

And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda



Eirc Bogle 1971 (Gallipoli Campaign between 25 April 1915 and 9 January 1916)

Now when I was a young man, I carried me pack,
And I lived the free life of a rover.
From the Murray's green basin, to the dusty outback,
Well, I waltzed my Matilda all over.
Then in 1915, me country said "Son,
It's time you stopped ramblin', there's work to be done.'
So they gave me a tin hat, and gave me a gun,
And they sent me away to the war.

*And the band played Waltzing Matilda,
As the ship pulled away from the quay
And amidst all the cheers, the flag-wavin' and tears,
We sailed off for Gallipoli.*

And how well I remember that terrible day,
When 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 rained us with bullets, and he shower'd us with shell.
And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell:
Nearly blew us back home 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 living, just 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 my 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 near.
To hump tent and pegs a man needs both legs.
No more Waltzing Matilda for me.*

I	IV	I	vi
I	V7	I	-
I	IV	I	vi
I	V7	I	-
V7	-	IV	I
V7	-	IV	V7
I	V7	I	vi
I	V7	I	-
I	IV	I	-
I	IV	ii	V7
I	IV	I	vi
I	V7	I	-

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They collected the wounded, the crippled, the 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 no one 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 now every April I sit on my porch,
And I watch the parades pass before me.
I see my old comrades, how proudly they march,
Reviving old 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.

*But the band plays Waltzing Matilda,
And the old men still answer the call.
But year after year their number gets fewer,
Someday no one will march there at all.*

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
And their ghosts may be heard as they march by that billabong,
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?

	I	-		IV	-	
	I	IV		I	V7	
	I	V7		I	vi	
	I	IV		V7	I	