

## And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Intro: 3/4 || A | / | / | / ||

1. Now when I was a young man I car-ried me pack\_\_\_\_  
A D A F#m  
And I lived the free life of the ro-ver\_\_\_\_  
A E | A / Asus4 | A |  
From the Mur-ray's green ba-sin to the dus-ty out-back\_\_\_\_  
A D A F#m  
I waltzed my Ma-til-da all o-ver\_\_\_\_  
A E | A / Asus4 | A |  
Then in nine-teen fif-teen my coun-try said son\_\_\_\_  
E D A  
It's time to stop ramb-ling there's work to be done\_\_\_\_  
E D A  
So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun\_\_\_\_  
A D A | F#m / F#m7 | F#m |  
And they sent me a-way to the war\_\_\_\_  
A E | A / Asus4 | A |

Chorus: And the band played Walt-zing Ma-til-da\_\_\_\_  
A D | A / Asus4 | A |  
As the ship pulled a-way from the quay\_\_\_\_  
A D | E / add F# | E |  
And a-mid all the tears the flag-wav-ing and cheers\_\_\_\_  
D E A | D / Dsus2 | D |  
We sailed off for Gal-li-po-li\_\_\_\_  
A E | A / Asus4 | A |

2. Well I re -mem-ber that ter-ri-ble day\_\_\_\_  
A D A F#m  
How our blood stained the sand and the wa-ter\_\_\_\_  
A E | A / Asus4 | A |  
And how in that hell that they called Su-vla Bay\_\_\_\_  
A D A F#m  
We were butch-ered like lambs at the slaugh-ter\_\_\_\_  
A E | A / Asus4 | A |  
John-ny Turk he was rea-dy he'd primed him-self well\_\_\_\_  
E D A  
He rained us with bul-lets and he shower'd us with shell\_\_\_\_  
E D A  
And in five min-utes flat we were all blown to hell\_\_\_\_  
A D A | F#m | / |  
Near-ly blew us back home to Aust-ra-lia\_\_\_\_  
A E | A / Asus4 | A |

Chorus: And the band played Walt-zing Ma-til-da\_\_\_\_  
A D | A / Asus4 | A |  
When we stopped to bu-ry our slain\_\_\_\_  
A D | E / add F# | E |  
We bur-ied ours and the Turks bur-ied theirs\_\_\_\_  
D E A | D / Dsus2 | D |  
Then it start-ed all o-ver a-gain\_\_\_\_  
A E | A / Asus4 | A |

3. Those who were liv-ing just tried to sur-vive\_\_\_\_  
 In that mad world of blood death and fire\_\_\_\_  
 And for ten wea-ry weeks I kept my-self a-live\_\_\_\_  
 Though a-round me the corp-ses piled high-er\_\_\_\_  
 Then a big Tur-kish shell knocked me arse o-ver head\_\_\_\_  
 And when I a-woke in me hos-pi-tal bed\_\_\_\_  
 And saw what it had done then I wished I were dead\_\_\_\_  
 I ne-ver knew there were worse things than dy-in'\_\_\_\_

Chorus: For no more I'll go walt-zing Ma-til-da\_\_\_\_  
 All a-round the green bush far and near\_\_\_\_  
 For to hump tent and pegs a man needs both legs\_\_\_\_  
 No more Walt-zing Ma-til-da for me\_\_\_\_

4. They col-lec-ted the woun-ded the crip-pled the maimed\_\_\_\_  
 And they ship-ped us back home to Aus-tra-lia\_\_\_\_  
 The arm-less the leg-less the blind the in-sane\_\_\_\_  
 Those proud wound-ed her-oes of Suv-la\_\_\_\_  
 And when the ship pulled in-to Cir-cu-lar Quay\_\_\_\_  
 I looked at the place where me legs used to be\_\_\_\_  
 And thank Christ there was no-one there wait-ing for me\_\_\_\_  
 To grieve and to mourn and to pi-ty\_\_\_\_

Chorus: And the band played Walt-zing Ma-til-da\_\_\_\_  
 As they car-ried us down the gang-way\_\_\_\_  
 But no-bo-dy cheered they just stood there and stared\_\_\_\_  
 Then they turned all their fa-ces a-way\_\_\_\_

5. So now ev'-ry Ap-ril I sit on me porch\_\_\_\_\_

And I watch the pa-rade pass be-fore me\_\_\_\_\_

And I see my old com-rades how proud-ly they march\_\_\_\_\_

Re-new-ing their dreams of past glo-ry\_\_\_\_\_

I see the old men all tired stiff and sore\_\_\_\_\_

The wea-ry old he-roes of a for-got-ten war\_\_\_\_\_

And the young peo-ple ask what are they march-ing for\_\_\_\_\_

And I ask me-self the same quest-ion\_\_\_\_\_

Chorus: And the band plays Waltz-ing Ma-til-da\_\_\_\_\_

And the old men still an-swer the call\_\_\_\_\_

But as year fol-lows year more old men dis-ap-pear\_\_\_\_\_

Some-day no one will march there at all\_\_\_\_\_

... Time Signature change to 4/4

Outro: Waltz-ing Ma-til-da\_\_\_\_\_ Waltz-ing Ma-til-da\_\_\_\_\_

Who'll come a-walt-zing Ma-til-da with me\_\_\_\_\_

And their ghosts may be heard as they march by the bil-la-bong\_\_\_\_\_

Who'll come a-waltz-ing Ma-til-da with me...

