

# And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Now when I was a young man I carried a pack, and I  
lived the free life of a dro-ver. From the  
Mur-ray's green bas-in to the dus-ty out-back, Well I  
waltzed my Ma-til-da all ov-er. Then in  
nine-teen fif-teen the count-ry said "Son it's  
time you stopped ro-ving 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. And the  
band played waltz-ing Ma-til-da as the  
ship pulled a-way from the quay. And midst all the tears the flag  
wa-ving and cheers, we sail-ed of to Gal-ip-ol-li.

C F C Am  
C G7 C  
C F Am  
C G7 C  
G F C  
G F G  
C F C Am  
C G7 C  
C F C  
C F G7 F  
C Am C G7 C

How well I remember that terrible day  
 How the blood stained the sand and the water  
 And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay  
 We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter  
 Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed himself well  
 He chased us with bullets, he rained us with shells  
 And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell  
 Nearly blew us right back to Australia  
 But the band played Waltzing Matilda  
 As we stopped to bury our slain  
 We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs  
 Then we started all over again

Now those that were left, well we tried to survive  
 In a mad world of blood, death and fire  
 And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive  
 But around me the corpses piled higher  
 Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over tit  
 And when I woke up in my hospital bed  
 And saw what it had done, I wished I was dead  
 Never knew there were worse things than dying  
 For no more I'll go waltzing Matilda  
 All around the green bush far and near  
 For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs two legs  
 No more waltzing Matilda for me

So they collected the cripples, the wounded, the maimed  
 And they shipped us back home to Australia  
 The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane  
 Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla  
 And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay  
 I looked at the place where my 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 turned all their faces away

And now every April I sit on my porch  
 And I watch the parade pass before me  
 And I watch my old comrades, how proudly they march  
 Reliving old dreams of past glory  
 And the old men march slowly, all bent, stiff and sore  
 The forgotten heroes from 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 answer to the call  
 But year after year their numbers get fewer  
 Some day no one will march there at all