

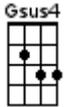
# And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Eric Bogle

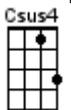
When [C]I was a [F]young man I [C]carried me [Am]pack  
And I [C]lived the free [G]life of a [C]rover  
From the Murray's green [F]basin to the [C]dusty Out[Am]back  
I [C]waltzed my Ma-[G]tilda all [C]over



Then in [G]1915 me [F]country said, [C]Son  
It's [G]time you stopped 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 a-[G]way to the [C]war



[C]And the band played [F]Waltzing Ma-[C]tilda  
When the ship pulled a-[F]way from the [G]quay [Gsus4] [G]  
And a-[F]midst all the [Dm]tears, flag-[C]waving and [Am]cheers  
We [C]sailed off for [G]Gallipo-[C]li [Csus4] [C]



And how [C]well I re-[F]member that [C]terrible [Am]day  
When our [C]blood stained the [G]sand and the [C]water  
And how in that [F]hell that they [C]call Suvla [Am]Bay  
We were [C]butchered like [G]lambs at the [C]slaughter

Johnny [G]Turk he was ready, he'd [F]primed himself [C]well  
He [G]rained us with bullets, and he [F]showered us with [C]shells  
And in five minutes [F]flat he'd [C]blown us all to [Am]hell  
Nearly [C]blew us back [G]home to Austra-[C]lia

[C]And the band played [F]Waltzing Ma-[C]tilda  
When we stopped to [F]bury our [G]slain [Gsus4] [G]  
[F]We buried [Dm]ours, and the [C]Turks buried [Am]theirs  
Then we [C]started all [G]over a-[C]gain [Csus4] [C]

And [C]those that were [F]left, well, we [C]tried to sur-[Am]vive  
In that [C]mad world of [G]blood, death and [C]fire  
And for ten weary [F]weeks I kept [C]myself a-[Am]live  
While a-[C]round me the [G]corpses piled [C]higher

Then a [G]big Turkish shell knocked me [F]arse over [C]head  
And [G]when I awoke 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 [G]worse things than [C]dying

[C]So no more I'll go [F]Waltzing Ma-[C]tilda  
All around the green [F]bush far and [G]near [Gsus4] [G]  
To [F]hump tent and [Dm]pegs a [C]man needs both [Am]legs  
No more [C]Waltzing Ma-[G]tilda for [C]me [Csus4] [C]

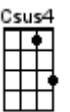
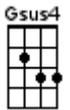
# And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

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So they [C]gathered the [F]wounded, the [C]crippled, the [Am]maimed  
And they [C]shipped us back [G]home to Austra-[C]lia  
The armless, the [F]legless, the [C]blind, the in-[Am]sane  
Those [C]proud wounded [G]heroes of [C]Suvla

And [G]when the ship pulled into [F]Circular [C]Quay  
I [G]looked at the place where me [F]legs used to [C]be  
And thanked Christ there was [F]no one there [C]waiting for [Am]me  
To [C]grieve and to [G]mourn and to [C]pity

[C]And the band played [F]Waltzing Ma-[C]tilda  
When they carried us [F]down the gang-[G]way [Gsus4] [G]  
But [F]nobody [Dm]cheered, they just [C]stood there and [Am]stared  
Then they [C]turned all their [G]faces a-[C]way [Csus4] [C]



So [C]now every [F]April I [C]sit on my [Am]porch  
And I [C]watch the par-[G]ade pass be-[C]fore me  
I see my old [F]comrades how [C]proudly they [Am]march  
Re-[C]newing old [G]dreams of past [C]glory

And the [G]old men march slowly, all [F]bones stiff and [C]sore  
They're [G]tired old heroes from a [F]forgotten [C]war  
And the young people [F]ask, "What are [C]they marching [Am]for?"  
And [C]I ask my-[G]self the same [C]question

[C]And the band plays [F]Waltzing Ma-[C]tilda  
And the old men still [F]answer the [G]call [Gsus4] [G]  
But [F]year after [Dm]year their [C]numbers are [Am]fewer  
Someday [C]no one will [G]march there at [C]all [Csus4] [C]

[C]Waltzing Matilda, [F]Waltzing Matilda  
[C]Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with [G]me?  
And their [C]ghosts may be [G]heard as [Am]they march by the [F]Billabong  
[F]Who'll come a-[C]Waltzing Ma-[G]tilda with [C]me?