

Fill in the gaps

White man came across the sea	Hunting and killing their game	
He brought us pain and misery	Raping the women and wasting the men	
He (1) our tribes killed our creed	The only good Indians are tame	
He took our game for his own need	Selling them whiskey and (6)	their gold
We fought him (2) we fought him well	Enslaving the young and (7)	the old
Out on the plains we gave him hell	Run to the hills	
But many (3) too much for Cree	Run for your lives	
(Oh) will we ever be set free?	Run to the hills	
Riding through dust clouds and barren wastes	Run for your lives	
Galloping hard on the plains	Run to the hills	
Chasing the redskins back to (4) holes	Run for (8) lives	
Fighting them at their own game	Run to the hills	
Murder for freedom the stab in the back	Run for your lives	
Women and children are cowards attack	Run to the hills	
Run to the hills	Run for your lives	
Run for your lives	Run to the hills	
Run to the hills	Run for (9) lives	
Run for (5) lives		
Soldier blue in the barren wastes		



- 1. killed
- 2. hard
- 3. came
- 4. their
- 5. your
- 6. taking
- 7. destroying
- 8. your
- 9. your

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