

## Fill in the gaps

White man came across the sea	Hunting and killing their game
He brought us (1) and misery	Raping the women and wasting the men
He killed our tribes killed our creed	The only good Indians are tame
He took our game for his own need	Selling (6) whiskey and (7) their
We fought him hard we fought him well	gold
Out on the plains we gave him hell	Enslaving the young and (8) the old
But many (2) too (3) for Cree	Run to the hills
(Oh) will we ever be set free?	Run for your lives
Riding through (4) clouds and barren wastes	Run to the hills
Galloping hard on the plains	Run for your lives
Chasing the redskins back to their holes	Run to the hills
Fighting them at their own game	Run for your lives
Murder for freedom the stab in the back	Run to the hills
Women and children are cowards attack	Run for your lives
Run to the hills	Run to the hills
Run for your lives	Run for (9) lives
Run to the hills	Run to the hills
Run for (5) lives	Run for (10) lives
Soldier blue in the barren wastes	



- 1. pain
- 2. came
- 3. much
- 4. dust
- 5. your
- 6. them
- 7. taking
- 8. destroying
- 9. your
- 10. your

## Fill in the gaps