

PARTS: Soprano Alto Tenor Bass All Harmony

KEY: **bold** = first beat of bar ^ = rest Underline = triplet backing vocal = [text]

223 - And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Listen to the recording here <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WG48Ftsr3OI>

INTRO - two bars

Verse 1 Now when I was a young man I **car**-ried
a pack

And I **lived** the free life of a **ro**-ver.

From the **Mur**-ray's green basin to the **dus**-ty
outback,

Well, I **waltzed** my matilda all **ov**-er;

Then in **nine**-teen fifteen the **coun**-try said:
"Son,

It's **time** you stopped roving, there's **work** to be
done."

So they **gave** me a tin hat and they **gave** me a
gun,

And **sent** me away to the **war**.

Chorus 1 And the **band** played "Waltzing
Ma-til-da"

As the **ship** pulled away from the **quay**,

And '**midst** all the tears, the flag **wav**-ing and
cheers

We **sail**-ed off to Gallipo-li.

Verse 2 How **well** I remember that **ter**-rible day,
How the **blood** stained the sand and the **wa**-ter,
And **how** in that hell that they **cal**-led Suvla Bay

We were **butch**-ered like lambs to the
slaugh-ter;

Johnny **Turk** he was waiting, he'd **primed**
himself well,

He **rained** us with bullets and **show**-ered us
with shells,

And in **ten** minutes flat he'd **blown** us to **hell**,

Nearly **blew** us right back to **Aus**-tralia.

Chorus 2 But the **band** played "Waltzing
Ma-til-da"

When we **stopped** to bury the **slain**.

We buried ours and the **Turks** buried **theirs**,

Then we **start**-ed all over a-**gain**.

Verse 3 And **those** that were left, well we **tried** to
survive

In that **mad** world of death, blood and **fi**-re,

And for **near**-ly ten weeks I kept **my**-self alive,

Though a-**round** me the corpses piled **high**-er;

Then a **big** Turkish shell knocked me **arse** over
head,

And **when** I woke up in my **hos**-pital bed

I saw **what** it had done, and I **wished** I was
dead,

Never **knew** there were worse things than
dy-ing.

Chorus 3 For I'll **go** no more waltzing Ma-til-da
All a-**round** the wild bush far and **free**,

To **hump** tent and pegs, a **man** needs both
legs,

No more **waltz**-ing Matilda for **me**.

Verse 4 Then they **gath**-ered the sick and the
crip-pled and maimed,

And **sent** us back home to **Aus**-tralia,

The **arm**-less, the legless, the **blind** and insane,

The **brave** wounded heroes of **Su**-vla;
And **when** our ship pulled into **Cir**-cular Quay,
I **looked** at the stumps where my **legs** used to
be,
And thanked **Christ** there was nobody **wait**-ing
for **me**
To **grieve**, to mourn and to pi-ty.

Chorus 4 And the **band** played “Waltzing
Ma-til-da”

As they **car**-ried us down the gang-**way**,
But **no**-body cheered, they **just** stood and
stared,
And they **turned** their faces a-**way**.

Verse 5 And so **now** every April I **sit** on my porch
And I **watch** the parade pass be-**fore** me
And I **see** my old comrades how **proud**-ly they
march
Re-**viv**-ing old dreams of past **glo**-ries
And the **old** men march slowly, old **bones** stiff
and sore
They're **tired** old heroes from a **for**-gotten war
And the **young** people ask “What are **they**
marching **for**?”
And I ask myself the same **que**-stion.

Chorus 5 And the **band** plays “Waltzing
Ma-til-da”,

The **old** men still answer the **call**
But as **year** follows year, more old **men**
disap-**pear**,
Someday **no**-one will march there at **all**.

Outro

(All, a capela) **Waltz**-ing Ma-til-da, **Waltz**-ing
Ma-til-da,

Who'll come a-waltz-ing ma-til-da with me?

And their **ghosts** may be heard as they **march**
by that billabong

Who'll come a-waltz-ing ma-til-da with me?

Words and music by Eric Bogle. Released in 1971.