

# VIVA LA VIDA

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Will Champion, Chris Martin

Arreglos: Jens Johansen  
Adaptación: Luis Dueñas

Soprano

I used to rule the world, — seas — would

4

rise when I gave the word. Now in the morn-ing I sleep a - lone,

7


— sweep the streets | used to own. — | used to

11

roll the dice, — feel — the fear in my en-c-my's eyes. — Listen as the


15

crowd — would — sing: — "Now the old king is dead! Long live


18  
S   
the king!" One mi- nute | held the key, — next — the

21  
S   
walls were closed on me, and | dis- cov-ered that my cas - tle — stand

24  
S   
— up-on pil-lars of salt — and pil-lars of sand. — | hear Je - ru - sa - lem bells

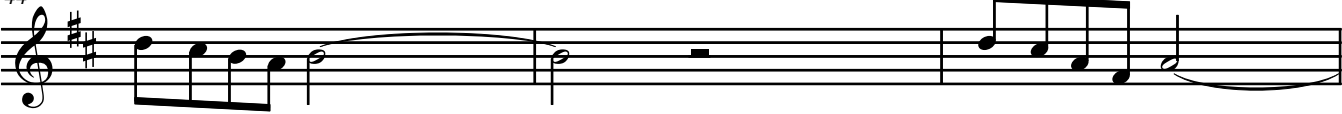
28  
S   
— are ring - ing, — Ro - man Cav - al - ry choirs — are sing - ing. —

31  
S   
Be my mir - ror, my sword — and shield — — my mis - sion - ar - ries in a for -

34  
S   
- eign field. \_\_\_\_\_ For some rea-son | can't ex - plain, —


37  
S   
once you go there was nev-er, nev-er an hon - est word but that was

41  
S   
when | rule the world. \_\_\_\_\_

44  
S   
Ech. \_\_\_\_\_ Ech. \_\_\_\_\_

47  
S   
— Ech. \_\_\_\_\_

50

S 

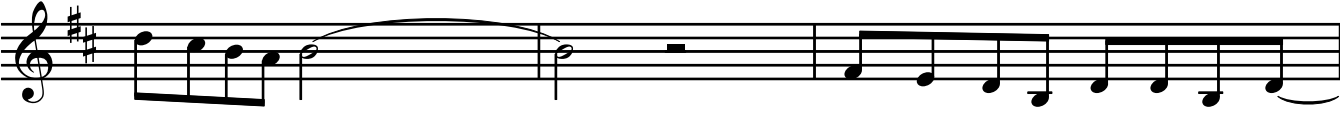
Ech. \_\_\_\_\_ Re vo - lu tio - - - ies wait \_\_\_\_\_

53

S 

— for my head on a sil - ver plate. \_\_\_\_\_

56

S 


Ech, \_\_\_\_\_ who would ev - er want to be king?

59


S 


— I hear Je - ru - sa - lem bells \_\_\_\_\_ are ring - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ Ro - man Caval - ry choirs

63

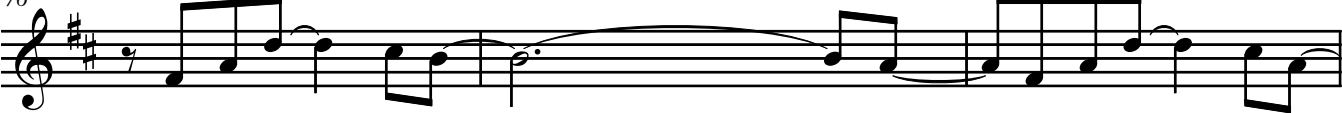
S 

— are sing - ing. \_\_\_\_\_ Be my mir - ror, my sword \_\_\_\_\_ and shield \_\_\_\_\_ my

66  
S    
mis-sion-ar - ries in a for - eign field.\_\_\_\_\_ For some rea-son I can't

69  
S    
— ex - plain, — I know Saint Pe-ter won't call — my — name. — Nev-er

72  
S    
hon - est word, — but that was when I — rule the world. —

76  
S    
Oh, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, \_\_\_\_\_

79  
S    
\_\_\_\_\_ Oh, \_\_\_\_\_

82

S

— Oh. ————— Nev-er an hon -

85

S

- - est — word, — but that was when | — rule the world. —

89

S

| used to rule the world, — seas — would

93

S


rise when | gave the word. Now in the morn-ing | sleep a - lone, —

96

S

— sweep — the streets | used to own. —


100  
S  
  
I used to roll the dice, — feel — the fear in my en-e-my's eyes.


104  
S  
  
— Lis-ten as the crowd — would — sing: — "Now the


107  
S  
  
old king is dead! — Long live the king!" One mi-nute I held the key, —

110  
S  
  
— next — the walls were closed on me, and I dis-cov-ered that my


113  
S  
  
cas - tle — stand — up-on pil-lars of salt — and pil-lars of sand. — I

117  
S   
hear Je - ru - sa - lem bells — are ring - ing, — Ro - man Cav - al - ry choirs

120  
S   
— are sing - ing. — Be my mir - ror, my sword — and shield — my

123  
S   
mis - sion - ar - ries in a for - eign field. — For some rea - son I can't

126  
S   
— ex - plain, — once you go there was nev - er, nev - er an hon -

129  
S   
- - est — word — but that was when I — rule the world. —




133

S 

It was the wick-ed and wild \_\_\_\_\_ wind, \_\_\_\_\_ blew down the

137

S 


doors to let me in. \_\_\_\_\_ Shattered win-dows and the sound \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ drums. \_\_\_\_\_

140

S 

\_\_\_\_\_ People couldn't be-lieve \_\_\_\_\_ what I'd \_\_\_\_\_ be-come. Re-vo-lu-tio-nar - ies wait \_\_\_\_\_

144

S 

\_\_\_\_\_ for my head on a sil-ver plate. \_\_\_\_\_ Just a puppet on a lone - ly \_\_\_\_\_ string,

148

S 

\_\_\_\_\_ oh, who would ev-er want to be king? \_\_\_\_\_ I hear Je - ru-sa-lem bells \_\_\_\_\_

## Final Primera parte.

152

S 


— are ring - ing, — Ro - man Cav - al - ry choirs — are sing - ing. —

155

S 

Be my mir - ror, my sword — and shield — my mis - sion - ar - ries in a for -

158

S 

- eign field. — For some rea - son I can't — ex - plain, — |

161

S 

know Saint Pe - ter won't call — my — name. — Nev - er hon - est word, —

164

S 

— but that was when I — rule the world. —

172

S 

I hear Je - ru - sa - lem bells — are ring - ing, —

175

S 

Ro - man Cav - al - ry choirs — are sing - ing, — Be my mir - ror, my sword

178

S 


— and shield — my mis - sion - ar - ries in a for - eign field. —

181

S 

For some rea - son I can't — ex - plain, — I know Saint Pe - ter won't call —

184

S 

— my — name. — Nev - er hon - est word, — but that was

187

S

when | rule the world. Uh.

193

S

Uh.