**WALTZING MATILDA**

**by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson**

Oh there once was a swagman camped in the billabongs,

Under the shade of a Coolibah tree;

And he sang as he looked at the old billy boiling

"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up came the jumbuck to drink at the waterhole,

Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;

And he sang as he put him away in his tucker-bag,

"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up came the squatter a-riding his thoroughbred;

Up came the policeman - one, two, and three.

"Whose is the jumbuck you've got in the tucker-bag?

You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with we."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up sprang the swagman and jumped into the waterhole,

Drowning himself by the Coolibah tree;

And his voice can be heard as it sings in the billabongs,

"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.