

And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Words and Music by Eric Bogle.

Moderate (in 6) Verse

1. Now when I was a young man I car-ried a pack and I lived the free life of a
rov - er, From the Mur - ray's green ha - sin to the dust - y out - back, Well, I
waltzed my ma - til - da all o - ver; Then in nine - teen - fif - teen the coun - try said: "Son, it's
time you stopped rov - ing, there's work to be done." So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a
gun, And... sent me a - way to the war. And the band played "Waltz - ing Ma -
til - da" as the ship pulled a - way from the quay, And 'midst all the tears, the flag
wav - ing and cheers we sailed off to Gal - li - po - li. 2. How...

D G D Bm D A7
D D G D Bm
D A7 D A7 D
A7 D D G D
Bm D A7 D D G Chorus
D D G A7 G
D Bm D A7 D

V2. How well I remember that terrible day,
How the blood stained the sand and the water,
And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs to the slaughter;
Johnny Turk he was waiting, he'd primed himself well,
He rained us with bullets and showered us with shells,
And in ten minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell,
Nearly blew us right back to Australia.

CHORUS:

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

V3. And those that were left, well, we tried to survive
In that mad world of death, blood and fire,
And for nearly ten weeks I kept myself alive,
Though around me the corpses piled higher;
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head,
And when I woke 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.

CHORUS:

For I'll go no more waltzing Matilda
All around the wild bush far and free,
To hump tent and pegs, a man needs both legs,
No more waltzing Matilda for me.

V4. Then they gathered the sick and the crippled and maimed,
And sent us back home to Australia,
The armless, the legless, the blind and insane,
The brave wounded heroes of Suvla;
And when our ship pulled in to Circular Quay,
I looked at the stumps where my legs used to be,
And thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me
To grieve, to mourn and to pity.

CHORUS:

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

V5. So every April my old comrades march,
Reviving old dreams and past glory,
And I push my wheelchair out onto the porch,
And watch the parade pass before me;
The old men march slowly, old bones stiff and sore,
Tired old men from a forgotten war,
The young people ask: "What are they marching for?"
I ask myself the same question.

CHORUS:

And the band plays "Waltzing Matilda",
The old men respond to the call,
But as year follows year, more old men disappear,
Someday no - one will march there at all.