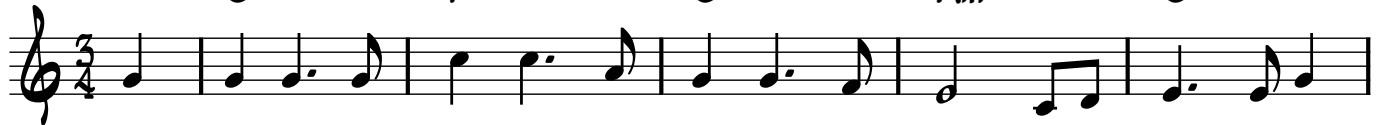


The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Eric Bogle

C F C Am C




When I was a young man I car-ried my pack, And I lived the free

G C F C Am



life of the ro-ver. From the Mur-ray's green ba-sin to the dus-ty out-back, I

C G C G F



waltzed my Ma-til-da all o-ver Then in nine-teen fif-teen my coun-try said

C G F C



"Son, it's time to stop ram-bling there's work to be done." So they

F C Am C G C



gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun, and they sent me a-way to the war.

F C F



And the band played Waltz-ing Ma-til-da, As the ship pulled a-way from the

quay, And a - mid all the cheers, flag - wa - ving, and tears, we

sailed off to Gal - li - po - li.

How well I remember that terrible day,
 How the 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 primed himself well,
 He chased us with bullets, he rained us with shell,
 And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell,
 Nearly blew us right back to Australia.
 But the band played Waltzing Matilda,
 As we stopped to bury our slain,
 We buried ours, and the Turks buried theirs,
 Then we started all over again.

Now, those that were left, well we tried to survive
 In a mad world of blood, death, and fire,
 And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive,
 But around me the corpses piled higher.
 Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head,
 And when I awoke up in my hospital bed,
 I saw what it had done and I wished I was dead,
 Never knew there were worse things than dying,
 For I'll go no more Waltzing Matilda,
 All around the green bush far and near,
 For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs both legs,
 No more Waltzing Matilda for me.

So they collected the cripples, the wounded, 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 as our ship pulled into Circular Quay,
 I looked at the place where my legs used to be,
 And thank Christ there was no one there waiting for me,
 To grieve, and to mourn, and to pity.
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda,
 As they carried us down the gangway,
 But nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared,
 Then turned all their faces away.

And now every April I sit on my porch,
 And I watch the parade pass before me,
 And I watch my old comrades, how proudly they march,
 Renewing old dreams of past glory.
 And the old men march slowly, all bent, stiff, and sore,
 The weary 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 played Waltzing Matilda,
 And the old men still answer the call.
 But year after year, their numbers get fewer,
 Someday no one will march there at all.

Waltz - ing Ma - til - da, Waltz - ing Ma - til - da, Who'll come a - waltz - ing Ma -

G C F C 3

til - da with me? And their ghosts may be heard as they march through the — Bil - la - bong

G C

Who'll come a - waltz - ing Ma - til - da with me?