

And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Eric Bogle

♩ = 120

C F C Am

Vocal

Oh when I was a young man I car - ried my pack and I

Guitar

Tab

5 C G7 C C

lived the free life of a ro - ver To the mur - ray's green

Guitar

Tab

10 F C Am C G7

ba - sin to the dus ty out back well I waltz my ma - til - da all

Guitar

Tab

15 C G⁷ C

o - ver Then in nine-teen fif - teen my coun-try said son It's

T
A
B

3 2 0 1 0 3 2 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 2 0 1 0 3 2 0 2 0

21 G⁷ C C

time you stopped ram - blin' there's work to be done So they gave me a

T
A
B

3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 2 0 1 2 0 3 2 0 1 2 0 3 2 0 1 2 0

26 F C Am C

tin hat and they gave me a gun And they marched me a -

T
A
B

3 2 1 1 2 1 3 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 3 2 0 1 3 0

31 G⁷ C C F

way to the war And the band played walt - ing ma

G C C F

T
A
B

3 0 0 3 0 3 2 0 1 3 0 3 2 0 3 2 0 1 2 0 3 2 1 2 1

36 C F G⁷

til - da As the ship pulled a - way from the quay

C C C F G

T
A
B

3 2 0 1 2 0 3 2 0 1 2 0 3 2 0 1 2 0 3 2 1 2 1 0 0 0 0

41 F C Am

and a - midst all the cheers flag wa - ving and tears

G F F C Am

T
A
B

3 0 0 0 0 3 2 1 2 1 3 2 1 2 1 3 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 2

46

Chords: C, G⁷, C, C, G, C

Lyrics: We sailed off for Gal - lip - o - li

Tablature (T, A, B strings):

1	1	0	0	0	1	1
2	2	0	0	0	0	0
0	2	3	2	0	3	0

*It well I remember that terrible day
When our blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that hell they call Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter
Johnny Turk, he was ready, he primed himself well
He rained us with bullets, and he showered us with shell
And in five minutes flat, we were all blown to hell
He nearly blew us back home to Australia*

*And the band played Waltzing Matilda
When we stopped to bury our slain
Well we buried ours and the Turks buried theirs
Then it started all over again*

*Oh those that were living just tried to survive
In that mad world of blood, death and fire
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive
While around me the corpses piled higher
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head
And when I awoke in me hospital bed
And saw what it had done, I wished I was dead
I never knew there was worse things than dying*

*Oh no more I'll go Waltzing Matilda
All around the green bush far and near
For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs both legs
No more waltzing Matilda for me*

*They collected the wounded, the crippled, the maimed
And they shipped us back home to Australia
The armless, the legless, the blind and the insane
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla
And when the ship pulled into Circular Quay
I looked at the place where me legs used to be
And thank Christ there was no one there waiting for me
To grieve and to mourn and to pity*

*And the Band played Waltzing Matilda
When they carried us down the gangway
Oh nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared
Then they turned all their faces away*

*Now every April I sit on my porch
And I watch the parade pass before me
I see my old comrades, how proudly they march
Renewing their dreams of past glories
I see the old men all tired, stiff and worn
Those weary old heroes of a forgotten war
And the young people ask "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, their numbers get fewer
Someday, no one will march there at all*

*Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?
And their ghosts may be heard as they march by the billabong
So who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?*