

Bohemian Rhapsody

Freddie Mercury

Alto Saxophone

Slowly

Is this the real life? Is this just fan-ta-sy? Caught in a land - slide. No es-

cape from re - al-i-ty. Open your eyes. Look up to the skies and see. I'm just a poor boy,

I need no sym-pa-thy. Be-cause I'm eas-y come, eas-y go. Lit-tle high, lit-tle low.

An-y way the wind blows does-n't real-ly mat-ters to me, to - me.

Ma-ma just killed a man. Put a gun a-against his head, pulled my trigger, now he's dead. Too late, my time has come. Sends shiv-ers down my spine, bod - y's ach-ing all the time.

Ma-ma, life had just begun. But now I've gone and thrown it all a - way. Mama, ooh. Goodbye, I've got to go. Gotta leave you all be - hind and face the truth. Mama, ooh.

Didn't mean to make you cry. If I'm not back a - gain this time to-morrow, carry on, carry on as if nothing really matters. I don't want to die. I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all.

L'istesso tempo e=q
I see a little silhou-et-to of a man. Scaramouche. Scaramouche, will you do the Fan - fan - go. Thun-der-bolt and light-ning, very very fright - 'ning me. Gal-li - le-o. Galli - le-o, Galli-le-o fig-a - ro Magni-fi - co. I'm just a poor boy and

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57 A. Sax. no-body loves me. He's just a poor boy from a poor fami-ly. Spare him his life from this monstrosi-ty.

62 A. Sax. Eas-y come, eas-y go, will you let me go. Bis-mim-lah! No, we will not let you go.

67 A. Sax. Bismillah! We will not let you go. Bismillah! We will not let you go. Will not let you go.

72 A. Sax. Will not let you go. Ah. — No, no, no, no, no, no, no. Mama mi-a let me go. Be -

78 A. Sax. el - zebub has a devil put aside for me, for me, — for me. —

87 A. Sax. So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye. — So you think you can

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

99 A. Sax. Just gotta get out, just gotta get right outta here —

109 A. Sax. Slowly, a tempo Noth-ing real-ly matters. An - y-one can see. Noth-ing really matters.

113 A. Sax. Nothing really matters to me. — An - y way the wind blows.