

Joan Baez, And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Now when I was a young man I carried me pack
And I lived the free life of the rover.
Then in 1915, my country said, 'Son,
It's time you stop ramblin', there's work to be done.'
So they gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun,
And they marched 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 waving, and tears,
We sailed off for Gallipoli.

And how well I remember that terrible day,
How our blood stained the sand and the water;
And of how in that hell that they call Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.

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 was worse things than dying.

For I'll go no more 'Waltzing Matilda,'
All around the green bush far and free
To hump tents and pegs, a man needs both legs,
No more 'Waltzing Matilda' for me.

So they gathered the crippled, 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.
And as our ship sailed into Circular Quay,
I looked at the place where me legs used to be,
And thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me,
To mourn grieve and the pity.
And the band plays 'Waltzing Matilda,'
And the young men still answer the call,
But as year follows year, more young men disappear
Someday, no one will march there at all.

Waltzing Mathilda, Waltzing Mathilda
Who'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me
And their ghosts may be heard as you pass the Billabong
Who'll come a-waltzing Mathilda with me ?