

## Fill in the gaps

White man came across the sea			
He brought us pain and misery			
He killed our tribes killed our creed			
He (1) our game for his own need			
We fought him hard we fought him well			
Out on the plains we gave him hell			
But many came too (2) for Cree			
(Oh) will we ever be set free?			
Riding through dust clouds and barren wastes			
Galloping hard on the plains			
Chasing the redskins back to their holes			
Fighting them at (3) own game			
Murder for freedom the (4) in the back			
Women and children are cowards attack			
Run to the hills			
Run for your lives			
Run to the hills			
Run for your lives			
Soldier (5) in the barren wastes			

Hunting and killing their game			
Raping the women and wasting the men			
The (6)	(7)	Indians are tame	
Selling (8) whiskey and taking their gold			
Enslaving the young and destroying the old			
Run to the hills			
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- 1. took
- 2. much
- 3. their
- 4. stab
- 5. blue
- 6. only
- 7. good
- 8. them

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