA
ach - ing all the time. Good-bye, ev'-ry-bod-y, I've got to go, got-ta leave you all be-hind and face the

any way the wind blows truth. Ma-ma oo

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY – SSAA
I don't wanna die,

I sometimes wish I'd never been born at

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY – SSAA
I see a little silhouette of a man, Scar-a-mouche, Scar-a-mouche, will you do the fan-dango.

Thunderbolt and lightning very very frightening

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY – SSAA
I’m just a poor boy and nobody loves me.

unis. mf

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY – SSAA
He's just a poor boy from a poor family, spare him his life from this monstrosity.

Ea - y come, ea - y go,

No! Let him go!

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

*Pronounced Bis-mil-lah

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY – SSAA
Bis - mil - lah! We will not let you go.

Let him go!

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

Let him go!

Will not let you go.

Will not me you go. Let me go.

oh, oh,

oh, no, no, no, no, no, no. Oh ma-ma

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY – SSAA
mi-a, ma-ma mi-a. Ma-ma mi-a, let me go.  

Slower ($\approx$ ca. 144)

el-ze-bub has a dev-il put a-side for me, for me, for me!
BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY – SSAA
love me and leave me to die.

Oh

B♭7 E♭ A♭ Fm

baby, can’t do this to me, baby.

B♭ Fm B♭

Just got-ta get out, just got-ta get right out - ta here.

Fm7 B♭ Fm7 B♭ E♭

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY – SSAA
Noth-ing real-ly mat-ters,
none-thing real-ly mat-ters to me.

An- y way the wind blows.

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY – SSAA