

Chinese Immigration

Chas. R. Thatcher

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You doubtless read the papers,
And as men of observation,
Of course you watch the progress
Of Chinese immigration -
For thousands of these pigtail chaps
In Adelaide are landing;
And why they let such numbers come
Exceeds my understanding.

On Emerald Hill it now appears
A Joss House they've erected;
And they're got an ugly idol there -
It's just what I expected;
And they offer nice young chickens
Unto this wooden log;
And sometimes with a sucking pig
They go the entire hog.

Now some of you, perhaps may laugh,
But 'tis my firm opinion.
This colony someday will be
Under Chinese dominion.
They'll upset the Australian Government
The place will be their own;
And an Emperor with a long pigtail
Will sit upon the throne.

Melbourne will be the seat of power,
And then 'tis my impression,
Of the stations up the country
They'll quickly take possession.
The squatters will be used as slaves,
By the Celestial nation;
And growing tea or rice will be
Their only compensation.

The mandarins will seize for wives
The fair Australian girls;
And from Melbourne to the diggings
They'll cut a lot of canals.
And for fear the coves of New South Wales
Should pay a hostile call;
Between this colony and that
No doubt they'll build a wall.

The customs of their country
Of course will then prevail;
And every English slave will have

To wear a long pigtail.
We'll all of us be fed on rice,
As true as I'm a sinner;
And 'stead of spoons we'll have to use
Those chopsticks for our dinner.

This picture, perhaps, is overdrawn;
But, however, who can say.
That all these things will not take place,
If we let them have their way.
If it comes to pass, these English songs
Away I'll quick be flinging,
And learn their language, and come out
In Chinese comic singing.