

## The Band played Waltzing Matilda (Key G)

G C G Em  
When I was a young man I carried me pack  
G D G /  
And I lived the free life of the rover  
G C G Em  
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty outback  
G D G /  
I waltzed my Matilda all over  
D / C G  
Then in 1915 my country said Son,  
D / C G  
It's time to stop rambling, there's work to be done  
G C G Em /  
So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun  
G D G /  
And they sent me away to the war.

G C G /  
*And the band played Waltzing Matilda*  
G C D /  
*When the ship pulled away from the quay*  
C / G Em /  
*And amid all the tears, flag waving and cheers*  
G D G /  
*We sailed off for Gallipoli.*

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.

G / C /

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda

G C G D

Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?

G D Em C

And their ghosts may be heard as they march by the billabong

G / D G

So who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?