

# BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

Componist: Freddie Mercury  
Bewerking voor beiaard: Esther Schopman

Duur: 4.45 min.  
Voor: Joris Braster

♩ = 66

B $\flat$ 6 C7 B $\flat$ 6 C7

Is this the real life? Is this just fan - ta - sy?

3

F7 Cm7 F7 B $\flat$  Cm7 B $\flat$

Caught in a land - slide, no es - cape from re - al - i - ty.

5

Gm B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

O - pen your eyes, Look up to the skies and see.

8 Cm F7 B Bb A Bb

I'm just a poor boy, I need no sym - p - thy, 'cause I'm eas - y come, eas - y go,

11 B Bb A Bb Eb Bb/D C#dim7 F7/C

lit - tle high, lit - tle low. An - y way the wind blows does - n't real - ly mat - ter to

14 F Bb Bb

me... to me... Ma - ma, just

18 Gm Cm F

killed a man, Put a gun a - gainst his head, pulled my trig - ger, now he's dead.

*Pagina omslaan!*

21 *Bb* *Gm* *Cm7* *B+* *Eb/Bb*

Ma-ma, life had just be-gun, But Now I've gone and thrown it all a-

24 *F/A* *Fm/Ab* *Eb* *Cm*

way. *f* Ma-ma, ooh, Did-n't

27 *Fm* *Bb*

mean to make you cry. If I'm not back a-gain this time to-mor-

29 *Eb* *Bb/D* *Cm* *Abm* *Eb*

*ff* - row, car ry on, car ry on as if noth-ing real-ly mat-ters... *p*

32

Too late, my

36

time has come. Sends shiv-ers down my spine, bod-y's ach-ing all the time.

39

Good-bye, ev-'ry bo-dy, I've got to go, got-ta leave you all be-hind and face the

42

truth. Ma-ma, ooh, I don't want to die, I

46  $B\flat$   $E\flat$   $B\flat/D$  C

some-times wish I'd ne-ver been born at all.

*fff* *f*

49  $Fm$   $B\flat 7$

*sfz*

6 6 6

51  $E\flat$   $Gm/D$   $Cm$   $Fm$   $D\flat$   $D\flat/C\flat$   $B\flat m$

*sfz*

55 A  $B\flat 7$   $E\flat$   $B\flat/D$

*sfz* *poco a poco rit. e dim.* *ff*

$\text{♩} = 48$

58  $Cm$   $G/B$   $Cm$   $G7/B$   $Cm$   $B\flat 7$   $E\flat$   $D$   $Gm$

61

*mf* *mp*

Ab Eb Cm Gm Cm Gm

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

64

$\text{♩} = 66$

Cm Abm Bb11 Eb Ab/Eb

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

*rit.* .....

67

Eb Eb dim7 Bb/D Bbm/Db C7 C7b9 C7 F

*mf* *p*

71

Bb F/A Ab dim7 Gm7 F

*rit.* .....

*pp*

An - y way the wind blows...