

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.