

Band Played Waltzing Matilda By Eric Bogle (1980))

G C G Em
When I was a young man I carried a pack
G D7 G G
and I lived the free life of a rover.
G C G Em
From the Murray's green banks to the dusty outback
G D7 G G
I waltzed my Matilda all over.
D D G G
Then in nineteen fifteen my country said "son",
D D G G
There's no time for rovin' there's work to be done!
G C G Em
And they gave me a tin hat and gave me a gun
G D7 G G
And they sent me away to the war.

G C G G
And the band played Waltzing Matilda
G G D7 D7
As the ship pulled away from the quay,
C C G Em
and 'midst all the cheers, the flag waving and tears,
G D7 G G
We sailed off for Gallipoli

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

And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda
As we stopped to bury the slain
We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs,
Then we started all over again
They collected the crippled, the wounded and maimed
And they shipped us back home to Australia
The armless the legless, the blind and insane,
All the brave heroes of Suvla

And when our ship pulled in to Circular Quay,
I looked at the place where my legs used to be,
And thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me -
To grieve, to mourn and to pity.

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

And so now every April I sit on my porch,
And I watch the parade pass before me,
And I see my old comrades how proudly they march,
Reviving old dreams and past glories,
But the old men march slowly their bones stiff and sore,
Tired old men from a tired old war,
And the young people ask what are they marching for,
And I ask myself the same question.

But the band played Waltzing Matilda
And the old men still answer the call,
But year by year more old men disappear
Soon no one will march there at all.

G G C C
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
G Em Am7 D
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me
 G B7 Em Am7
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled
G G D7 G
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me

G B7 Em C
Once a jolly swagman camped beside a billabong
G G C+2 D
Under the shade of coolibah tree
 G B7 Em Am7
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled
G G D7 G
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me