

## Fill in the gaps

Hunting and killing their game

White man came across the sea			
He brought us pain and misery			
He killed our tribes killed our creed			
He (1) our game for his own need			
We fought him hard we (2) 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 hard on the plains			
Chasing the (3) back to their holes			
Fighting them at their own game			
Murder for freedom the stab in the back			
Women and children are (4) attack			
Run to the hills			
Run for your lives			
Run to the hills			
Run for (5) lives			
Soldier blue in the barren wastes			

and	wasting the mer	1
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good Indians	are tame	
ey and taking	(8)	gold
ng and destroy	ring the old	
	good Indians ey and taking	and wasting the mer good Indians are tame ey and taking (8) ng and destroying the old



- 1. took
- 2. fought
- 3. redskins
- 4. cowards
- 5. your
- 6. women
- 7. only
- 8. their

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