

And the band played Waltzing Matilda

Eric Bogle

- 1 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 Matilda all over
Then in nineteen fifteen my country said Son
It's time to stop rambling 'cause 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 we sailed away from the quay
And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the cheers
We sailed off to Gallipoli
- 2 Now well I remember that terrible day
Now the blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter
Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed himself well
He chased us with bullets, he rained us with shells
And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell
Nearly blew us right back to Australia
- But the band played Waltzing Matilda
As we stopped to bury our slain
We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs
Then we started all over again
- 3 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
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over tit
And when I woke up in my hospital bed
And saw what it had done, 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 hump tent and pegs, a man needs two legs
No more waltzing Matilda for me
- 4 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
And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay
I looked at the place where my legs used to be
And thank Christ there was nobody waiting for me
To grieve and to mourn and to pity
- And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As they carried us down the gangway
But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared
Then turned all their faces away
- 5 And now every April I sit on my porch
And I watch the parade pass before me
And I watch my old comrades, how proudly they march
Reliving old dreams of past glory
And the old men march slowly, all bent, stiff and sore
The forgotten heroes from a forgotten war
And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"
And I ask myself the same question
- And the band plays Waltzing Matilda
And the old men answer to the call
But year after year their numbers get fewer
Some day no one will march there at all
- 6 Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me
And their ghosts may be heard as you pass the Billabong
Who'll come-a-waltzing Matilda with me?

And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda est une chanson de l'auteur-compositeur [australien](#) d'origine [écossaise](#) Eric Bogle de 1971

La chanson décrit la guerre comme futile et cruelle, et critique ceux qui la glorifient.

Ce qui est illustré dans la chanson par le récit d'un jeune soldat australien de l'ANZAC engagé dans la [bataille de Gallipoli](#) au cours de la [Première Guerre mondiale](#).

La chanson serait aussi une allégorie de la [guerre du Vietnam](#) qui se déroulait à l'époque de son écriture.

La chanson incorpore une partie de la mélodie et quelques lignes de texte de [Waltzing Matilda](#) dans son finale. De nombreuses reprises de la chanson ont été enregistrées.

Le héros de la chanson, un travailleur journalier itinérant avant la guerre, perd ses jambes au cours de la bataille et voit les autres vétérans disparaître peu à peu, alors que les plus jeunes générations deviennent indifférentes aux vétérans et à leur sort

Il existe une version française de cette chanson, datant de 2014, [interprétée par le duo Ambages](#)