

# The Cove What Drives

The words come from George Loyau (George Chanson) abbreviated and set to the tune of the 'Wonderful Crocodile'.

**Verse**

**A** **D** **E7** **A**

You've heard no doubt of lots of tales of ad - ven - tures on this land;

**A** **D** **E7** **A**

But mine is a more dom - est - ic turn, I'm an old \_\_\_\_\_ hand.

**A** **D** **E7** **A**

Oh, man - y a yarn I could re - late Of how we pass our lives;

**A** **E7** **A** **E7** **A**

So list to what I'm go - ing to state A - bout a cove what drives.

**Chorus**

**A** **E7** **D** **E7** **A**

To my ri tol lol fol did - dle de lol fol. Ri tol loor - al lay.

**A** **E7** **A** **D** **E7** **A**

To my ri tol lol fol did - dle de lol fol. Ri tol loor - al lay.

First Lapstone-hill, a nasty rise  
When leaving Penrith town,  
I have to pass to reach the spot  
Where once the mail went down.  
But steady ever is my plan,  
Though myself I never deprives  
Of nobbler here, and a stiff ball there,  
'Cos I'm the cove what drives.

Come up old Ball, and Blucher too,  
You stubborn critters go;  
Way lads! Come hither! Back again!  
You wretches! Gee! Way! Whoa!  
You wouldn't stop, I'll flog you all  
Out of your precious lives;  
Come Damper, give another haul!  
Oh, I'm the cove what drives.

I never yet my mate refused  
To help him from a bog;  
I never sold my boots or coat,  
Or pawn'd my shirt for grog.  
What though I bawl in gullys deep,  
True pleasure I derives;  
If you were there, I'd never swear,  
'Cos I'm the cove what drives.

Ye friends who here have met to-night  
To listen to my song,  
I trust when done you will not say,  
The bull puncher was wrong.  
But give to me your kind applause,  
For harsh words cut like knives;  
So another time I'll come and sing  
More about a cove what drives.