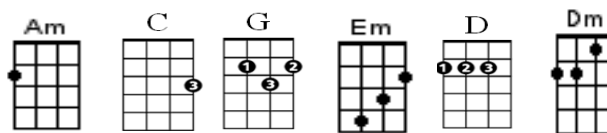


And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Eric Bogle

3/4 Time Strum: D dudu



Intro: [C] [Am] [G] [C] [C]

Verse 1 Now 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
Well I [C] waltzed my Ma[G]tilda all [C] over

Verse 2 Then in [G] 1915 my [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
And they [C] marched me a[G]way to the [C] war

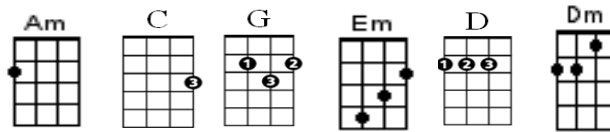
Chorus 1 [C] And the band played [F] Waltzing Ma[C]tilda
As the ship pulled a[F]way from the [G] quay [G]
And a[F]midst all the [Am] cheers, the flag [C] waving and [Am] tears
We [C] sailed off for [G] Gallipoli [C] [C]

Verse 3 And how [C] well I re[F]member that [C] terrible [Am] day
How 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

Verse 4 Johnny [G] Turk he was waiting, he'd [F] primed himself [C] well
He [G] showered us with bullets, and he [F] rained us with [C] shells
And in [C] five minutes [F] flat, he'd [C] blown us all to [Am] hell
Nearly [C] blew us [G] right back to [C] Australia

Chorus 2 [C] But the band played [F] Waltzing Ma[C]tilda
When we stopped to [F] bury our [G] slain [G]
[F] We buried [Am] ours, and the [C] Turks buried [Am] theirs
[C] Then we started all [G] over a[C] gain [C]

Next Page 



Verse 5 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] myself a[Am]live
 Though [C] around me the [G] corpses piled [C] higher

Verse 6 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
 Never [C] knew there was [G] worse things than [C] dying

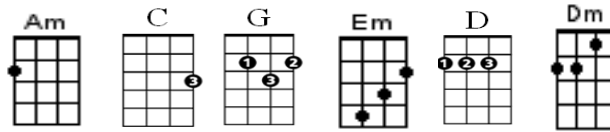
Chorus 3 For I'll go [C] no more [F] Waltzing Ma[C] tilda
 All around the green [F] bush far and [G] free [G]
 To [F] hump tent and [Am] pegs a [C] man needs both [Am] legs
 No more [C] Waltzing Ma[G]tilda for [C] me [C]

Verse 7 So they [C] gathered the [F] crippled, the [C] wounded, the [Am] maimed
 And they [C] shipped us back [G] home to Aust[C]ralia
 The legless, the [F] armless, the [C] blind, the [Am] insane
 Those [C] proud wounded [G] heroes of [C] Suvla

Verse 8 And [G] as our ship pulled into [F] Circular [C] Quay
 I [G] looked at the place where me [F] legs used to [C] be
 And thanked [C] Christ there was nobody waiting for [Am] me
 To [C] grieve and to [G] mourn and to [C] pity

Chorus 4 [C] But the band played [F] Waltzing Ma[C]tilda
 As they carried us [F] down the gang[G]way
 But [F] nobody [Am] cheered, they just [C] stood and [Am] stared
 And they [C] turned all their [G] faces a[C]way [C]

Next Page 



Verse 9 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

Verse 10 And the [G] old men march slowly, all [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?"
 And [C] I ask my [G] self the same [C] question

Chorus 5 [C] And the band plays [F] Waltzing Ma[C]tilda
 And the old men still [F] answer the [G] call [G]
 But [F] year after [Am] year, more old [C] men disap[Am]pear
 Some day [C] no one will [G] march there at [C] all [C]

Outro:

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

Slowing

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

[Link to song](#)