

JOHN CHINAMAN, MY JO

(j.w. Conner)

John Chinaman, my jo, John
You're coming precious fast
Each ship that sails from Shanghai brings
An increase on the last
And when you'll stop invading us
I', blest, now if I know
You'l outnumber us poor Yankees.
John Chinaman, my Jo.

John Chinaman, my jo, John.
You not only come in shoals,
But you often shake the washing stuff
And spoil the water holes.
And, of course, that riles the miners, John
And enrages them, you know
For they drive you frequently away
John Chinaman, my jo.

You used to live on rice,
But now you purchase flour, plums
And other things that's nice.
And I see a butcher shop
At your Chinese place below,
And you like your mutton now and then
John Chinaman, my jo.

John Chinaman, my jo, John
Though folks may at you rail,
Here's the blessings on your head, John
And more power to your tail.
But a piece of good advice, John
Ill give you, ere I go
Don't abuse the freedom you enjoy
John Chinaman, my jo

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