

Songs

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.