And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda—Eric Bogle

[A]When I was a [D] young man I [A] carried my [F#m] pack
And [A] I lived the free [E7] life of the [A] rover
From the Murray's Green [D] Basin to the [A] dusty out [F#m] back
I [A] waltzed my Ma [E7] tilda all [A] over
Then in [E] 1915 my [D] country said [A] "Son,
It's [E] time to stop rambling, there's [D] work to be [A] done."
So they gave me a [F#m] tin hat and they [A] gave me a [F#m] gun
And they [A] sent me a [E7] way to the [A] war

As the ship pulled a [D] way from the [E7] quay
A [D] midst all the cheers, flag [A] waving and [D] tears

It's well I remember that terrible day
Our blood stained the sands and the waters
And in that hell that they called Souvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter
Johnny Turkey' was ready, he'd primed himself well
He rained us with bullets and he showered us with shell
And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell
Nearly blew us right back to Australia

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As we stopped to bury our slain
We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs
Then it started all over again

Those who were living did their best to survive
In that mad world of death, blood and fire
For ten weary weeks I kept myself alive
While 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, Christ, I wished I was dead
Never knew there were worse things than dying

For no more I'll go waltzing Matilda
All around the green bush far and near
For to hang tents and pegs a man needs two legs
No more waltzing Matilda for me

They collected the wounded, the crippled and maimed
And shipped us back home to Australia
The armless, the legless, the blind and insane
The proud, wounded heroes of Souvla
And as 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 mourn and to grieve 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 watch the parade pass before me
I see my old comrades, how proudly they march
Reliving their days of past glory
I see the old men all twisted and torn
The tired old heroes of a forgotten war
And the young people ask me "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
Year after year, their numbers get fewer
Some day no one will march there at all

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll go a' waltzing Matilda with me?

Irish song lyrics guitar chords
When I was a young man I carried my pack
And lived the free life of the rover
From the Murray's Green Basin to the dusty out back
I waltzed my Matilda all over

Then in 1915 my country said "Son,
It's time to stop rambling, there's work to be done."
So they gave me a tin hat and they 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
Amidst all the cheers, flag waving and tears
We sailed off for Gallipoli

It's well I remember that terrible day
Our blood stained the sands and the waters
And how in that hell that they called Souvla Bay
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