

## Fill in the gaps

White man came across the sea		
He brought us pain 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 many came too much for Cree		
(Oh) will we ever be set free?		
Riding through dust clouds and barren wastes		
Galloping (1) on the plains		
Chasing the redskins back to their holes		
Fighting (2) at their own game		
Murder for freedom the stab in the back		
Women and (3) are (4)		
attack		
Run to the hills		
Run for your lives		
Run to the hills		
Run for your lives		
Soldier blue in the (5) wastes		

Raping the (8)	and wasting the men	
The only good Indians are to	ame	
Selling them (9)	and taking their gold	
Enslaving the young and destroying the old		
Run to the hills		
Run for your lives		
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Hunting and (6)\_\_\_\_\_ (7)\_\_\_\_ game



- 1. hard
- 2. them
- 3. children
- 4. cowards
- 5. barren
- 6. killing
- 7. their
- 8. women
- 9. whiskey

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