

Waltzing Mathilda

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
under the shade of a Coolibah tree,
and he sang, as he watched and waited till his Billy boiled:
“You ll come a waltzing Mathilda with me.”

Waltzing Mathilda, waltzing Matilda,
you ll come a waltzing Matilda with me
and he sang, as he watched and waited till his Billy boiled:
“You ll come a waltzing Matilda with me.”

Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong.
Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee
and he sang, as he talked to the jumbuck in his tucker-bag:
“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 talked to that jumbuck in his tucker-bag:
“You ll come a waltzing Matilda with me.”

Down came the stockman, riding on his thoroughbred,
down came the troopers, one, two, three.
“Where ’s the jolly jumbuck you ’ve got in your tucker-bag?
You ll come a waltzing Matilda with me.”

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
you ll come a waltzing Matilda with me.
“Where ’s the jolly jumbuck you ’ve got in your tucker-bag?
You ll come a waltzing Matilda with me.”

Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the billabong.
“You ll never catch me alive”, cried he,
and his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the 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 ride beside the billabong,
“you ll come a waltzing Matilda with me.”