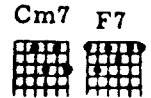
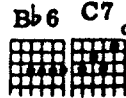


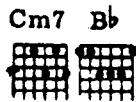
BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

Words and Music by
FREDDIE MERCURY

Slowly



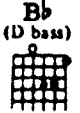
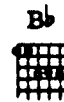
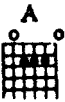
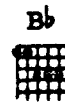
Is this the real life? Is this just fan-ta-sy? Caught in a land-slide, No es-



cape from re-al-i-ty. O-pen 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



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

C#dim (C bass) F F Bb

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

Bb Gm Cm

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

F Bb 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

Cm7 B+ Eb (Eb bass) F (A bass) Fm (A bass) Eb (D bass) Bb (D bass)

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

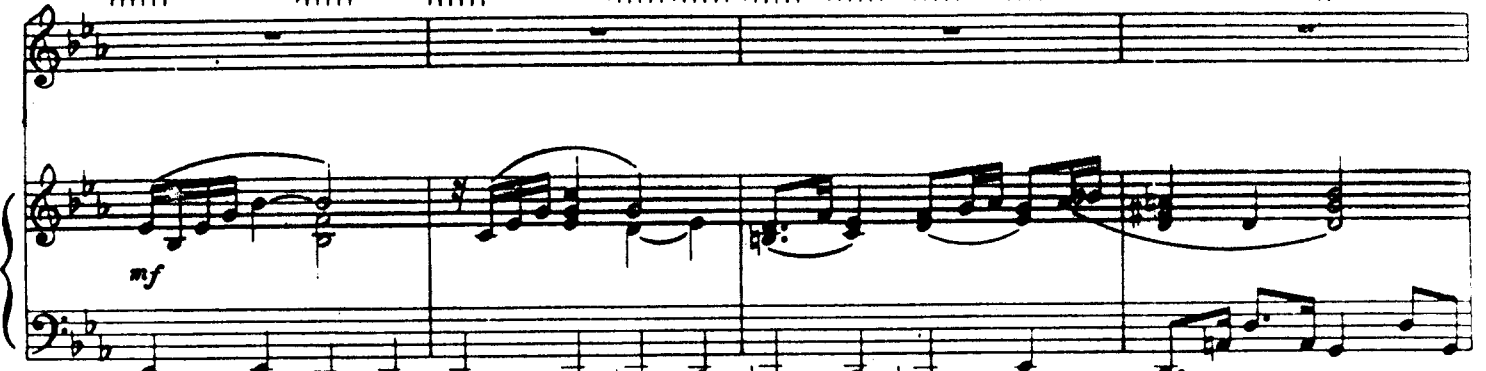
2. Eb Bb (D bass) Cm Fm

all.









Instrumental Solo

Slowly, a tempo

Eb  Bb (D bass)  Cm  G  Cm  G7  Cm  Bb7  Eb  D  Gm 










mf

Ab  4 fr.  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.

Bb11  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)

6 6 6

Cm Fm Db Db ((b bass)) Bb m

L'istesso tempo (♩ = ♩)

A 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