

# And the band played Waltzing Matilda

you can hear it by Eric Bogle: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WG48Ftsr3OI>

G C G Em  
When I was a young man I carried me pack  
G D G  
And I lived the free life of a rover  
C G Em  
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty Outback  
G D G  
I waltzed my Matilda all over

D C G  
Then in 1915 me country said, Son  
D C G  
It's time you stopped rambling there's work to be done  
C G Em  
So they gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun  
G D G  
And they marched me away to the war

CHORDS FOR CHORUS

G C G  
And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
C D **Dsus4** D  
When the ship pulled away from the quay  
C **Am** G Em  
And amidst all the tears, flag-waving and cheers  
G D G **Gsus4** G  
We sailed off for Gallipoli

And how well I remember that terrible day  
When our blood stained the sand and the water  
And how in that hell that they call Suvla Bay  
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter

Johnny Turk he was ready, he'd primed himself well  
He rained us with bullets, and he showered us with shells  
And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell  
Nearly blew us back home to Australia

And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
When we stopped to bury our slain  
We buried ours, and the Turks buried theirs  
Then we started all over again

And those that were left, well, we tried to survive  
In that mad world of blood, death and fire  
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive  
While around me the corpses piled higher

Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head  
And when I awoke in me hospital bed  
And saw what it had done, well, I wished I was dead  
Never knew there was worse things than dying

So no more I'll go Waltzing Matilda  
All around the green bush far and near  
To hump tent and pegs a man needs both legs  
No more Waltzing Matilda for me

So they gathered the wounded, the crippled, the maimed  
And they shipped us back home to Australia  
The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane  
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla

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

And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
When they carried us down the gangway  
But nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared  
Then they turned all their faces away

So now every April I sit on my porch  
And I watch the parade pass before me  
I see my old comrades how proudly they march  
Renewing old dreams of past glory

And the old men march slowly, all bones stiff and sore  
They're tired old heroes from a forgotten war  
And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"  
And I ask myself the same question

And the band plays Waltzing Matilda  
And the old men still answer the call  
But year after year their numbers are fewer  
Someday no one will march there at all

G C  
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda  
G D  
Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?  
G D Em C  
And their ghosts may be heard as they march by the Billabong  
C G D7 G  
Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?