## The Idle Race, Big Chief Woolley Bosher

In the land they call the west On the prarie'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 bosher 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 bosher 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 bosher Had written on his grave He has done no wrong Except being born