

Fill in the gaps

White man came (1)	the sea
He brought us pain and misery	
He killed our tribes killed our creed	
He (2) our (3)	for his own need
We fought him hard we (4)	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 (5) on the plair	ns
Chasing the redskins back to (6)	holes
Fighting them at their own game	
Murder for freedom the (7)	_ 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 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
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Run for your lives

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- 1. across
- 2. took
- 3. game
- 4. fought
- 5. hard
- 6. their
- 7. stab

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