

And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

key:C, artist:Eric Bogle writer:Eric Bogle

C G7 C

C Now, when **C** I was a young **F** man I **C** carried me **Am** pack,

and I **C** lived the free **G7** life of- the **C** rover.

From the Murray's green **F** basin to the **C** dusty outback, **Am**

well, I **C** waltzed my **G7** Matilda all **C** over.

Then in **G7** nineteen fifteen my **F** country said,

" Son, it's **C** time you stop **G7** rambling,

there's **F** work to be **C** done"

So they gave me a **F** tin hat and they **C** gave me a **Am** gun

and they **C** marched me away to the **G7** war. **C F C**

And the **C** band played **F** Waltzing Matilda, **C**

as the ship pulled a way from the **F** quay. **G**

And **F** `midst all the cheers, the flag **C** waving and **F** tears,

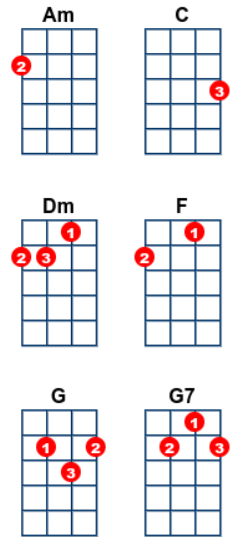
we **C** sailed off for **G7** Gallipoli. **C G7 C**

And how **C** well I remember that **F** terrible **C** day, **Am**

how our **C** blood stained the **G7** sand and the **C** water.

And how in that **F** hell that they **C** called Suvla **Am** Bay,

we were **C** butchered like **G7** lambs at the **C** slaughter.



Johnny ^{G7} Turk, he was ready, he'd ^F primed himself ^C well,
 he ^{G7} showered us with bullets and he ^F rained us with ^C shell
 And in five minutes ^F flat he'd blown ^C us all to ^{Am} hell,
 nearly ^C blew us right ^{G7} back to Australia ^C ^F ^C
 But the ^C band played ^F Waltzing Matilda, ^C
 when we stopped to ^F bury our ^G slain.
 We ^F buried ours, and the ^C Turks buried ^F theirs,
 then we ^C started all ^{G7} over a ^C gain. ^{G7} ^C
 And ^C those that were ^F left, well, we ^C tried to survive, ^{Am}
 in that ^C mad world of ^{G7} blood, death and ^C fire.
 And for ten weary ^F weeks I kept ^C myself ^{Am} alive,
 though ^C around me the ^{G7} corpses piled ^C higher.
 Then a ^{G7} big Turkish shell knocked me ^F arse over ^C head,
 and ^{G7} when I woke up in me ^F hospital ^C bed
 And saw what it had ^F done, well, I ^C wished I was ^{Am} dead, -
 never ^C knew there was ^{G7} worse things than ^C dying. ^F ^C
 For I'll ^C go no more ^F Waltzing Matilda, ^C
 All around the green ^F bush, far and ^G free.
 To ^F hump tent and pegs, a ^C man needs both ^F legs,
 no more ^C 'Waltzing Matilda' for ^{G7} me. ^C ^{G7} ^C

So they **C** gathered the **F** crippled, the **C** wounded, the **Am** maimed,
and they **C** shipped us back **G7** home to **C** Australia.

The legless, the **F** armless, the **C** blind and insane,
those **C** proud wounded **G7** heroes of **C** Suvla.

And **G7** when our ship pulled into **F** Circular **C** Quay,
I **G7** looked at the place where **F** me legs used to **C** be.

And thanked Christ, there was **F** nobody **C** waiting for **Am** me,
to **C** grieve, to **G7** mourn, and to **C** **F** **C** pity.

But the **C** band played **F** Waltzing **C** Matilda,
as they carried us **F** down the **G** gangway.

But **F** nobody cheered, they **C** just stood and **Am** stared,
then they **C** turned all their **G7** faces **C** away. **G7** **C**

And so **C** now every **F** April I **C** sit on me **Am** porch,
and I **C** watch the parade pass before me **G7** **C**

And I see my old **F** comrades, how **C** proudly they **Am** march,
reviving old **C** dreams and past **G7** **C** glory.

And the **G7** old men march slowly, old **F** bones stiff and **C** sore;
they're **G7** tired old heroes from a **F** forgotten **C** war.

And the young people **F** ask "What are they marching **C** for?" **Am**
and I ask meself the same **C** question. **G7** **C** **F** **C**

C But the band plays **F** Waltzing **C** Matilda,

and the old men still **F** answer the **G** call.

But as **F** year follows year, more old **C** men disappear, **F**

some day **C** no one will **G** march there at **C** all.

C Waltzing matilda, **F** waltzing matilda,

C who'll come a-waltzing matilda with **Am** **Dm** **G7** me?

And their **C** ghosts may be **G7** heard as they **C** march by that **F** Billabong,

C Who'll come a- **Am** waltzing matilda with **G7** **C** me?