

## I Remember the Chinese



Oh how I remember in those days of old,  
How Chinese came searching and digging for gold.

They landed in Robe, a port far away,  
And walked to the goldfields for many a day.

They settled together in the camp by the creek,  
And set out each day the gold for to seek.

I remember their temple, all covered in red,  
They said that the keeper slept there in his bed.

The wafting of smoke from their sticks of incense,  
Carried prayers up to heaven, but the smell was intense.

The inside was dark; with statues of gods,  
And surrounding the altar the feathers of peacocks.

Big Chinese writing covered big wooden signs,  
With fortune slips waiting in boxes in line.

In the midst of the camp was the hut of the scribe,  
He wrote letters back home – Australia described.

Next door lived the doctor who made herbal tea,  
And potions and cures for a very low fee.

In the store you would find many items from China.  
And some pork for dinner for a successful miner.

In their gardens grew vegies in rows oh so neat'  
There were carrots and onions for others to eat.

They seem to have gone now, back over the sea,  
Thankyou and goodbye or “che che ni”.

