The Band Played Waltzing Matilda Eric Bogle

**3/4**

G C G Em G D G

Now when I was a young man I carried me pack And I lived the free life on the rover

C G Em G D G

From the Murray's green basin to the dusty outback Well, I waltzed my Matilda all over

D C G D C G

Then in 1915 my country said Son, It's time you stopped rambling, there's work to be done

C G Em G D G

So they gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun And they marched me away to the war

Chorus:

C G  C D

And the band played Waltzing Matilda As the ship pulled away from the *quay* **(Kii)**

C  G Em G D G

And amidst all the cheers, the flag-waving and tears … We sailed off for Gallipoli

C G Em G D G

How well I remember that terrible day How our blood stained the sand and the water

C G Em G D G

And of how in that hell that they call Suvla Bay We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter

D C G D C G

Johnny Turk he was waiting, he'd primed himself well He showered us with bullets, and he rained us with shell

C G Em G D G

And in five minutes flat we were all blown to hell Nearly blew us right back to Australia

Chorus:

C G  C D

But the band played Waltzing Matilda When we stopped to bury our slain

C  G Em G D G

Well we buried ours, and the Turks buried theirs … Then we started all over again

C G Em G D G

And those that were left, just tried to survive In that mad world of blood, death and fire

C G Em G D G

And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive Though around me the corpses piled higher

D C G D C G

Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head And when I woke up in me hospital bed

C G Em G D G

And saw what it had done, well, I wished I was dead Never knew there was worse things than dying

Chorus:

C G  C D

For I'll go no more Waltzing Matilda All around the green bush far and free

C  G Em G D G

To hump tent and pegs a man needs both legs … No more Waltzing Matilda for me

C G Em G D G

So they gathered the crippled, the wounded, the maimed And they shipped us back home to Australia

C G Em G D G

The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla

D C G D C G

And as our ship sailed into Circular *Quay* I looked at the place where my legs used to be **(Kii)**

C G Em G D G

And thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me To grieve, to mourn, or to pity

Chorus:

C G  C D

But the band played Waltzing Matilda As they carried us down the gangway

C  G Em G D G

But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared … Then they turned all their faces away

C G Em G D G

And so now every April I sit on my porch And I watch the parade pass before me

C G Em G D G

I see my old comrades how proudly they march Reviving old dreams of past glory

D C G D C G

The old men march slowly, all bones stiff and sore They're tired old heroes from a forgotten war

C G Em G D G

And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?" And I ask meself the same question

Chorus:

C G C  D

But the band plays Waltzing Matilda The old men still answer the call

C  G Em G D G

But as year follows year, more old men disappear … Someday no one will march there at all

**4/4:**

**C G Em Am D**

**Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda, Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?**

3/4:

G D Em C

And their ghosts may be heard as they march by that billabong.

G D7 G

Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?