

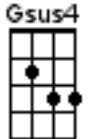
# And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda $\frac{3}{4}$ time Eric Bogle

**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



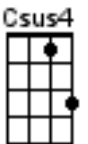
When [C] I was a [F] young man I [C] carried me [Am] pack  
And I [C] lived the free [G] life of a [C] rover  
From the Murray's green [F] basin to the [C] dusty Out-[Am]-back  
I [C] waltzed my Ma-[G]-tilda all [C] over

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 [Am]  
And they [C] marched me a-[G] way to the [C] war



And the [C] 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] cheers, flag-[C]-waving and [Am] tears [Am]  
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] showered us with bullets, and he [F] rained us with [C] shells  
And in five minutes [F] flat he'd [C] blown us all to [Am] hell [Am]  
Nearly [C] blew us right [G] back to Aus-[C]-tralia

But the [C] horn 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 [Am]  
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] my-self 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 woke up in me [F] hospital [C] bed  
And saw what it had [F] done, well, I [C] wished I was [Am] dead [Am]  
Never [C] knew there was [G] worse things than [C] dying

For I'll [C] no more go [F] Waltzing Ma-[C]-tilda

# And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> time Eric Bogle

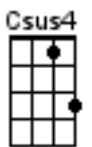
For I'll [C] no more go [F] Waltzing Ma-[C]-tilda  
All around the green [F] bush far and [G] free [Gsus4]  
To [F] hump tent and [Dm] pegs, a [C] man needs both [Am] legs [Am]  
No more [C] Waltzing Ma-[G] tilda for [C] me [Csus4]

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

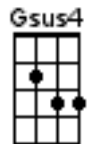
And [G] when the ship pulled into [F] Circular [C] Quay  
I [G] looked at the place where me [F] legs used to [C] be  
And thanked Christ there was [F] no one there [C] waiting for [Am] me [Am]  
To [C] grieve and to [G] mourn and to [C] pity

But the [C] 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 and [Am] stared [Am]  
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]-viving old [G] dreams of past [C] glory



And the [G] old men march slowly, old [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?" [Am]  
And [C] I ask my-[G]-self the same [C] question



And the [C] band plays [F] Waltzing Ma-[C]-tilda  
And the old men still [F] answer the [G] call [Gsus4]  
But as [F] year follows [Dm] year, more old [C] men disap-[Am]-pear [Am]  
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?