

And the band played waltzing Matilda

Joan Baez

[G] When I was a [C] young man [G] I carried me [Em] pack
 I [G] lived the free D life of the [G] rover [C] [G]
 From the Murrays green [C] basin to the [G] dusty out [Em] back
 Well I [G] waltzed my D Matilda all [G] over [C] [G]

Then in D nineteen fifteen my [C] country said [G] Son
 It's D time to stop rambling for there's [C] work to be [G] done
 And they gave me a [C] tin hat and they [G] gave me a [Em] gun
 And they [G] marched me a D way to the [G] war [C] [G]

And the band played [C] Waltzing [G] Matilda
 As the ship sailed a [C] way from the D quay
 Amid the [C] songs and the cheers flag [G] waving and [Em] tears
 We [G] sailed off to D Gallipol [G] i [C] [G]

Its well I re [C] member that [G] terrible [Em] day
 Our [G] blood stained the D sand and the [G] water [C] [G]
 And how in that [C] hell that they [G] called Suvla [Em] Bay
 We were [G] butchered like D lambs at the [G] slaughter [C] [G]

Then a D big Turkish shell knocked me [C] arse over [G] head
 And D when I woke up in my [C] hospital [G] bed
 And saw what it had [C] done, then I [G] wished I was [Em] dead
 Never [G] knew there were D worse things than [G] dying [C] [G]
 For I'll go no more [C] waltzing Ma [G] tilda
 All around the green [C] bush far and D near
 For to [C] hump tent and pegs, a [G] man needs both [Em] legs
 No more [G] waltzing Ma D tilda for [G] me [C] [G]

They gathered the [C] wounded, the [G] cripples the [Em] maimed
 And they [G] shipped us back D home to Aus [G] tralia [C] [G]
 The armless, the [C] legless, the [G] blind, the in [Em] sane
 Those [G] proud wounded D heroes of [G] Suvla [C] [G]

And D as our ship sailed into [C] Circular [G] Quay
 I D looked at the place where my [C] legs used [G] to be
 And thank Christ there was [C] nobody [G] waiting for [Em] me

To [G] mourn to D grieve and to [G] pity [C] [G]

And the band played [C] Waltzing [G] Matilda

As they wheeled us [C] down the gang D way

But [C] nobody cheered, they just [G] stood there and [Em] stared

Then [G] turned all their D faces [G] away [C] [G]

And the band still plays [C] Waltzing Ma [G] tilda

And the young men still [C] answer the D call

But as [C] year follows year more [G] men disa [Em] ppear

Some [G] day no one will D march there at [G] all [C] [G]

Waltzing Matilda, [C] Waltzing Matilda

[G] Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with D me

And their [G] ghosts may be D heard as they [G] march by the [C] Billabong

[G] Who'll come-a-waltzing Ma D tilda with [G] me?