

Eric Bogle

Now when I was a young man I my pack

And I the free life of the rover.

a wanderer

From the Murray's green basin to the dusty

Well, I waltzed my Matilda all over.

Then in 1915, said, "Son,

It's time you stop ramblin', there's work to be"

walk with no destination

So they me a tin hat, and they gave me a

And they marched me to the war.

And the band "Waltzing Matilda,"

As the pulled away from the quay,

And amidst all the cheers, the flag waving, and

We off for Gallipoli.

And how well I that terrible day,

How our stained the sand and the water;

And of how in that that they call Suvla Bay

We were butchered like at the slaughter.

Johnny Turk, he was waitin', he primed himself

He showered us with, and he rained us with shell --

And in five flat, he'd blown us all to hell,

..... blew us right back to Australia.

But the played "Waltzing Matilda,"

When we to bury our slain,

place in a grave - killed

Well, we buried, and the Turks buried

Then we started all over

And those that were left, well, we to survive

In that of blood, death and fire.

And for ten weary I kept myself alive

sad

Though me the corpses piled higher.

bodies

Then a big Turkish shell me arse over head,

buttocks

And when I in my hospital bed

And saw what it had done, well, I wished I was --

50.000 soldiers of Australia died at Gallipoli in a stupid and pointless campaign, which was a lot for a small country like Australia. Every April, a march is held on ANZAC DAY to commemorate the Gallipoli landings during the first World War, and the dead of the other wars. Australia takes it so seriously that the pubs are closed, the only day in the year this happens. Like all memorial parades it is both moving and yet somewhat pointless and pathetic. This song was written after observing one such parade. E.B.

with coloured marks

where animals are killed

get ready for action

grenades



Never knew there was things than dying.

For I'll go "Waltzing Matilda,"

All around the bush far and free --

To hump tents and pegs, a man both legs,

put on one's back –peg: pin to fasten the tent

No more "Waltzing Matilda" for me.

So they gathered the crippled, the, the maimed,

collect, injured

And they shipped us home to Australia.

The, the legless, the blind, the insane,

mentally ill

Those wounded heroes of Suvla.

And as our sailed into Circular Quay,

I looked at the place where me legs to be,

And thanked Christ there was waiting for me,

To grieve, to mourn and to

sorrow - regret

But the "Waltzing Matilda,"

As they us down the gangway,

But nobody cheered, they just stood and,

Then they all their faces away.

And so now every April, I on my porch

entrance

And I the parade pass before me.

And I see my old comrades, proudly they march,

Reviving old of past glory,

reason for pride

And the old march slowly, all bones stiff and sore,

painful

They're tired old heroes from a war

And the people ask "What are they marching for?"

And I ask myself the question.

But the band plays "Waltzing Matilda,"

And the old men still the call,

But as year year, more old men disappear

Some day, no one will march there

