

## And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

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

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

**Chorus:** And the band played walt-zing Ma-til-da  
As the ship pulled a-way from the quay  
And a-mid all the tears, the flag-wav-ing and cheers  
we sailed off for Gal-li-po-li

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

**Chorus:** And the band played walt-zing Ma-til-da  
we we stopped to bu-ry our slain  
we bur-ied ours and the Turks bur-ied theirs  
Then it start-ed all o-ver a-gain

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...

