

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

Words and Music by
FREDDIE MERCURY

Slowly

Bb6 **C7** **Bb6 C7** **F7** **Cm7 F7**
 Is this the real life? Is this just fan-ta-sy? Caught in a land-slide, No es-
mf
Bb **Cm7 Bb** **Gm** **Bb7**
 cape from re-al-i-ty. O-pen your eyes, Look up to the skies and
Eb **Cm** **F7**
 see, I'm just a poor boy, I need no sym-pa-thy, Be-cause I'm
B **Bb** **A** **Bb** **B** **Bb** **A** **Bb** **Eb** **Bb (D bass)**
 eas-y come, eas-y go, Lit-tle high, lit-tle low, An-y way the wind blows






does - n't real - ly mat - ter to me, to me.





1. Ma - ma — just killed a man, Put a gun a - gainst his head, pulled my
 2. Too late, — my time has come, Sends shiv - ers down my spine, bod - y's

mf





trig - ger, now he's dead. Ma - ma, — life had just be - gun, But
 ach - ing all the time. Good - bye, — ev - 'ry - bod - y, I've got to go, Got - ta









now I've gone and thrown it all a - way. Ma - ma, — ooh, —
 leave you all be - hind and face the truth. Ma - ma, — ooh, —

Cm Fm Bb

Did-n't mean to make you cry, If I'm not back a - gain this time to -
I don't want to die, I some-times wish I'd nev-er been born at

1. Eb Bb (D bass) Cm Abm Eb Ab Eb

mor - row, car - ry on, car - ry on as if noth - ing real - ly mat - ters.

Instrumental Solo

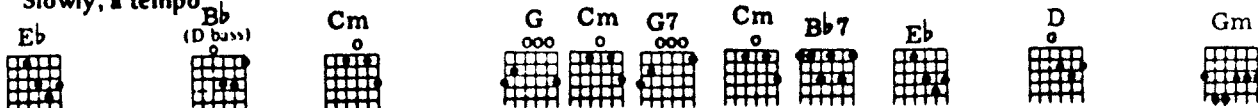
Ebdim Fm7 Bb

2. Eb Bb (D bass) Cm Fm

all.

Instrumental Solo

Slowly, a tempo



mf

Chord diagrams for the second system: Ab 4 fr., Eb, Cm, Gm, Cm, Gm, Cm, Ab m 4 fr.

Noth-ing real-ly mat-ters.

An-y-one can see,

Noth-ing real-ly mat-ters.

ritard.

Bb 11

Eb

Ab (Eb bass)

Eb

Ebdim

Bb (D bass)

Bbm (Eb bass)

Noth-ing real-ly mat-ters to me.

a tempo

C7

C7-9

C7

F

Bb

F

Abdim

Gm7

F

An-y way the wind blows.

poco u poco ritard. e dim.

Bb7 Eb Gm (D bass)

Cm Fm Db Db ((b bass)) Bbm

L'istesso tempo (♩ = ♩)

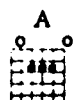
D A Adim A D A Adim A

I see a lit - tle sil - hou - et - to of a man, Scar - a -

D A D A Adim A D A Db (Ab bass) Ab 4 fr. C (G bass) E

Chorus:
mouche, Scar - a-mouche, will you do the Fan-dan - go. Thun-der-bolt and light - ning, ver - y, ver - y fright-'ning

f



No chord

me. Gal - li - le - o. Gal - li - le - o. Gal - li - le - o. Gal - li - le - o, Gal - li - le - o fig - a -

ro Mag - ni - fi - co. Solo: I'm just a poor boy and

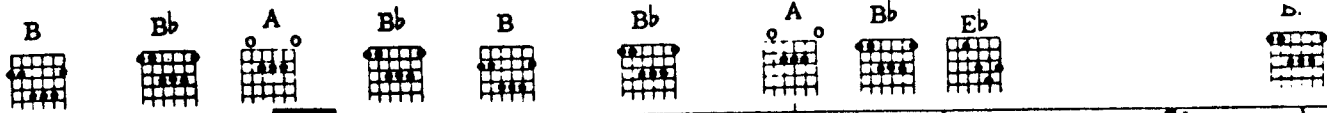
(let ring-----) *mf*

no - bod - y loves me. Chorus: He's just a poor boy from a poor fam - i - ly.

f

Spare him his life from this mon - stros - i - ty.

mf



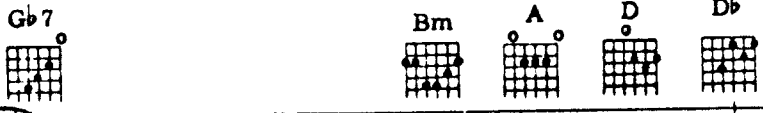
Solo: Eas - y come, eas - y go, will you let me go. Bis - mil - lah! *Chorus:* No, we

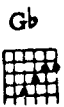
will not let you go. Let him go! — Bis - mil - lah! We will not let you go. Let him go! —

— Bis - mil - lah! We will not let you go. Let me go. — Will not let you go. Let me go. —



Will not let you go. Let me go. — Ah. — No, no, no, no,





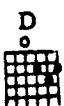
No chord



no, no, no. Oh ma - ma mi - a, ma - ma mi - a. Ma - ma mi - a, let me go. Be -



4 fr.

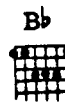
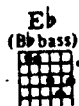


el - ze - bub has a dev - il put a - side for me, for me, _____ for



me. _____

Instrumental Solo



So you think you can stone me and spit in my








eye. — So you think you can 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. —

Instrumental Solo *poco a poco ritard. e dim.*