

# The Idle Race, Big Chief Woolley Boshier

In the land they call the west  
On the prairie's virgin crest  
Lived a great man and his braves  
And he led them to their graves

Big chief plays with baby son  
The work of the indian today is done  
Life is easy, life is grand  
'til there is white man, gun in hand

Started out when settlers came  
And built their homes on the indian range  
Big chief woolly boshier liked it none  
Traded with a bad man for a gun

Big chief looks out at his great land  
Locomotive on the prairie stands  
Life that leak from the city in the east  
Let us destroy that iron beast

Big chief rides on the trail tonight  
Tread the land for which he must fight

In their fight for love and glory  
Some indians were saved  
They lived to tell the story  
And woolly boshier prays

Big chief rides on the trail tonight  
Soldier boys marching in the morning light  
Bring the guns, bring the bows  
Let's blow them into heaven let's see a cut nose

One hundred men must have to die  
When a thousand soldiers look you in the eye  
Big chief sees his men fall round  
The soldiers kill and the bugle sounds

In their fight for love and glory  
No indians were saved  
And big chief woolly boshier  
Had written on his grave  
He has done no wrong  
Except being born