

Waltzing Matilda (meerstemmig)

When I was a young man I car - ried my pack and I
 How well I re - mem - ber that ter - ri - ble day. How the

bil - le - bong bil - le - bong bil - le - bong bong

bil - le - bong bil - le - bong bil - le - bong bong

⑥

lived the free life of the ro-ver from the Mur - rays green
 blood stained the sand and the wa-ter And - how in that

bil - le - bong bil - le - bong bong bil - le - bong

bil - le - bong bil - le - bong bong bil - le - bong

⑪

bas - in to the dus - ty out-back I waltzed my Ma - til - da all
 hell they cal-led the Su-vla Bay, we were but-chered like lambs at the

bil - le - bong bil - le - bong bong bong bil - le - bong

bil - le - bong bil - le - bong bong bong bil - le - bong

⑯

o - ver then in nine-teen-fif - teen the coun try said: Son! It's
 slau-ghter. Joh-ny Turk he was ready, he primed him-self well. He

bong bong bong bong bong

bong bong bong bong bong

22

time to stop ramb-ling, there's work to be done and they gave me a tin
chased us with bul - lets, he rained us with shells. And in five mi-nutes flat

bong bong bong bong bong

bong bong bong bong bong

27

hat and they gave me a gun and they sent me a - way to the
he'd blown us all to hell; near - ly blew us right back to Au - stra -

bong bong bong bong bong

bong bong bong bong bong

32

war and the band played Wal-zing Ma - til-da as our
- lia. But the band played Walt-zing Ma - til-da as we

bong-bong-bong bong Walt - zing Walt - zing

bong bong Walt - zing Walt - zing

38

ship pulled a-way from the quay and a-midst all the cheers, flag - wa - ving and
stopped to - bu - ry our slain. And - we bu-ried ours; the Turks bu-ried

Walt - zing Walt - zing Walt - zing

Walt - zing Walt - zing Walt - zing

44

tears We sailed off to Ga - li - po - li
theirs. Then we star-ted all over a - gain

Walt - zing Walt - zing

Walt - zing Walt - zing

Waltzing Mathilda 3-stemmig SLOT

Walt-zing Ma - thil-da walt-zing Ma - thil-da. You'll come a walt-zing Ma-

Walt-zing Ma - thil-da walt-zing Ma - thil-da. You'll come a walt-zing Ma-

⑦ - thil-da with me and he sang as he sat and wai-ted by the bil-la-bong

- thil-da with me Sang Sat wai - ted bil-la-bong

⑬ You'll come a walt-zing Ma-thil-da with me

You'll come a walt-zing Ma-thil-da with me

40-Waltzing Matilda

When I was a young man, I carried my pack
And I lived the free life of the rover
From the Murrays green basin to the dusty out-back
I waltzed my Mathilda all over.
Then in nineteen-fifteen the country said: Son!
It's time to stop rambling, there's work to be done
And 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 Mathilda
As our ship pulled away from the quay
And amidst all the cheers, flagwaving and tears,
We sailed off to Galipoli...

How well I remember that terrible day
How the blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that hell they called the Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter
Johny 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 Mathilda
As we stopped to bury our slain
And we buried ours; the Turks buried theirs
Then we started all over again...

Waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Mathilda
You'll come a waltzing Mathilda with me
And he sang as he sat and waited by the billabong
You come a waltzing Mathilda with me !