

# WE DON'T TALK ABOUT BRUNO

from ENCANTO

Words and Music by  
LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA

Moderately

*PEPA:*

We don't talk a - bout Bru - no, no, no, no!


We don't talk a - bout Bru - no... But,

it was my wed-ding day. We were get-ting read - y, and there was - n't a cloud in the sky.

*FÉLIX:*

It was our wed-ding day...


G Fm Cm Fm G Fm



Bru - no walks in \_\_\_ with a mis - chie - vous grin -

No clouds al - lowed \_\_\_ in the sky. Thun - der!!


A $\flat$  G<sup>7</sup> Cm Fm



you tell - ing this sto - ry or \_\_\_ am I? Bru - no says, "It looks like \_\_\_ rain."

I'm sor - ry mi vi - da go on...

G Fm Cm Fm G Fm



In do - ing so, he floods my \_\_\_ brain. \_\_\_

Why did he tell us? \_\_\_ A - bue - la, get the um - brel - las... \_\_\_












Mar-ried in a hur - ri - cane... — We don't talk a-bout Bru - no, no, — no, no!

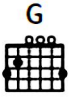

What a joy-ous day, but an - y - way... We don't talk a-bout Bru - no, no, — no, no!

*DOLORES:*

We don't talk a - bout Bru - no! — Hey! Grew to live in fear of Bru-no stut-ter-ing or stumb-ling,

We don't talk a - bout Bru - no! —

I can al - ways hear him sort of mut - ter - ing and mum - bling.



 Cm   
  Fm   
  G<sup>7</sup>   
  Cm   
  Fm

I as - so - ci - ate him with the sound of fall - ing sand, ch ch ch It's a heav-y lift with a gift so hum-bling,

 G   
  Fm   
  A<sup>b</sup>   
  G

al - ways left A - bue - la and the fam - i - ly fum - bling, grap - pl - ing with proph - e - cies they could - n't un - der -

CAMILO:  Cm   
  Fm   
  G   
  Fm   
  Cm   
  Fm

-stand. Do you un - der-stand? A sev - en-foot frame, rats — a - long his back. When he calls your name it all —

 G   
  Fm   
  Cm   
  Fm   
  G   
  Fm   
  A<sup>b</sup>   
  G<sup>7</sup>

PEPA, FÉLIX  
CAMILO & DOLORES:

— fades to black. Yeah, he sees your dreams and feasts — on your screams. We don't talk a - bout Bru-

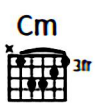
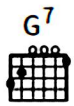
TOWNSPEOPLE & TOWN KIDS: Hey! —





TOWNSWOMAN  
WITH FISH:

- no, no, \_ no, no! We don't talk a - bout Bru - no! \_ He told me my fish would die. \_ The next.



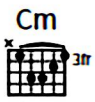
SEÑOR FLORES:

TOWNSPEOPLE:

OSVALDO:

\_ day: dead. No, \_ no! He told me I'd grow a gut! And just like he said... He said that (No, \_ no.)

TOWNSPEOPLE:



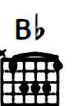
TOWNSPEOPLE:

all my hair would dis - ap - pear, now look at my head. \_ (No, \_ no.)

TOWNSPEOPLE & TOWN KIDS: Hey! \_



DOLORES, PEPA,  
FÉLIX & CAMILO:

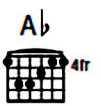
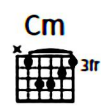
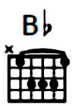


ISABELA:

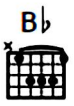
Your fate is sealed when your proph - e - cy is read! \_

He told me that the life

of my dreams would be prom - ised, and some - day be mine... \_



He told me that my pow - er would grow, \_ like the grapes that thrive \_ on the vine... \_



ABUELA:

\_ Ó - ye, Ma - ria - no's on his way.

DOLORES: He told me that the man

of my dreams would be just out of reach, be - trothed to an - oth - er...

**Cm** **A $\flat$**

It's like I hear him now. — It's like I can hear him now, —

*ISABELA:*

Hey sis, — I want not a sound — out of you...

**E $\flat$**  **B $\flat$**  **Cm** **A $\flat$**

*MIRABEL:*

— I can hear him now! Um, Bru-no... Yeah, a - bout that Bru-no... I

**A $\flat$**  **G** **A $\flat$**  **G**








*CAMILO:*  
 real - ly need to know a - bout Bru - no... Gim - me the truth and the whole truth, Bru - no! Is - a -





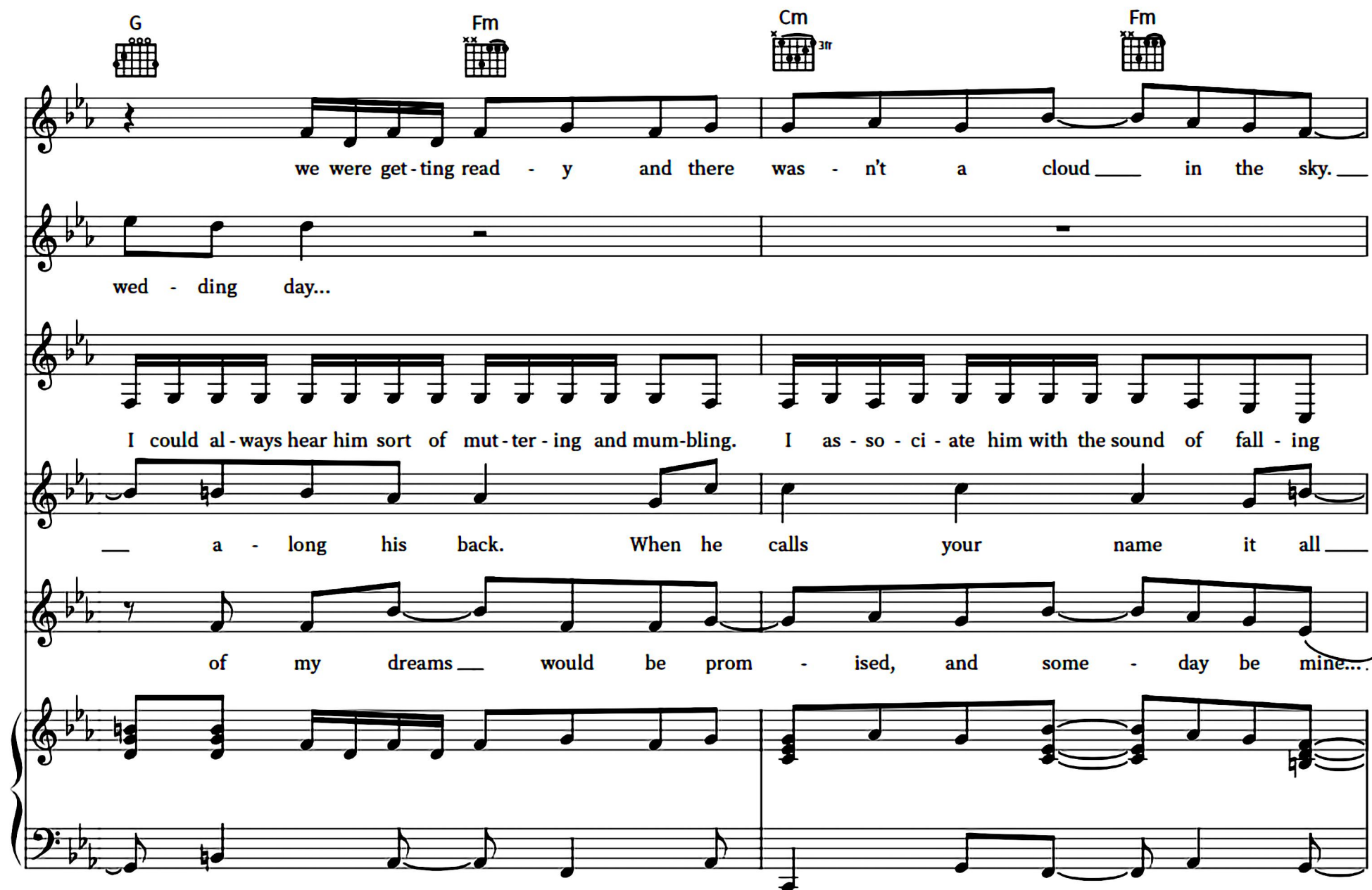
*PEPA & JULIETA:*  
 -bel - a, your boy-friend's here. Time for din-ner! It was my wed - ding day,

*FÉLIX:*  
 It was our

*DOLORES: (DOLORES):*  
 I grew to live in fear of Bru-no stut-ter-ing or stum - bling,

*CAMILO: (CAMILO):*  
 A sev - en - foot frame, rats.

*ISABELA:*  
 He told me that the life



G Fm Cm Fm

we were get-ting read - y and there was - n't a cloud \_\_\_\_ in the sky. \_\_\_\_

wed - ding day...

I could al - ways hear him sort of mut - ter - ing and mum - bling. I as - so - ci - ate him with the sound of fall - ing

\_\_\_\_ a - long his back. When he calls your name it all \_\_\_\_

of my dreams \_\_\_\_ would be prom - ised, and some - day be mine...

G Fm Cm Fm G Fm

Bru - no walks in \_\_\_ with a mis - chie - vous grin- \_\_\_

No clouds al - lowed \_ in the sky. Thun - der!!

sand, ch ch ch It's a heav-y lift with a gift so hum-bling, al-ways left A-bue-la and the fam-i - ly fum-bling,

\_\_\_ fades to black. Yeah, he sees your dreams. and feasts \_\_\_ on your screams.

He told me that my pow - er would grow, \_\_\_ like the grapes



**A<sup>b</sup>**

**G<sup>7</sup>**

**ABUELA:**

You tell - ing this sto - ry or \_\_\_ am I? Ó - ye, Ma - ria - no's on his

— I'm sor - ry mi vi - da go on... —

grap - pl - ing with proph - e - cies they could - n't un - der - stand. Do you un - der - stand?

**CAMILO:**

**A**

that thrive \_\_\_ on the, vine... \_\_\_ I'm fine. —

Cm Fm G Fm Cm Fm



way. do - ing so, he floods my \_ brain....  
PEPA: Bru-no says, "It looks like \_ rain." \_ In  
Why did he tell us? \_  
He told me that the man of my dreams would be just out of reach, be-trothed to an -  
sev - en - foot frame, rats \_ a - long his back. When he calls your name it all \_  
He told me that the life of my dreams \_ would be prom - ised, and some - day be mine....

G Fm Cm Fm G Fm

*TOWNSPEOPLE & TOWN KIDS:*

— Mar-ried in a hur - ri - cane... — Hey! —

A - bue-la, get the um - brel - las... — What a joy - ous day!

-oth - er, an - oth - er... And I'm fine, and I'm fine, and I'm fine, I'm fine. —

— fades to black. Yeah, he sees your dreams. and feasts — on your screams.

*JULIETA, AGUSTÍN & ABUELA ALMA:*

And I'm fine, and I'm fine, and I'm fine, I'll be fine. — He's



Sheet music for a song, page 14. The music is written for voice and piano. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4.

**Chords:** A $\flat$  4fr, G $^7$ , A $\flat$  4fr, G $^7$ .

**Vocals:**

- PEPA, TOWNSPEOPLE & TOWN KIDS:**  
Don't talk a - bout Bru - no, \_ no! \_ Not a word a - bout Bru -
- FÉLIX:**  
Don't talk a - bout Bru - no, \_ no! \_ Not a word a - bout Bru -
- DOLORES:**  
Not a word a - bout Bru -
- CAMILO:**  
Don't talk a - bout Bru - no, \_ no! \_ Not a word a - bout Bru -
- MIRABEL:**  
here! Why did I talk a - bout Bru - no?! I

**Piano:** The piano accompaniment is written in the bottom system, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

G G<sup>7</sup> Cm

no! no! no! no! nev - er should - a brought up Bru - no!