

Big Indian Chief.

Words by
BOB COLE.

Music by
ROSAMOND JOHNSON.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

In the wilds of Ar - i -
Now this lit - tle Kick-a-poo

Till ready

zo - na, Where the hun-gry coy-ote's shrills,
maid-en Gave Big Chief the In-di-an fling,

Ring with ter - ror through the can - yons, And are
One night at an In - di - an Pow - wow, She re -

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ech - oed o - ver the hills; ———— There once lived an In - di - an
 turn'd his rat - tle - snake ring; ———— Big Chief drank heap fire.

chief - tain, ———— And he loved an In - di - an maid, ————
 wa - ter, ———— Went on war - path 'cross the hill, ————

Ev - 'ry night be - side her wig - wam, ———— *espress.*
 Kill'd ten - thou - sand mil - lion In - di - ans, ———— This tune Big Chief
 Ev - 'ry day with

sang and played: *a tempo*
 Buf - f'lo Bill. ————

Chorus.

“Big Chief love um lit-tle Kick-a-poo maiden, Love um heap much too;

Yes! in - deed he do, Big Chief die for you;

Big Chief's heart go heap much pit-a - pat, When he thinks of you;

Big Chief go on the war path may - be, If your love ain't true.”