

# 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."