And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda

 C F C Am C F C

When I was a young man I carried my pack and I lived the free life of a rover

 C F C Am C F C

From the Morrie's green basin to the dusty Outback, I waltzed my Matilda all over

 G F C G F C

Then in 1915, my country said "Son, it's time to stop rambling, there's work to be done."

 C F C Am C G C

And they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun and they waltzed me away to the war

 C F C F G

And the band played Waltzing Matilda as our ship pulled away from the quay

 F C F C G C

And amid all the cheers, flag waving and tears, we sailed off to Gallipoli.

And well I remember the terrible day when our blood stained the sand and the waters

And how, in that hell that they called Suvla Bay, we were butchered like lambs to the slaughter

Johnny Turk, he was ready, oh he'd primed himself well;

He showered us with bullets, he rained us with shell

And in ten minutes flat, we were blown straight to hell: nearly blew us back home to Australia

And the band played Waltzing Matilda when we stopped to bury our slain

And we buried ours, and the Turks buried theirs, and we started all over again.

Oh, those that were living just tried to survive in a mad world of blood, death, and fire,

And for ten weary weeks, I kept myself alive whilst around me, the corpses piled higher.

Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head, and when I awoke in my hospital bed

And saw what it had done, God, I wished I were dead: never knew there were worse things than dying;

For no more, I'll go waltzing Matilda all around the green bush far and free,

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 shipped us back home to Australia

The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane; those brave, wounded heroes of Suvla.

And when our ship pulled into Circular Quay, I looked at the place where my legs used to be

And thanked Christ there was no one there 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 there and stared, then they turned all their faces away

So now, every April, I sit on my porch and I watch the parade pass before me.

And I see my old comrades, how proudly they march, reliving their dreams of past glory.

I see the old men, all tired, stiff, and sore; the worn out remembrance 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 are fewer, someday no one will march there at all.

 C F C Am F G

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda, You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me

 C G C F

And their ghosts may be heard as you pass by the billabong;

 C G F-C

You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.