

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

Words and Music by
FREDDIE MERCURY

Slowly

B♭6 C7 B♭6 C7 F7 Cm7 F7

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

B♭ Cm7 B♭ Gm B♭7

cape from re-al-i-ty. O-pen your eyes, - Look up to the skies - and

E♭ Cm F7

see, I'm just a poor boy, I need no sym-pa-ty, Be-cause I'm

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B B \flat A B \flat B B \flat A B \flat E \flat B \flat /D

eas - y come, eas - y go, Lit - tle high, lit - tle low, An - y way the wind blows

C \sharp dim7 F/C F B \flat

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

B \flat Gm Cm

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

F B \flat Gm

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

Cm B+ Eb/B F/A Fm/A \flat Eb B \flat /D

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 B \flat

_____ 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 B \flat /D Cm A \flat m Eb A \flat /Eb Eb

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

E \flat dim Fm7/E \flat B \flat

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Eb Bb/D Cm Fm

all.

Bb7 Eb Gm/D









Cm Fm Db Db/Cb Bbm

L'istesso tempo (♩ = ♩)

A D/A A Adim A D/A A Adim A




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

Chorus:

D/A  A  D/A  A  Adim  A  D/A  A 

mouche, Scar - a - mouche, will you do the Fan - dan - go. Thun-der - bolt and light - ning,

f

C/G  E  A  N.C.









ver - y, ver - y fright - 'ning 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.

let ring-----

Solo:

Chorus:

B  Bb  A  Bb  B  Bb  A  Bb 

I'm just a poor boy and no - bod - y loves me. He's just a poor boy

mf *f*

Ab/Eb Eb Ebdim Eb Ab Eb/G F Bb

from a poor fam - i - ly. Spare him his life from this mon - stros - i - ty.

mf

Solo:

Ab Eb/G F#dim7 Fm7 B Bb A Bb B Bb A Bb

Eas - y come, eas - y go, will you let me go, Bis -

Chorus:

Eb Bb Eb Bb

mil - lah! 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.) —

Gb7



Will not let you go. (Let me go) Will not let you go. (Let me go.) Ah. _____

Solo:

Chorus:

Bm A D Db Gb Bb Eb N.C. Eb

No, no, no, no, no, no, no. (Oh ma - ma mi - a ma - ma mi - a.) Ma - ma

Bb Eb Ab D Gm

mi - a, let me go. Be - el - ze - bub has a dev - il put a - side for

Bb

me, for me, _____ for me. _____

E \flat



F7



B \flat 7



E \flat /B \flat



So you think you can

B \flat



E \flat



B \flat



D \flat



stone me and spit in my eye.

B \flat 7



E \flat /B \flat



B \flat



E \flat



A \flat



So you think you can love me and leave me to die.

Fm Bb Fm

Oh, _____ ba - by, _____ can't do this to me,

Bb Fm7 Bb Fm7 Bb

ba - by, _____ Just got - ta get out, Just got - ta get right out - ta

Eb Bb7

here...

poco a poco rit. e dim.

Slowly, a tempo

Eb Bb/D Cm G/B Cm G7/B Cm Bb7 Eb D Gm

mf



Noth-ing real - ly mat - ters, An - y - one can see,



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

rit. *a tempo*




An - y way the wind blows.

poco a poco rit. e dim. *p*