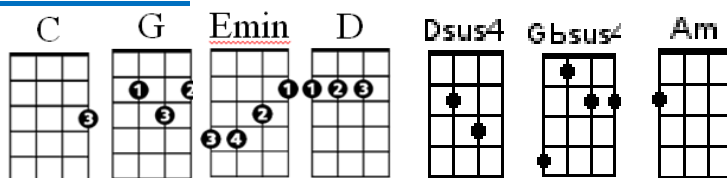


And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Eric Bogle

3/4 Time Strum:



Verse 1

Now when [G] I was a [C] young man I [G] carried me [Em] pack
And I [G] lived the free [D] life of a [G] rover
From the Murray's green [C] basin to the [G] dusty Out[Em]back
Well I [G] waltzed my Ma[D]tilda all [G] over

Verse 2

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

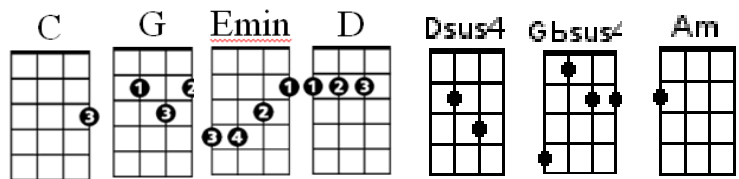
Chorus 1

[G] And the band played [C] Waltzing Ma[G]tilda
As the ship pulled a[C]way from the [D] quay [D]sus4 [D]
And a[C]midst all the [Am] cheers, the flag [G] waving and [Em] tears
We [G] sailed off for [D] Gallipoli [G] [G]bsus4 [G]

Verse 3

And how [G] well I re[C]member that [G] terrible [Em] day
How our [G] blood stained the [D] sand and the [G] water
And how in that [C] hell that they [G] call Suvla [Em] Bay
We were [G] butchered like [D] lambs at the [G] slaughter

Johnny [D] Turk he was waiting, he'd [C] primed himself [G] well
He [D] showered us with bullets, and he [C] rained us with [G] shells
And in [G] five minutes [C] flat, he'd [G] blown us all to [Em] hell
Nearly [G] blew us [D] right back to [G] Australia



Chorus 2

[G] But the band played [C] Waltzing Ma[G]tilda
 When we stopped to [C] bury our [D] slain [Dsus4] [D]
 [C] We buried [Am] ours, and the [G] Turks buried [Em] theirs
 [G] Then we started all [D] over a[G]gain [Gbsus4] [G]

Verse 3

And [G] those that were [C] left, well, we [G] tried to sur[Em] vive
 In that [G] mad world of [D] blood, death and [G] fire
 And for ten weary [C] weeks I kept [G] myself a[Em]live
 Though [G] around me the [D] corpses piled [G] higher

Verse 4

Then a [D] big Turkish shell knocked me [C] arse over [G] head
 And [D] when I woke up in me [C] hospital [G] bed
 And saw what it had [C] done, well, I [G] wished I was [Em] dead
 Never [G] knew there was [D] worse things than [G] dying

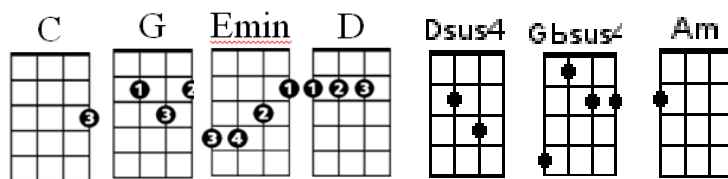
Chorus 3

For I'll go [G] no more [C] Waltzing Ma[G] tilda
 All around the green [C] bush far and [D] free [Dsus4] [D]
 To [C] hump tent and [Am] pegs a [G] man needs both [Em] legs
 No more [G] Waltzing Ma[D]tilda for [G] me [Gbsus4] [G]

Verse 5

So they [G] gathered the [C] crippled, the [G] wounded, the [Em] maimed
 And they [G] shipped us back [D] home to Aust[G]ralia
 The legless, the [C] armless, the [G] blind, the [Em] insane
 Those [G] proud wounded [D] heroes of [G] Suvla

And [D] as our ship pulled into [C] Circular [G] Quay
 I [D] looked at the place where me [C] legs used to [G] be
 And thanked [G] Christ there was nobody waiting for [Em] me
 To [G] grieve and to [D] mourn and to [G] pity



Chorus 4

[G] But the band played [C] Waltzing Ma[G]tilda
 As they carried us [C] down the gang[D]way
 But [C] nobody [Am] cheered, they just [G] stood and [Em] stared
 And they [G] turned all their [D] faces a[G]way [Gbsus4] [G]

Verse 6

So [G] now every [C] April I [G] sit on my [Em] porch
 And I [G] watch the par[D]ade pass be[G]fore me
 I see my old [C] comrades how [G] proudly they [Em] march
 Re[G]viving old [D] dreams of past [G] glory

And the [D] old men march slowly, all [C] bones stiff and [G] sore
 They're [D] tired old heroes from a [C] forgotten [G] war
 And the young people [C] ask, "What are [G] they marching [Em] for?"
 And [G] I ask my[D]self the same [G] question

Chorus 5

[G] And the band plays [C] Waltzing Ma[G]tilda
 And the old men still [C] answer the [D] call [Dsus4] [D]
 But [C] year after [Am] year, more old [G] men disap[Em]pear
 Some day [G] no one will [D] march there at [G] all [Gbsus4] [G]

Outro:

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

Slowing

[G] Who'll come a-[G]Waltzing Ma[D7]tilda with [G] me? [G/]