

And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda
Eric Bogle

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#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
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Date: Mon, 10 Nov 1997 00:24:34 +1100
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Subject: CRD: And_The_Band_Played_Waltzing_Matilda.crd by Eric Bogle

"And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda "
by Eric Bogle
Published by LARRIKIN
(covered by The Pogues, et al...)
transcribed by sheldon@tpgi.com.au, sydney, australia,
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CHORDS - EADGBE

A 002220

E7 020100

[tab] **D** x00232

F#min 244222[/tab]

Bmin 224432

Intro: **A E7 A A**

[tab] **A D A F#min**
When I was a young man, I carried me pack, [/tab]

[tab] **A E7 A**
And I lived the free life the rover. [/tab]

[tab] **D A F#min**
>From the Murray s green basin, to the dusty out-back, [/tab]

[tab] **A E7 A**
Well I waltzed my ma-tilda all over. [/tab]

[tab] **E7 D A**
Then in 1915 my country said "Son, [/tab]

[tab] **E7 D E7**
It s time you stopped ramblin , there s work to be done," [/tab]

[tab] **A D A F#min**
And they gave me a tin hat, and gave me a gun, [/tab]

[tab] **A E7 A**
And they marched me a-way to the war. [/tab]

[tab] **A** **D** **A**
And the band played Waltzing Ma-tilda,[/tab]
[tab] **A** **D** **Bmin E7**
As the ship pulled a-way from the quay[/tab]
[tab] **A** **D** **A** **F#min**
And a-midst all the cheers, the flag-wavin and tears,[/tab]
[tab] **A** **E7** **A**
We sailed off for Gallipoli.[/tab]

And how well I remember that terrible day,
How our 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 d primed himself well.
He shower d us with bullets, and he rained us with shell.
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,
When we stopped to bury our slain.
We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs,
Then we started all over again.

And those that were left, well we tried to survive,
In that mad world of blood, death and fire.
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive,
Though around me the corpses piled higher.

Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head,
And when I woke up in me hospital bed,
And saw what it had done, well I wished I was dead,
Never knew there were worse things than dying.

For I ll go no more Waltzing Matilda,
All around the green bush far and free.
To hump tent and pegs a man needs both legs.
No more Waltzing Matilda for me.

They collected the crippled, the wounded and maimed,
And they shipped us back home to Australia.
The legless, the armless, the blind and insane.
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla.

And when our ship pulled into Circular Quay,
I looked at the place where me legs used to be,
And thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me -
To grieve, and to mourn and to pity.

But the band played Waltzing Matilda,
As they carried us down the gangway.
But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared,
Then they turned all their faces away.

And so now every April I sit on me porch,
And I watch the parade pass before me.
And I see my old comrades, how proudly they march,
Reviving old dreams and past glory.

And the old men march slowly, old bones stiff and sore,
They re tired old heroes from a forgotten war,
And the young people ask "What are they marching for?"
And I ask myself the same question.

But the band plays Waltzing Matilda,
And the old men still answer the call.
But as year follows year more old men disappear,
Someday no one will march there at all.

[tab]**A** **D**
Waltzing matilda, waltzing matilda[/tab]
[tab]**A** **D** **A** **E7**
Who ll come a-waltzing ma-tilda with me?[/tab]
[tab] **A** **E7** **A** F#min
And their ghosts may be heard as they march by that billa-bong,[/tab]
[tab]**A** **D** **E7** **A**
Who ll come a-waltzing ma-tilda with me?[/tab]