

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