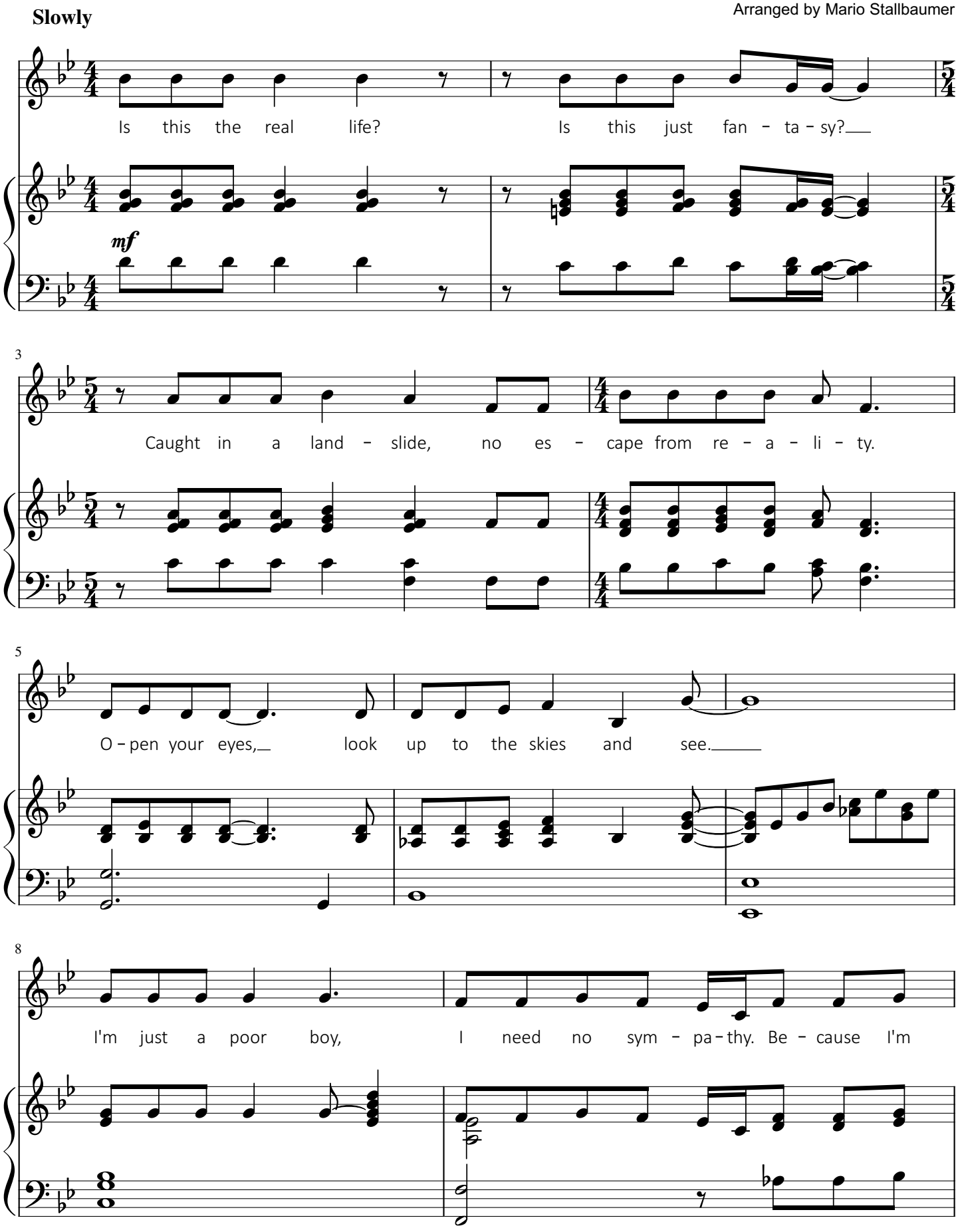
Bohemian Rhapsody

Words and Music by FREDDIE MERCURY
Arranged by Mario Stallbaumer



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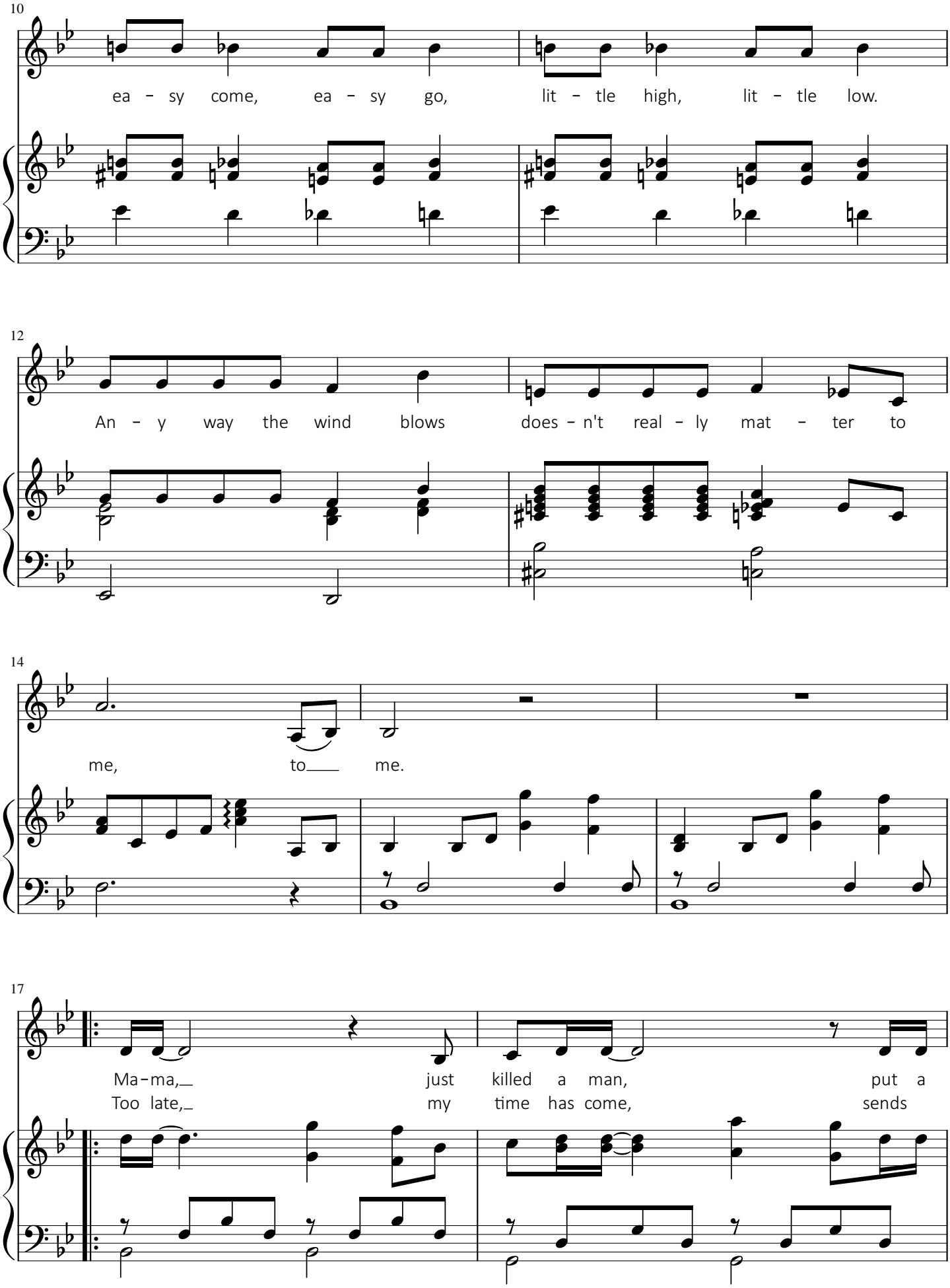
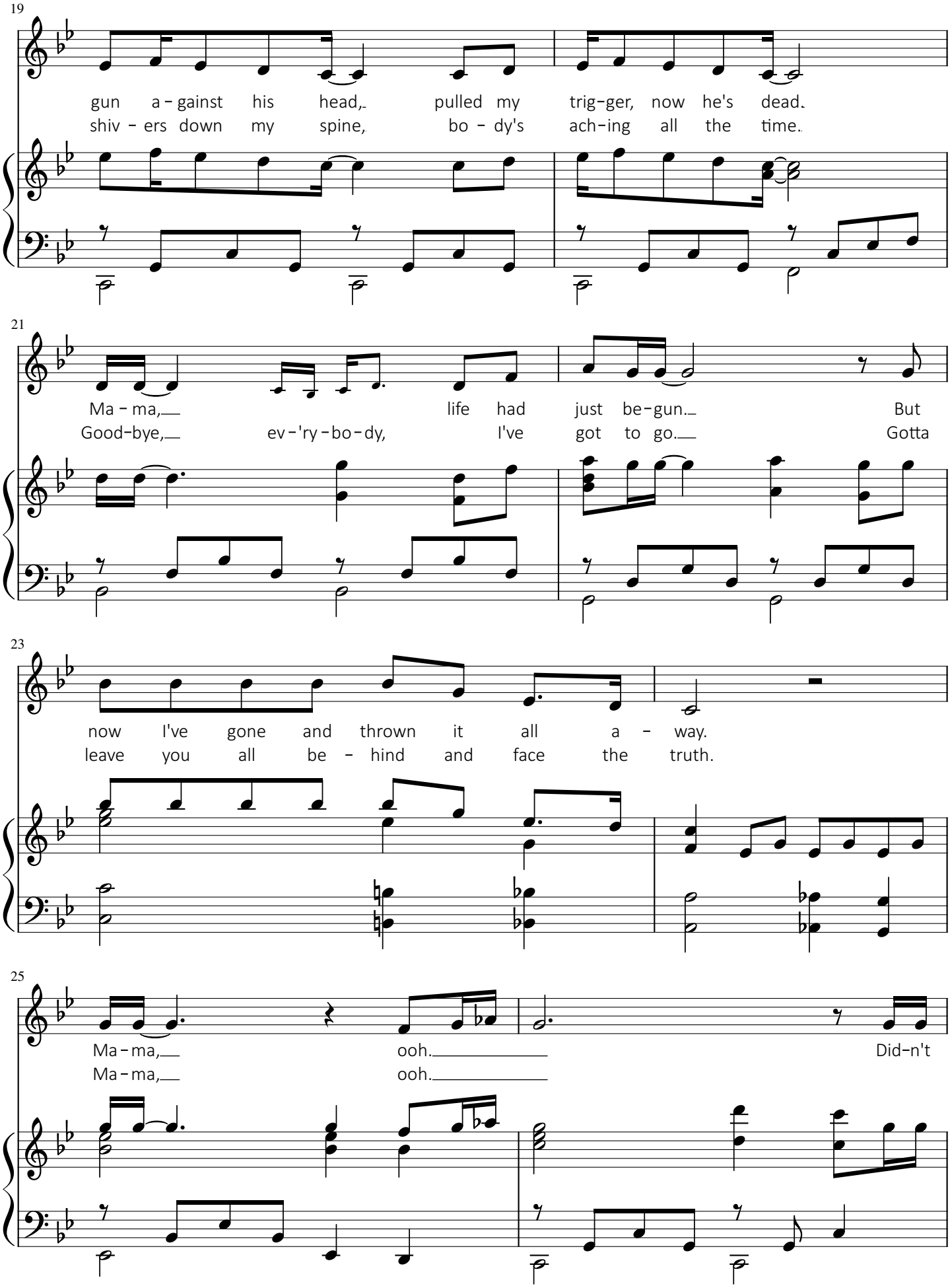
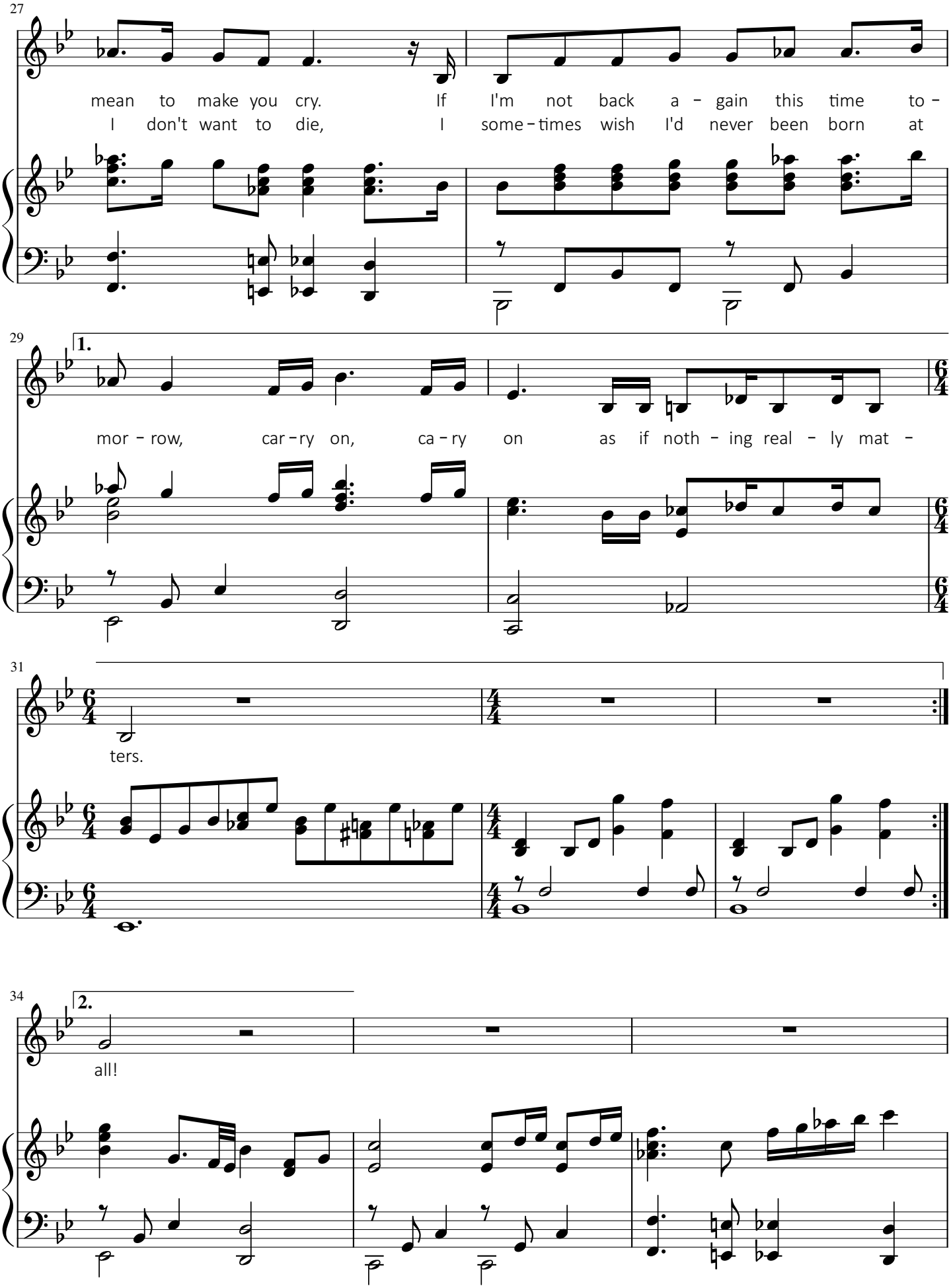
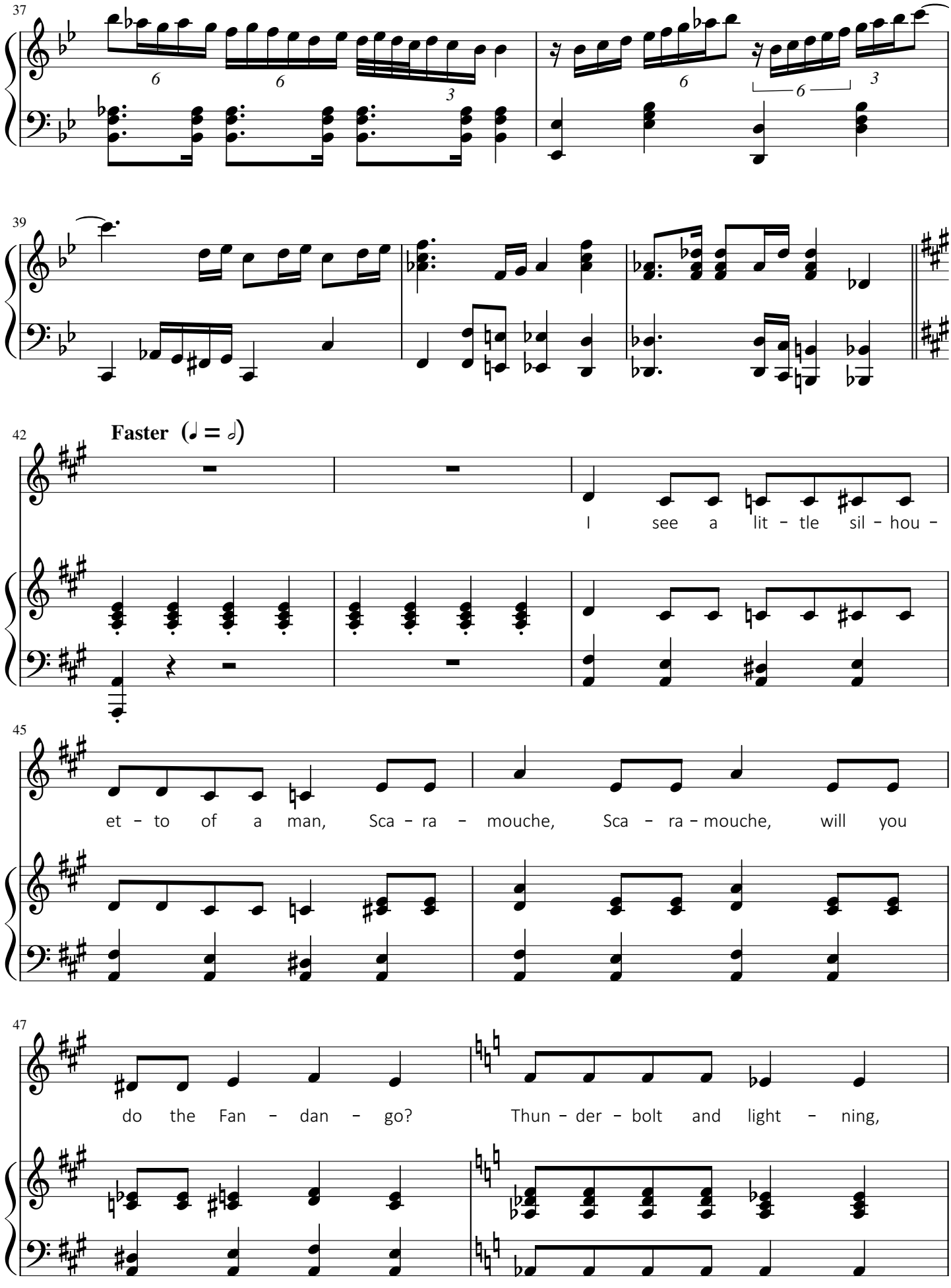
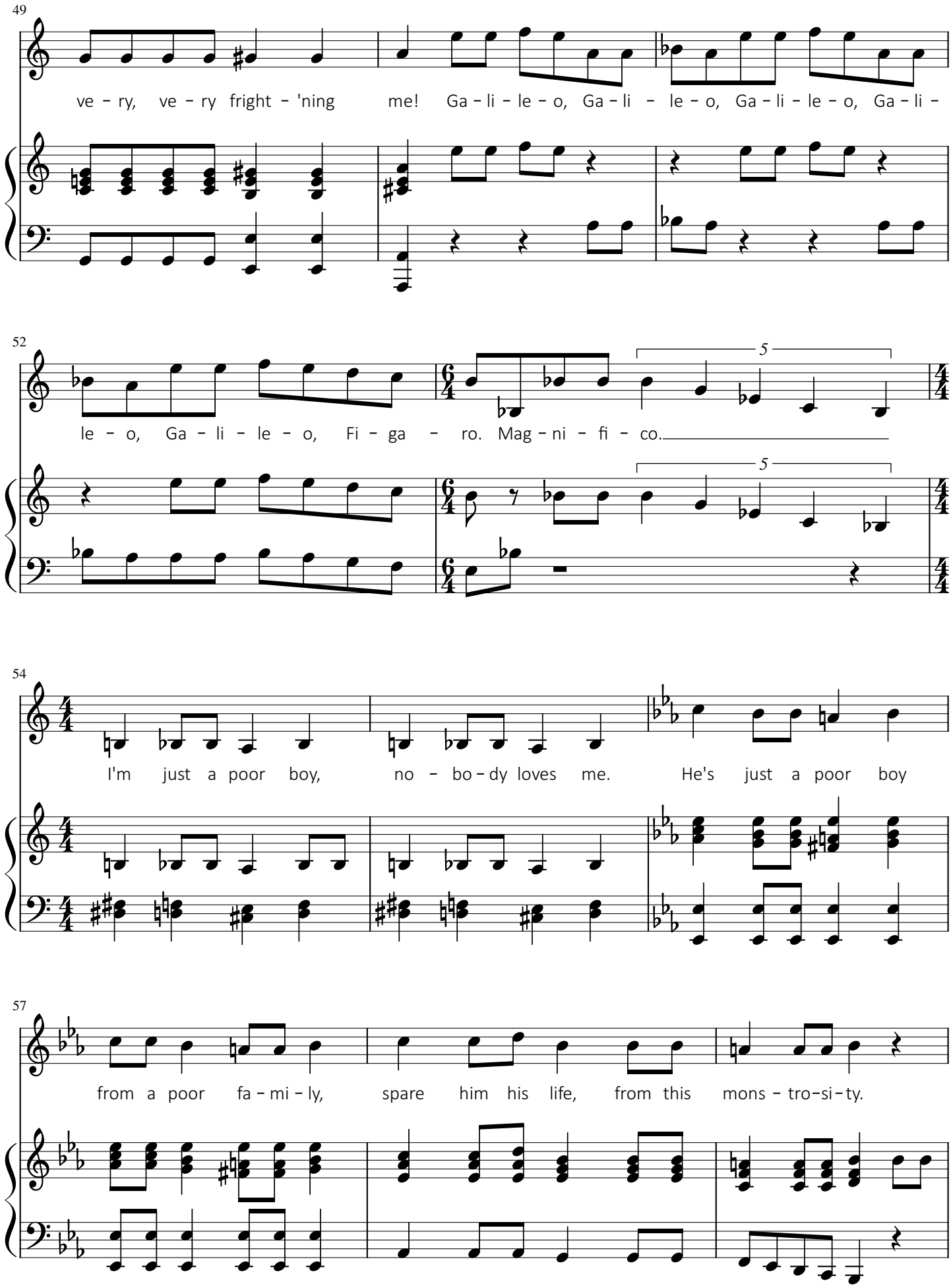
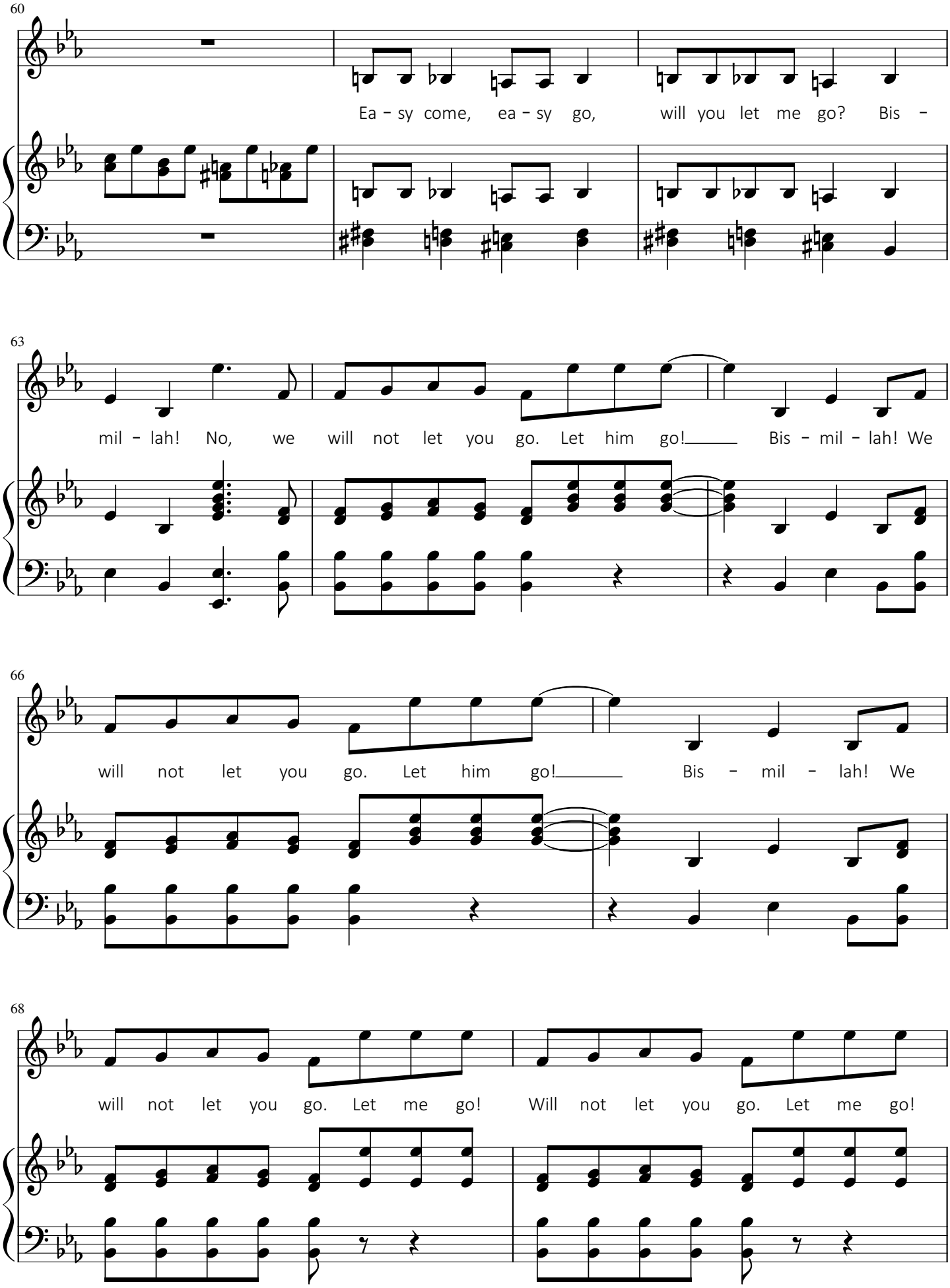

10
ea - sy come, ea - sy go, lit - tle high, lit - tle low.
12
An - y way the wind blows does - n't real - ly mat - ter to
14
me, to me.
17
Ma-ma, just killed a man, put a
Too late, my time has come, sends

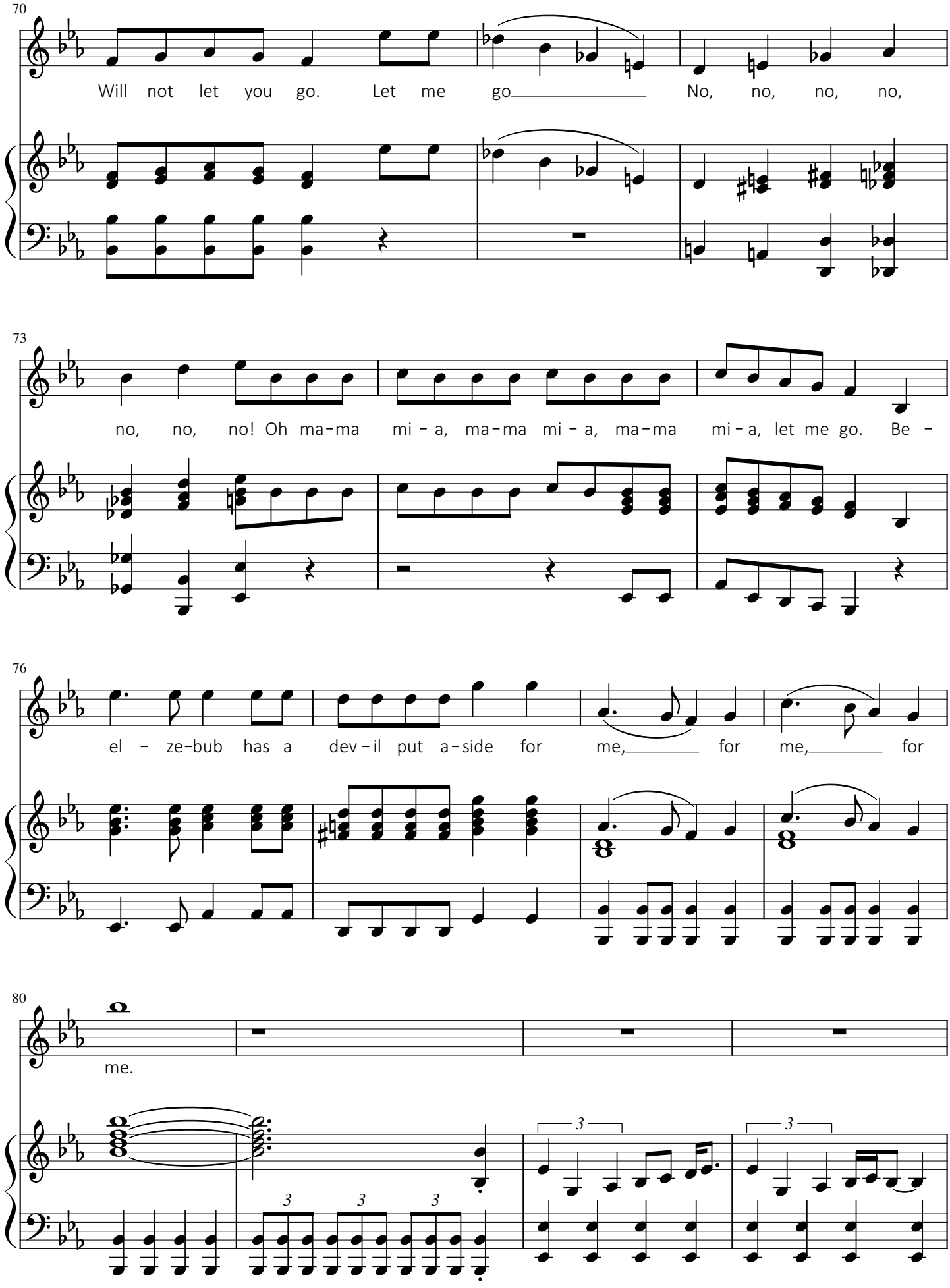

19
gun a - gainst his head, pulled my trig-ger, now he's dead.
shiv - ers down my spine, bo - dy's ach-ing all the time.
21
Ma - ma, life had just be-gun. But
Good-bye, ev - 'ry - bo - dy, I've got to go. Gotta
23
now I've gone and thrown it all a - way.
leave you all be - hind and face the truth.
25
Ma - ma, ooh. Did-n't
Ma - ma, ooh.

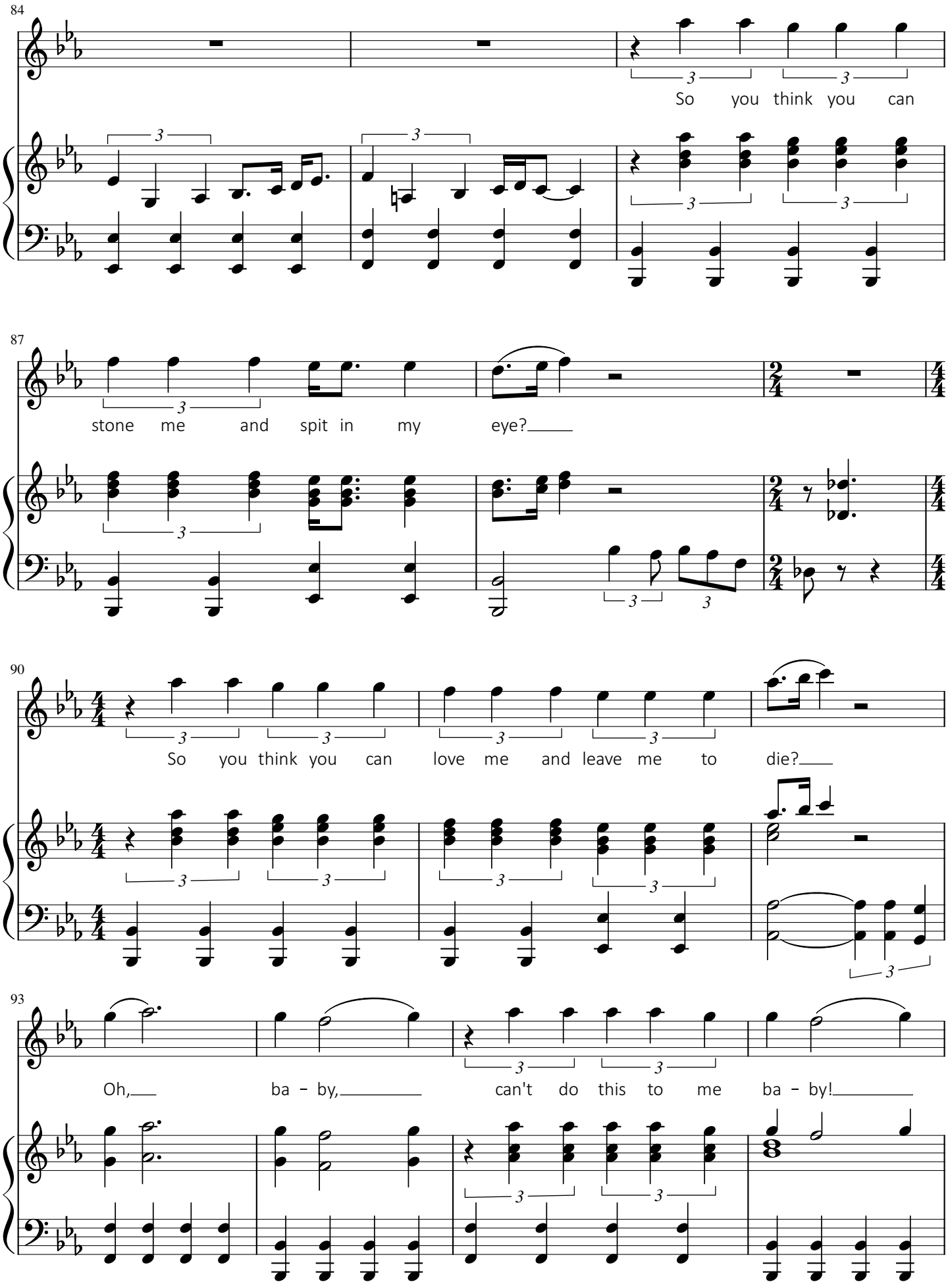

27
mean to make you cry. If I'm not back a - gain this time to -
I don't want to die, I some - times wish I'd never been born at
29
1.
mor - row, car - ry on, ca - ry on as if noth - ing real - ly mat -
31
ters.
34
2.
all!

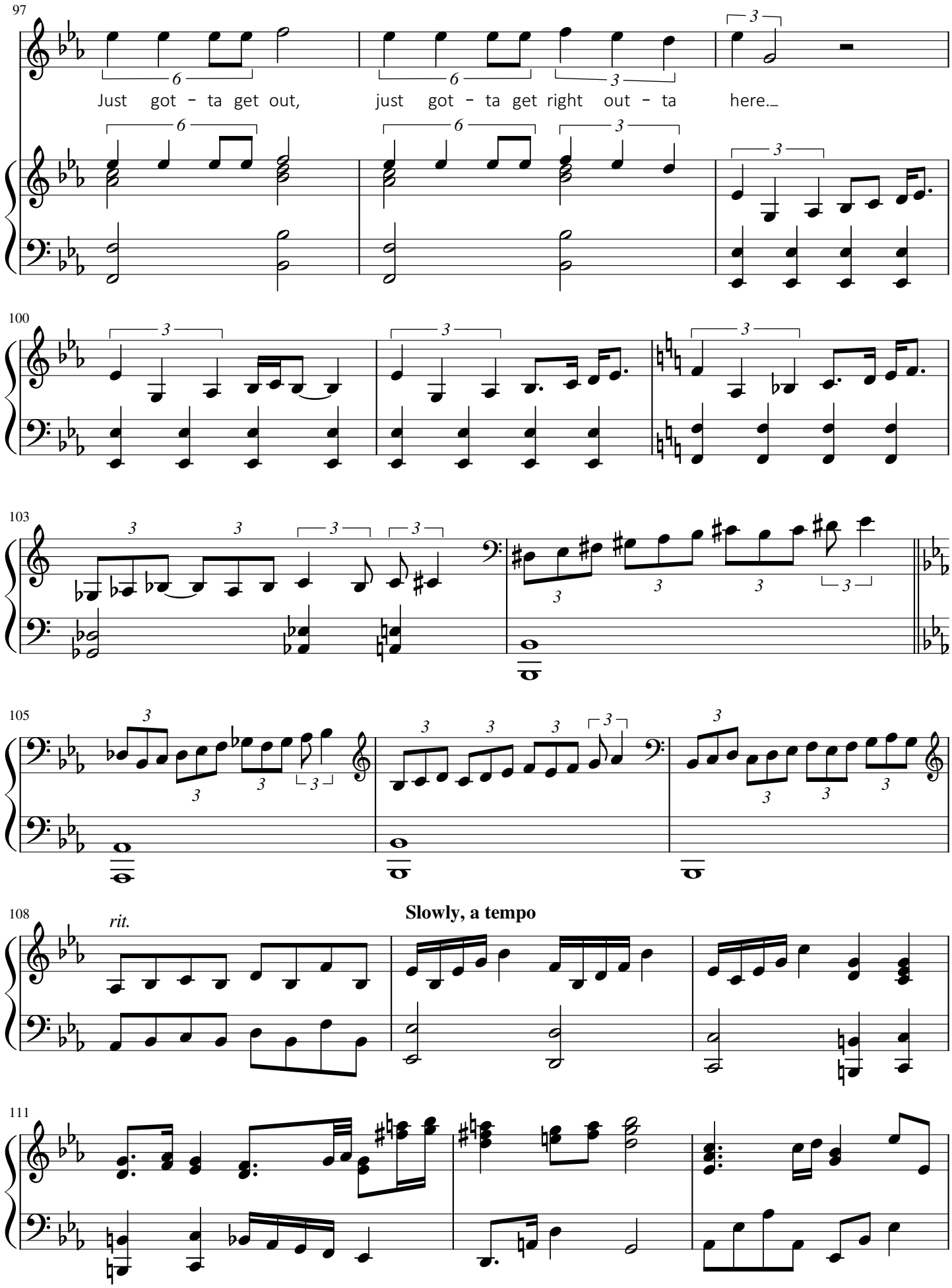

37
39
42
Faster (♩ = ♪)
I see a lit - tle sil - hou -
45
et - to of a man, Sca - ra - mouche, Sca - ra - mouche, will you
47
do the Fan - dan - go? Thun - der - bolt and light - ning,

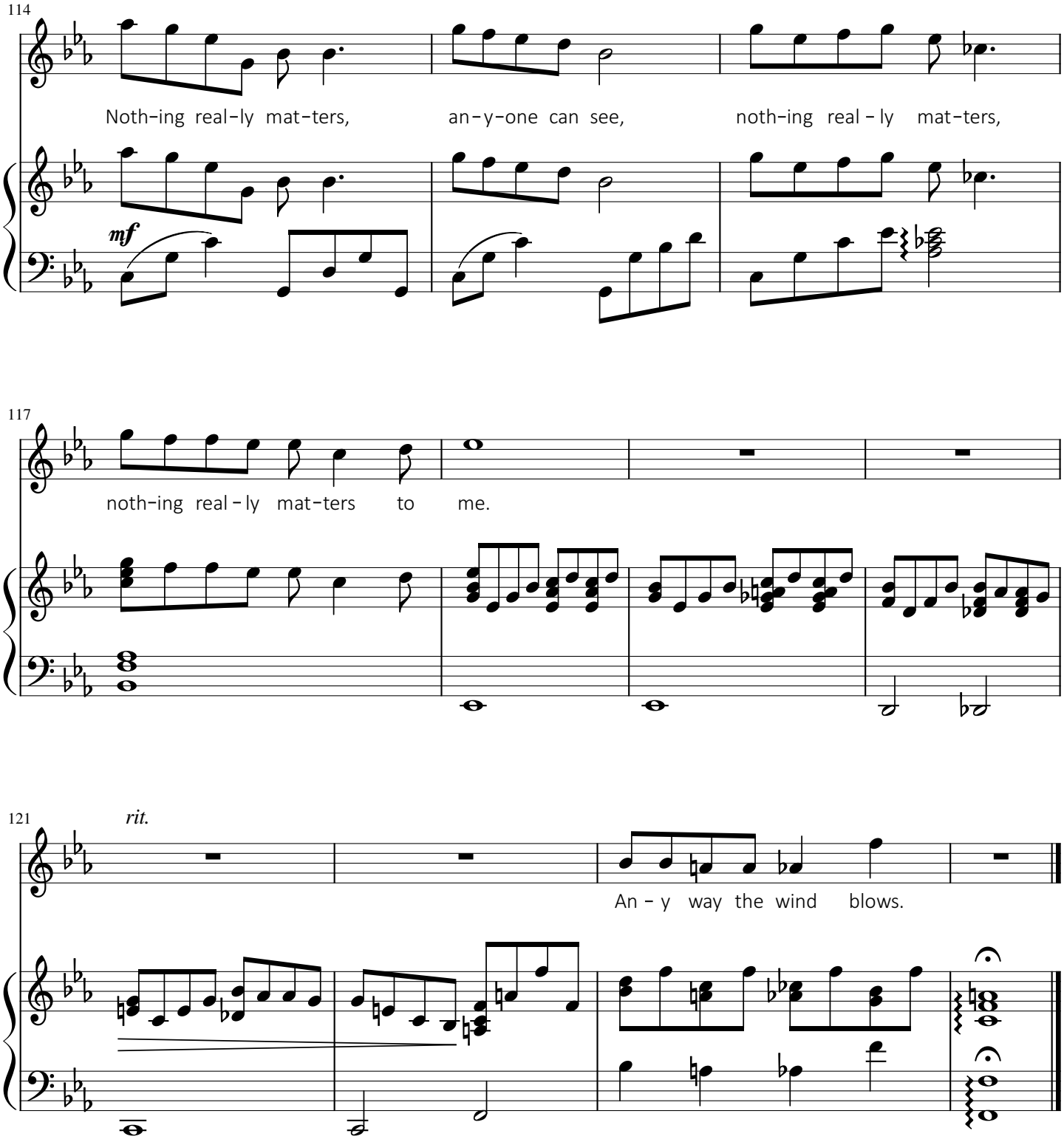

49
ve - ry, ve - ry fright - 'ning me! Ga - li - le - o, Ga - li - le - o, Ga - li - le - o, Ga - li -
52
le - o, Ga - li - le - o, Fi - ga - ro. Mag - ni - fi - co.
5
5
54
I'm just a poor boy, no - bo - dy loves me. He's just a poor boy
57
from a poor fa - mi - ly, spare him his life, from this mons - tro - si - ty.


60
Ea – sy come, ea – sy go, will you let me go? Bis –
63
mil – lah! No, we will not let you go. Let him go! Bis – mil – lah! We
66
will not let you go. Let him go! Bis – mil – lah! We
68
will not let you go. Let me go! Will not let you go. Let me go!


70
Will not let you go. Let me go No, no, no, no,
73
no, no, no! Oh ma-ma mi - a, ma-ma mi - a, ma-ma mi - a, let me go. Be -
76
el - ze-bub has a dev - il put a-side for me, for me, for
80
me.
3
3
3
3
3


84
So you think you can
87
stone me and spit in my eye?
90
So you think you can love me and leave me to die?
93
Oh, ba - by, can't do this to me ba - by!


97
Just got - ta get out, just got - ta get right out - ta here.
100
103
105
108
rit.
Slowly, a tempo
111


114
Noth-ing real-ly mat-ters, an-y-one can see, noth-ing real-ly mat-ters,
mf
117
noth-ing real-ly mat-ters to me.
121
rit.
An-y way the wind blows.