

Waltzing Matilda by Liam Clancy (2)

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START ON [*G / / /] *PICKED

When [G]I was a [C]young man I [G]carried me [Em]pack
 And I [G]lived the free [D]life of a [G¹]rover[G]
 From the [G]Murray's green [C]basin to the [G]dusty [Em]Outback
 I [G]waltzed my [D]Matilda all [G¹]over [G]

Then in [D /]1915 my [C]country said, [G]Son
 It's [D /]time you stopped rambling, there's [C]work to be [G]done
 So they [G]gave me a [C]tin hat, and they [G]gave me a [Em /]gun
 And they [G]sent me a[D]way to the [G]war [G¹]

And the [G]band played [C]Waltzing [G¹]Matilda[G]
 As we [G]sailed [C]away from the [D²]quay [D/F#]
 And [C]amidst all the [Am]tears, shouts[G]and the [C /]cheers
 We [G]sailed off for [D]Gallipoli[G¹ /]

And how [G]well I [C]remember that [G]terrible [Em]day
 When our [G]blood stained the [D]sand and the [G]water[G¹]
 And [G]how in that [C]hell that they [G]call Suvla [Em]Bay
 We were [G]butchered like [D]lambs at the [G]slaughter [G¹]

Johnny [D /]Turk he was ready, he'd [C]primed himself [G]well
 He [D /]rained us with bullets, and he [C]showered us with [G]shells
 And in [G]five minutes [C]flat he'd [G]blown us all to [Em /]hell
 Nearly [G]blew us back [D]home to [G¹]Australia [G]

And the [G]band played [C]Waltzing [G¹ /]Matilda
 As we [G]stopped to [C]bury our [D²]slain[D/F#]
 And [C]We buried [Am]ours, and the [G]Turks buried [C /]theirs
 And it [G]started all [D]over [G¹]again[G]

Now [G]those that were [C]living, did their [G]best to [Em]survive
 In that [G]mad world of [D]death, blood and [G¹]fire [G]
 And for [G]ten weary [C]weeks I [G]kept myself [Em]alive
 Though a[G]round me the [D]corpses piled [G¹]higher [G]

Then a [D]big Turkish [D]shell knocked me [C]arse over [G]head
 And [D]when I [D]awoke in me [C]hospital [G]bed
 And saw [G]what it had [C]done, well I [G]wished I was [Em /]dead
 Never [G]knew there was [D]worse things than [G¹]dying [G]

For no [G]more I'll go [C]Waltzing [G]Matilda[G¹]
 All a[G]round the green [C]bush far and [D²]near[D/F#]
 For to [C]hump tent and [Am]pegs a [G³]man needs both [C /]legs
 No more [G]Waltzing [D/F#]Matilda for [G¹]me [G / /]



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They [G]collected the [C]wounded the [G]crippled the [Em]maimed
 And they [G]shipped us back [D/F#]home to [G¹]Australia [G]
 The [G]armless, the [C]legless, the [G]blind, the [Em]insane
 Those [G]proud wounded [D]heroes of [G¹]Suvla [G]

And [D /]when the ship pulled into [C]Circular [G]Quay
 I [D]looked at the [D]place where me [C]legs used to [G]be
 And thanked [G]Christ
 There was [C]no one there [G]waiting for [Em]me [Em]
 To [G]grieve and to [D]mourn and to [G]pity[G]

And the [G]band played [C]Waltzing [G¹]Matilda[G]
 As they [G]carried us [C]down the [D²]gangway[D/F#]
 But [C]nobody [Am]cheered, they [G]just stood and [Em /]stared
 Then they [G]turned all their [D/F#]faces [G¹]away[C G C]

And [G]now every [C]April I [G]sit on my [Em]porch
 And I [G]watch the pa[D]rade pass [G¹]before me [G]
 I [G]see my old [C]comrades how [G]proudly they [Em]march
 [G]Renewing their [D]dreams of past [G¹]glory[G]

I [D /]see the old men, all [C]tired stiff and [G]sore
 The [D /]weary old heroes of a [C]forgotten [G]war
 And the [G]young people [C]ask
 "What are [G]they marching [Em /]for?"
 And [G]I ask [D]myself the same [G¹]question[G]

And the [G]band plays [C]Waltzing [G¹]Matilda [G]
 And the [G]old men still [C]answer the [D²]call[D/F#]
 But as[C]year follows [Am]year, more old [G³]men disa[C]ppear [C]
 Some day [G]no one will [D]march there at [G¹]all [G]

[G /]Waltzing Matilda, [C]Waltzing Ma[Am]ilda
 [G]Who'll come a-[C]Waltzing Ma[G]tilda with [D]me?
 And their [G]ghost may be [D]heard
 As [G]they march by the [C /]billabong
 [G /]Who'll come a Waltzing Ma[D]tilda with [G*]me?

Riff 1

G	/
e -----3----- -----3-----	
B -----0--01--- -0---0---0---	
G ---0----- ---0-----0-	
D -----02--- -0-----	
A ----- -----	
E -3----- -----	
1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +

Riff 2

D	D/F#
e -----2----0-- -----	
B -----3----3-- -3-----	
G ----- -2-----	
D -0----- -----	
A ----- -----	
E ----- -2-----	
1 + 2 + 3 +	1 + 2 + 3 +

