

Seekers, Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree.
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong;
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee.
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred;
Down came the troopers -- one, two, three.
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong;
"You'll never catch me alive," said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."