

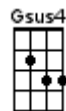
And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Eric Bogle

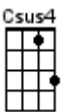


Intro: When [C] I was a [F] young man I [C] carried me [Am] pack
And I [C] lived the free [G] life of a [C] rover
When [C] I was a [F] young man I [C] carried me [Am] pack
And I [C] lived the free [G] life of a [C] rover
From the Murray's green [F] basin to the [C] dusty Out-[Am]-back
I [C] waltzed my 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]
And a-[F] midst all the [Dm] tears, flag-[C]-waving and [Am] cheers
We [C] sailed off for [G] Gallipo-[C]-li [Csus4]



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]
[F] We buried [Dm] ours, and the [C] Turks buried [Am] theirs
Then we [C] started all [G] over a-[C]-gain [Csus4]

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]
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]

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]
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]

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?