

Fill in the gaps

White man came across the sea
He brought us (1) and misery
He killed our tribes killed our creed
He took our game for his own need
We fought him hard we fought him well
Out on the plains we gave him hell
But (2) came too much for Cree
(Oh) will we ever be set free?
Riding (3) dust clouds and barren wastes
Galloping (4) on the plains
Chasing the redskins back to their holes
Fighting (5) at (6) own game
Murder for freedom the stab in the back
Women and children are cowards attack
Run to the hills
Run for (7) lives
Run to the hills
Run for (8) lives
Soldier blue in the barren wastes

Hunting and killing their game Raping the women and wasting the men The only good Indians are tame Selling them whiskey and taking their gold Enslaving the young and destroying the old Run to the hills Run for your lives Run to the hills Run for your lives



- 1. pain 2. many
- 3. through
- 4. hard
- 5. them
- 6. their
- 7. your
- 8. your

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