

AND THE BAND PLAYED WALTZING MATILDA

Eric Bogle (1971)

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

Verse 1: D G D Bm D A7 D
When I was a young man, I carried my pack. And I lived the free life of a rover.
 G D Bm D A7 D
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty outback, well I waltzed my matilda all over.
 A7 G D A7 G D
Then in 1915, my country said son. It's time to stop rambling, there's work to be done.
 G D Bm D A7 D
So they gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun, And they marched me away to the war.
 D G D G A7
And the band played Waltzing Matilda, as the ship pulled away from the quay.
 G D Bm D A7 D
And amidst all the cheers, the flag-waving and tears, we sailed off for Gallipoli

Verse 2: And how well I remember that terrible day, how the blood stained the sand and the water.
 And how in that hell that they call Suvla Bay we were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.
 Johnny Turk he was waiting, he'd primed himself well.
 He shower'd us with bullets, and he rained us with shell.
 And in five minutes flat, he'd blown us all to hell.
 Nearly blew us right back to Australia.
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda, As we stopped to bury our slain.
 And we buried ours and the Turks buried theirs, then we started all over again.

Verse 3: Now those who were left well we tried to survive,
 In that mad world of death, blood, and fire.
 And for seven long weeks, I kept myself alive, As the corpses around me piled higher.
 Then a big Turkish shell knocked me ass over head.
 And when I awoke in my hospital bed,
 And saw what it had done, well I wished I was dead.
 Never knew there were worse things than dying.
 And no more I'll go waltzing matilda, All around the green bush far and near.
 To hump tent and pegs a man needs both legs. No more Waltzing Matilda for me.

Verse 4: So they collected the crippled, the wounded and maimed,
 And they shipped us back home to Australia.
 The legless, the armless, the blind and insane. Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla
 And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay,
 I looked at the place where me legs used to be.
 And thank Christ there was nobody waiting for me to grieve and 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, then they turned all their faces away.

Verse 5: And now every April, I sit on my porch, and I watch the parades pass before me.
 I see my old comrades, how proudly they march. Reliving old dreams of past glory.
 The old men march slowly, their bones stiff and sore.
 They're tired old heroes from a forgotten war.
 And the young people ask me, What are they marching for?
 And I ask myself the same question.
 And the band plays Waltzing Matilda, And the old men still answer the call.
 But year after year, more old men disappear. Someday no-one will march there at all.

D G D Bm G A7
 Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda Who'll come a-waltzing matilda with me?
 D A7 D G
 And their ghosts maybe heard as they march by that billabong
 D A7 D
 Who'll come a-waltzing matilda with me

Waltzing Matilda

The musical notation shows the first two staves of the song. The first staff is the melody, and the second staff is the bass line. Chord symbols are placed above and below the notes to indicate the harmonic structure.