

## The Band Played Waltzing Mathilda Eric Bogle

- a) And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay,  
I looked at the place where my legs used to be.  
And thank Christ there was no one there waiting  
for me,  
To grieve and to mourn and to pity.
- b) And now every April I sit on my porch  
And I watch the parade pass before me.  
And I watch my old comrades, how they  
proudly they march  
Renewing their dreams of past glory.
- c) And the band played "Waltzing Mathilda"  
As our ship pulled away from the quay.  
And amidst all the cheers, flag-waving and  
tears,  
We sailed off to Gallipoli.
- d) And the band played Waltzing Mathilda  
As they carried us down the gangway.  
But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared  
Then they turned all their faces away.
- e) And the band plays Waltzing Mathilda  
As the old men answer the call  
But year after year, their numbers grow fewer,  
Some day no one will march there at all.
- f) But the band played Waltzing Mathilda  
As we stopped to bury our slain.  
We buried ours and they buried theirs  
Then we started all over again.
- g) For I'll go no more waltzing Mathilda  
All around the green bush far and near  
For to hump tents and pegs, a man needs both  
legs  
no more waltzing Mathilda for me.
- h) How well I remember that terrible day  
How the blood stained the sand and the water  
And how in that town that they called Suvla Bay  
We were butchered like lambs to the slaughter.
- i) Johnny Turk he was ready, he'd primed himself  
well,  
He chased us with bullets and he rained us with  
shells,  
and in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell,  
nearly blew us right back to Australia.
- j) Now those that were left, well, we tried to survive  
In a mad world of blood, death and fire.  
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive,  
But around me the corpses piled higher.
- k) So they collected the cripples, the wounded, the  
maimed  
And they shipped us back home to Australia:  
The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane,  
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla.
- l) When I was a young man I carried my pack,  
And I lived the free life of a rover.  
From the Murrays green basin to the dusty outback  
I waltzed my Mathilda all over.
- m) Then in 1915 the country said "Son,  
It's time to stop rambling, there's work to be done."  
And they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun  
And they sent me off to the war.
- n) The old men march slowly, all bent, stiff and sore,  
Those tired old men from a forgotten war,  
And the young people ask "What are they marching  
for?"  
And I ask myself the same question.
- o) Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head  
And when I awoke in my hospital bed.  
I saw what it had done and I wished I was dead,  
Never knew there were worse things than dying.
- p) Waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda  
Who'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me?  
And their ghosts may be heard as you pass by the  
Billabong.  
Who'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me.

The correct order is	I	II	III
1.			
2.			
3.			
4.			
5.			